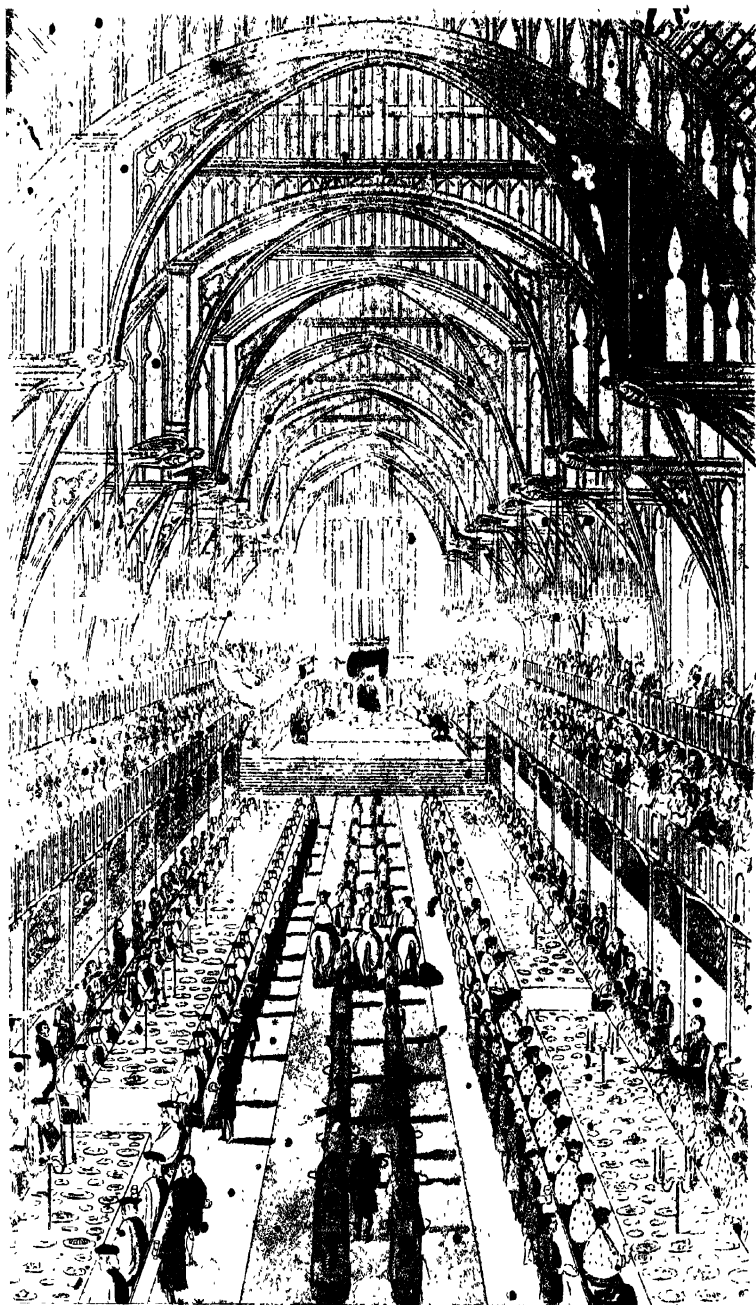


LIFE IN LONDON.

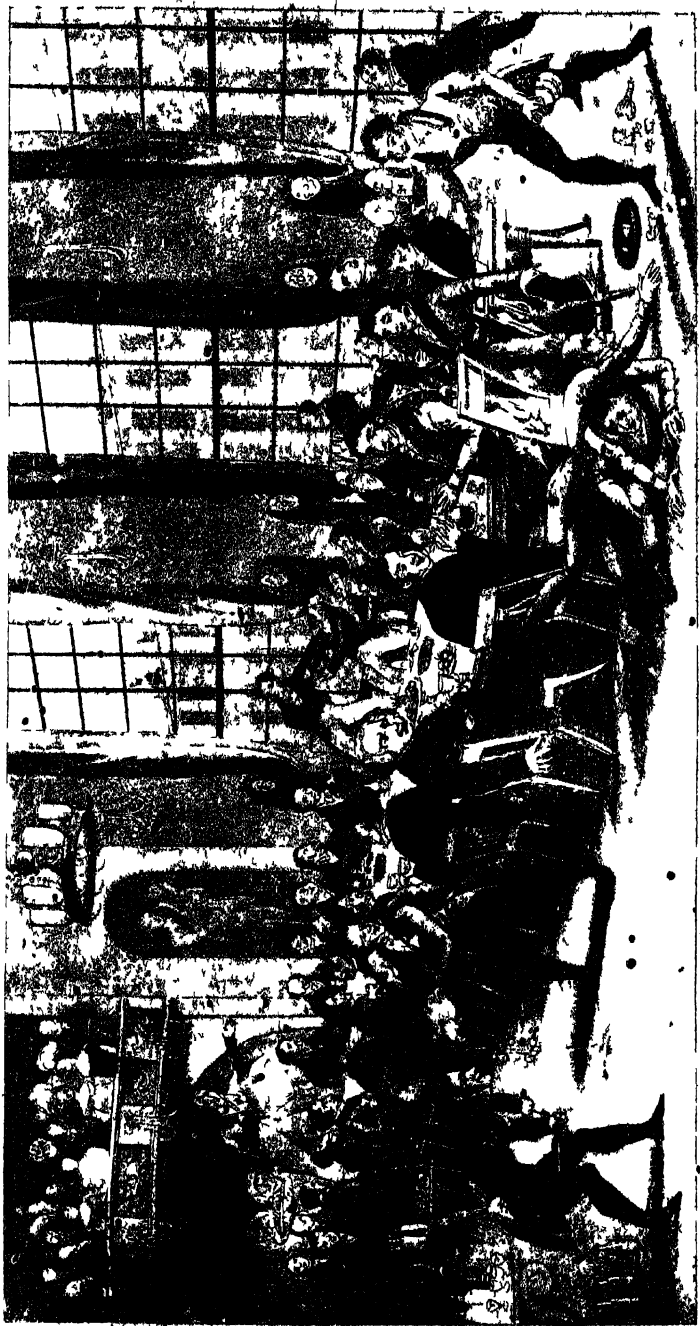




THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS
as they appear throughout



The Grand Coronation Banquet.



POLITICAL DINNER given by the London Convention, at the Crystal Palace, London



Thorn & Planché by L. S. P. 1847

BULL-GOSSIP. No. 1. The 'Lucky' after a 'Night's' 'Spree'.



... of you who, through a cloud, yesterday have seen the sun
... of you, never to look back on the old world again.







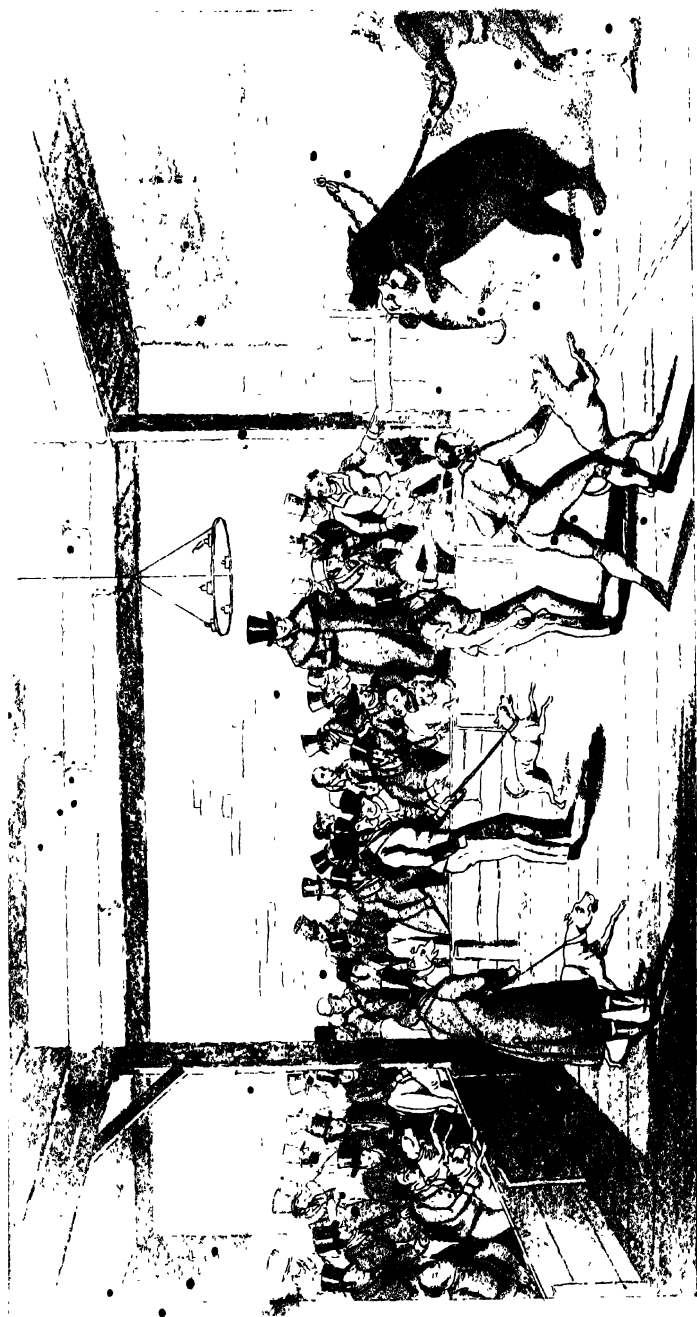
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CONSEQUENCE. The good Bob, trying it up in and down to it.

THE LANCING MEN AT THE LANCING





THE COUNTRY SQUARE adding a pup at, CHARLES'S THEATRE WESTMINSTER

within the performance of the 11th March



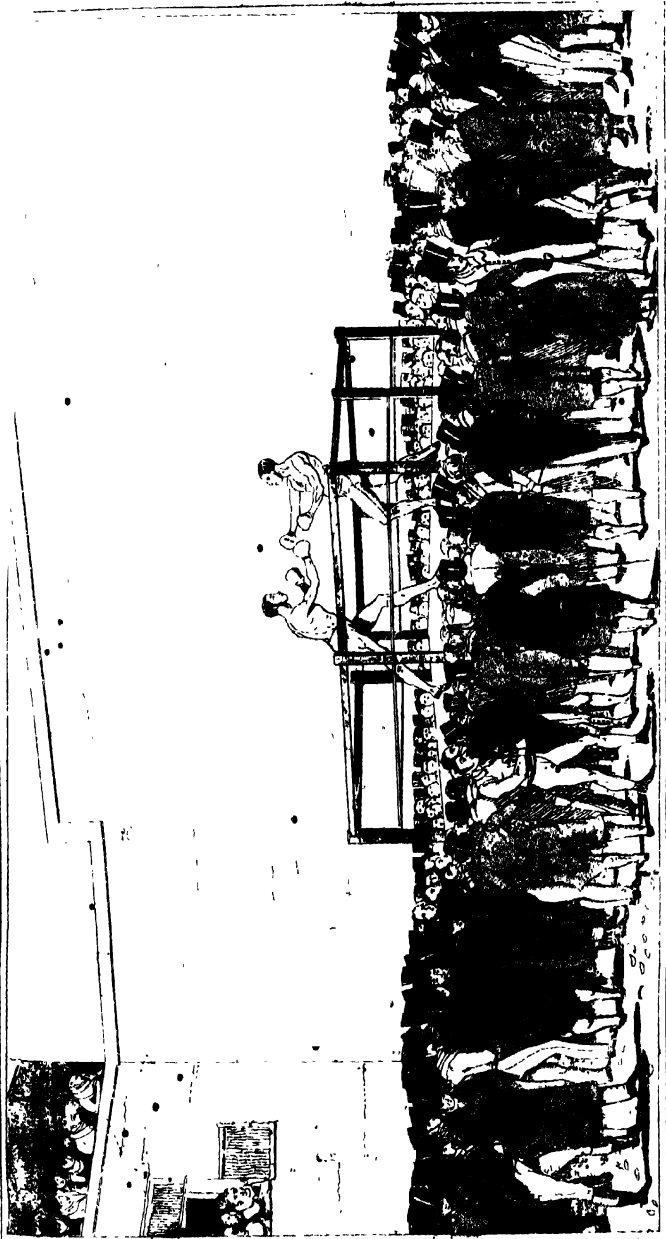
Engraved by H. Allen Esq.

And the money of the country

EXTERIOR OF THE HOUSE.



... and ... the day ...



FIVES COURT (Anti-Beth), Hanging-Place, among the Hells, —



THE MANSION. - Two and a half in search of a balcony



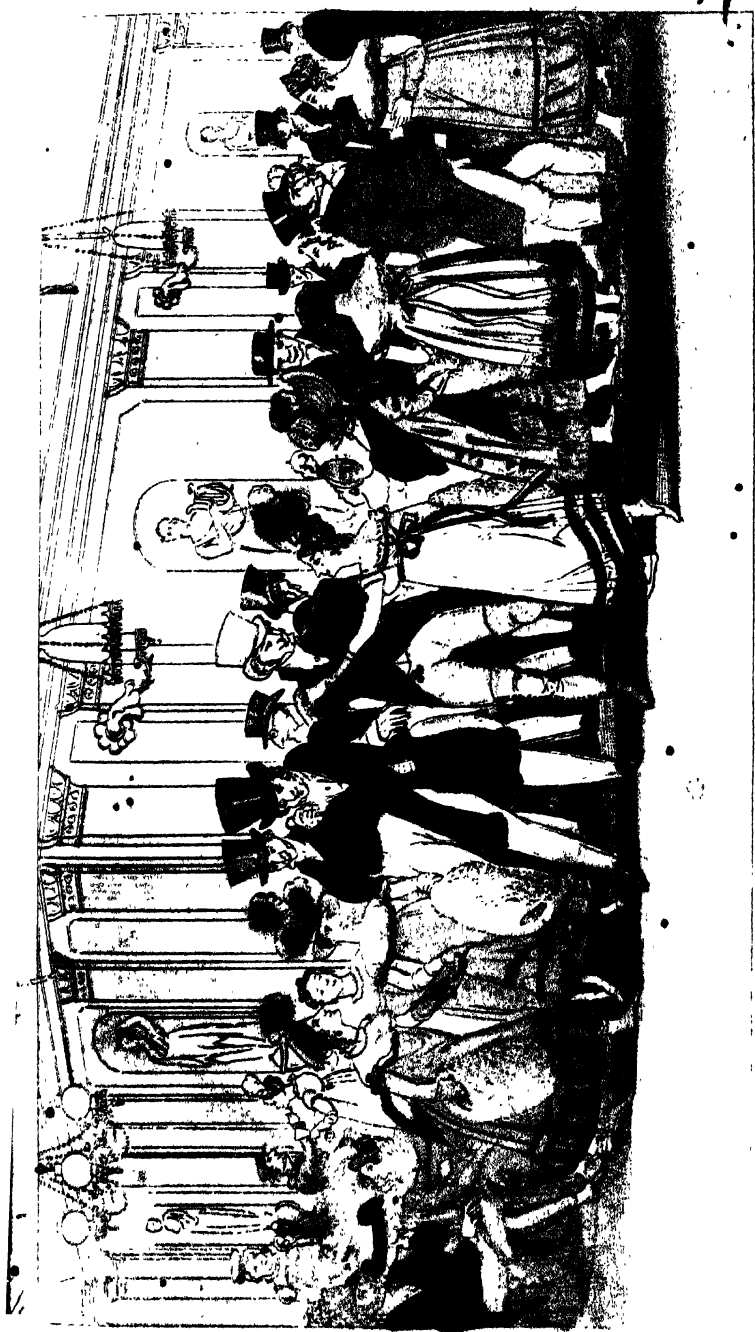






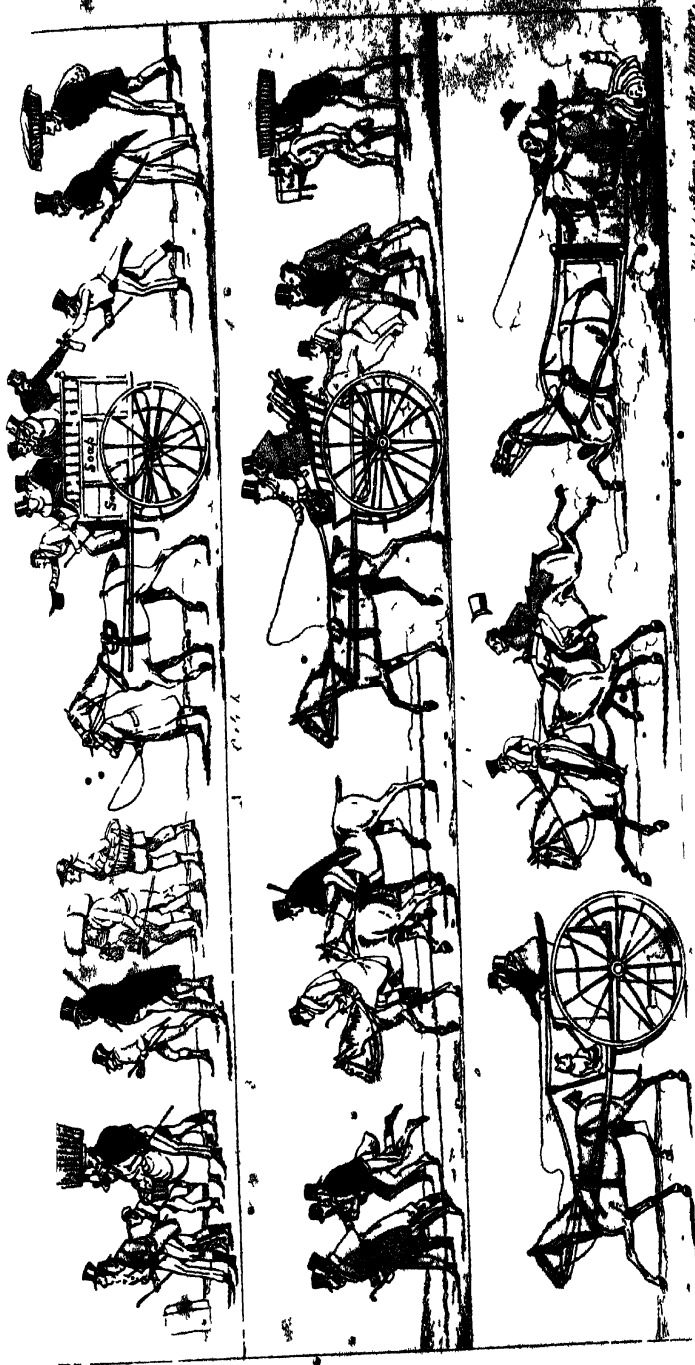








KINGS BENCH. *See Chapter IV.* *White Paper*
See Chapter IV. REAL CHARACTERS.



By the carriage and the horse
 and the horse
 and the horse

ROAD TO A PICTURE

1. The first picture
 is the first picture
 is the first picture





POLITICAL DINNER, "How" politicians have on the Constitution, not neglecting their own

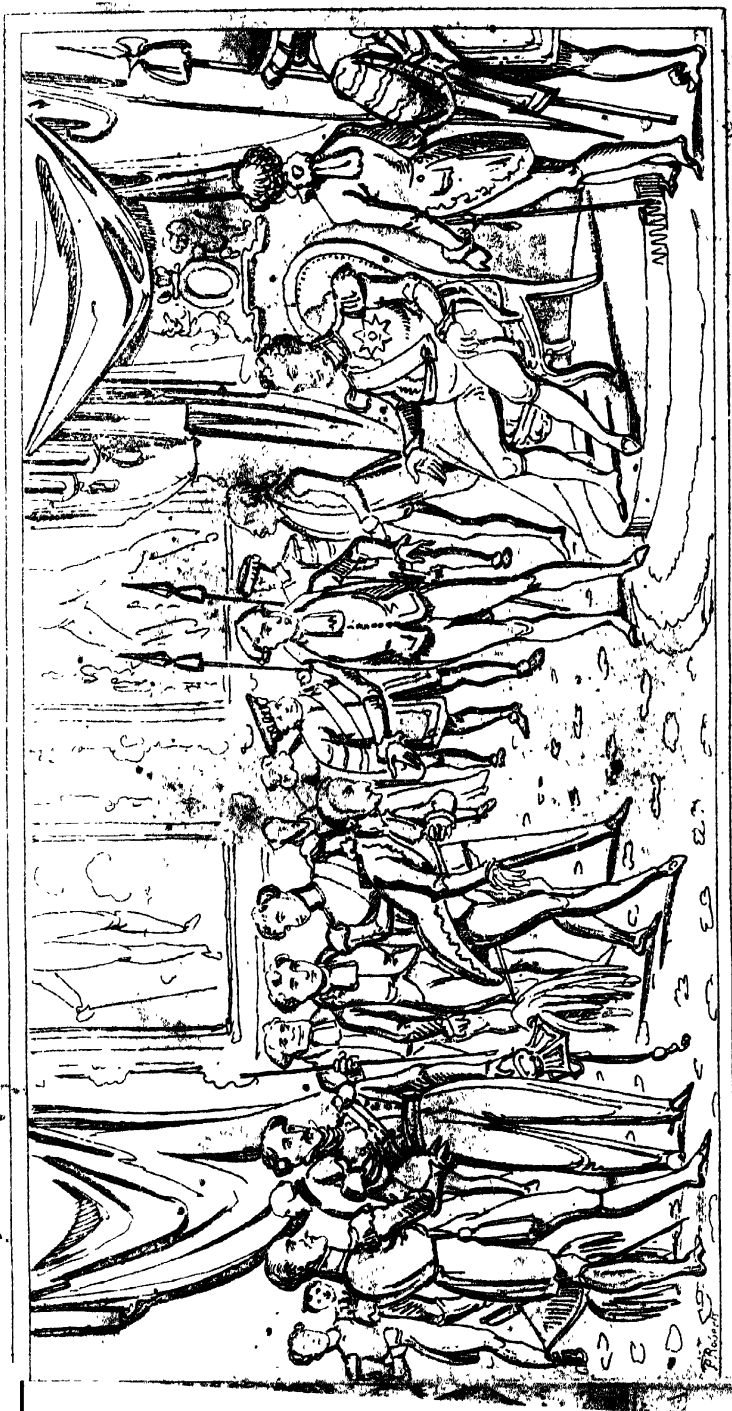
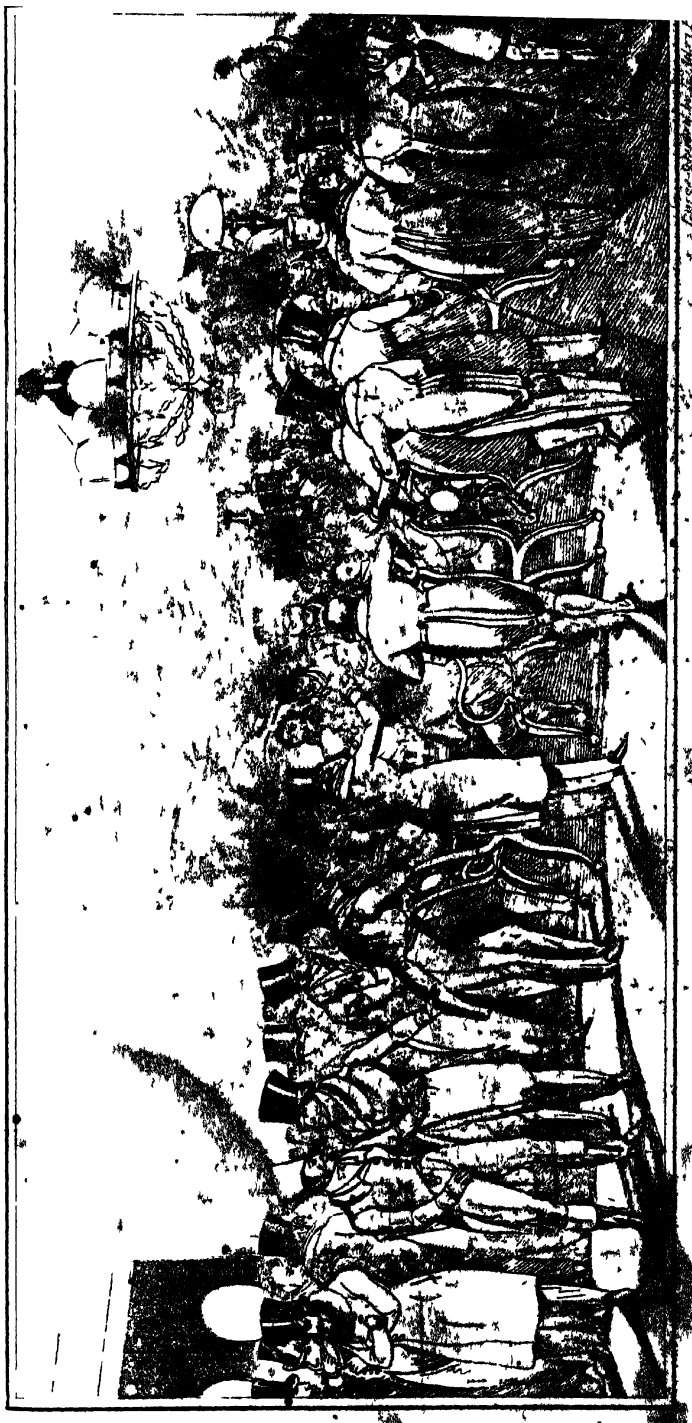




Fig. 1. A busy street scene in London, showing a horse-drawn omnibus and a large crowd of people.



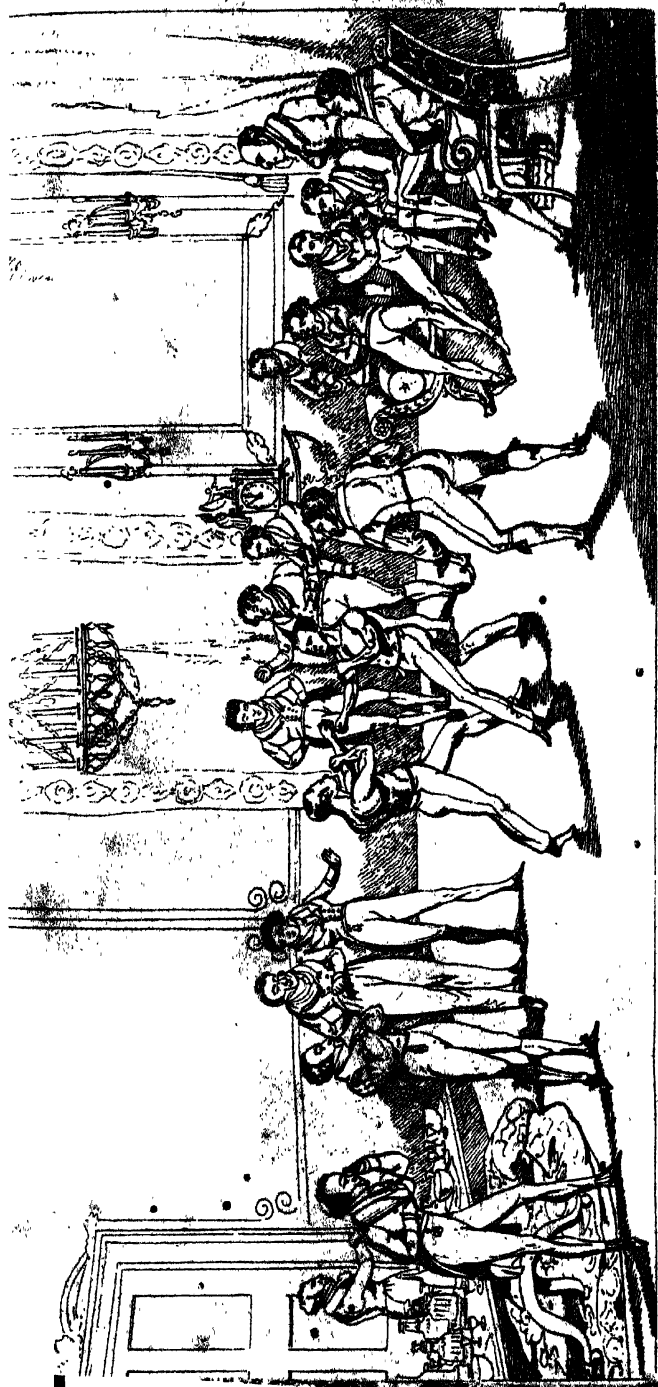


KINGS BENCH: *June 3, 1864* - *John A. King* at *REAL CHARACTER*





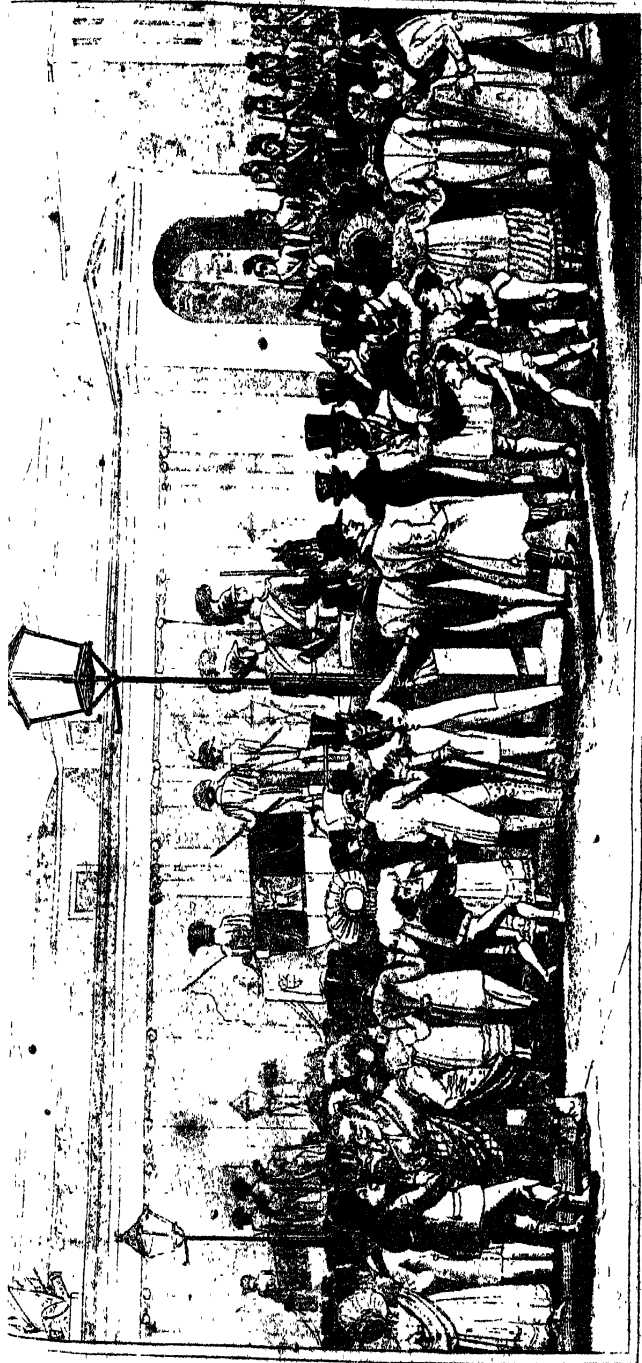




A PRIVATE TURN-UP, in the Drawing - Room of a Noble - House.



TOM & BOB, taking a little down - I can't leave at five in the morning



Tom. B. B. B. getting up their country at the expense of their pocket



HIDE PARK, and his Cousin dashing among the Rotten Row

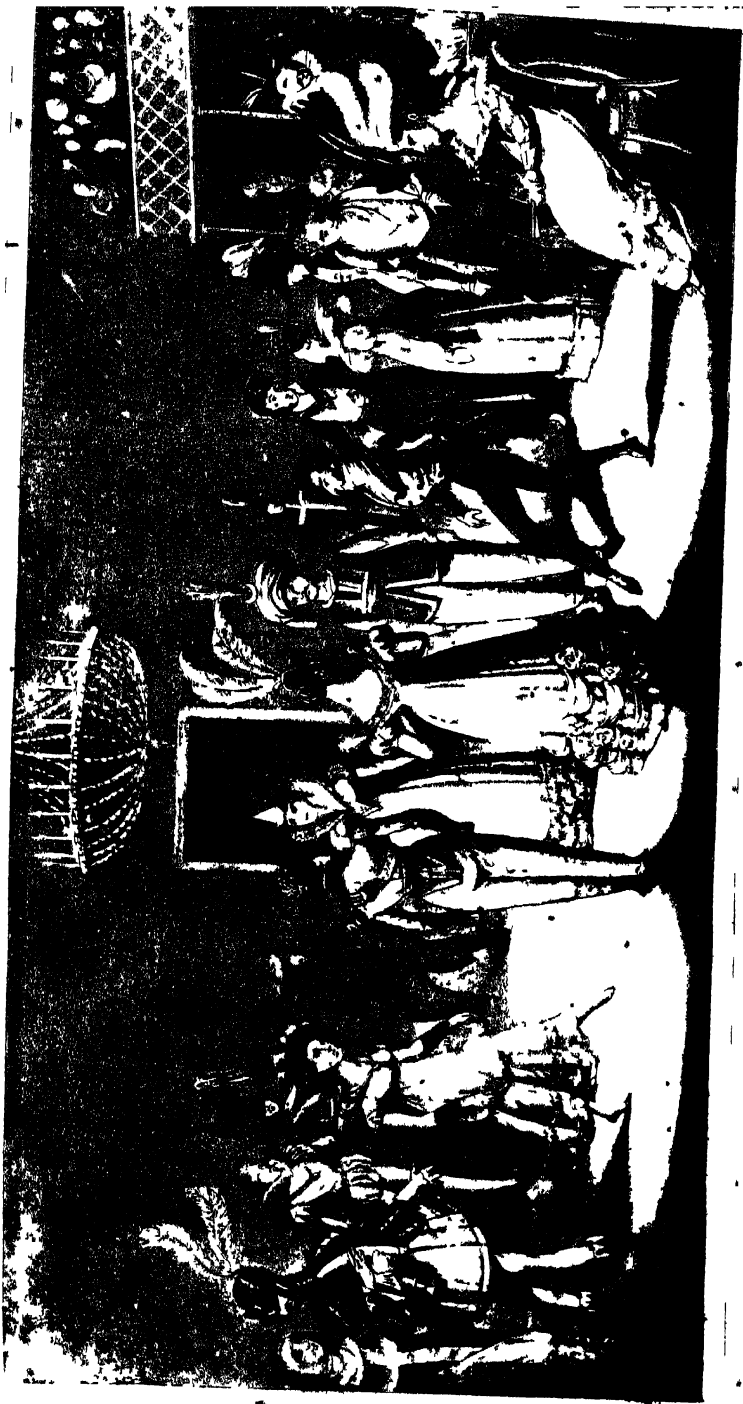


ASOT RACES. Tom & Bob winning the long odds from a lowering no. 2.



ASCOT RACES. Tom & Bob winning the long odds from a knowing one.



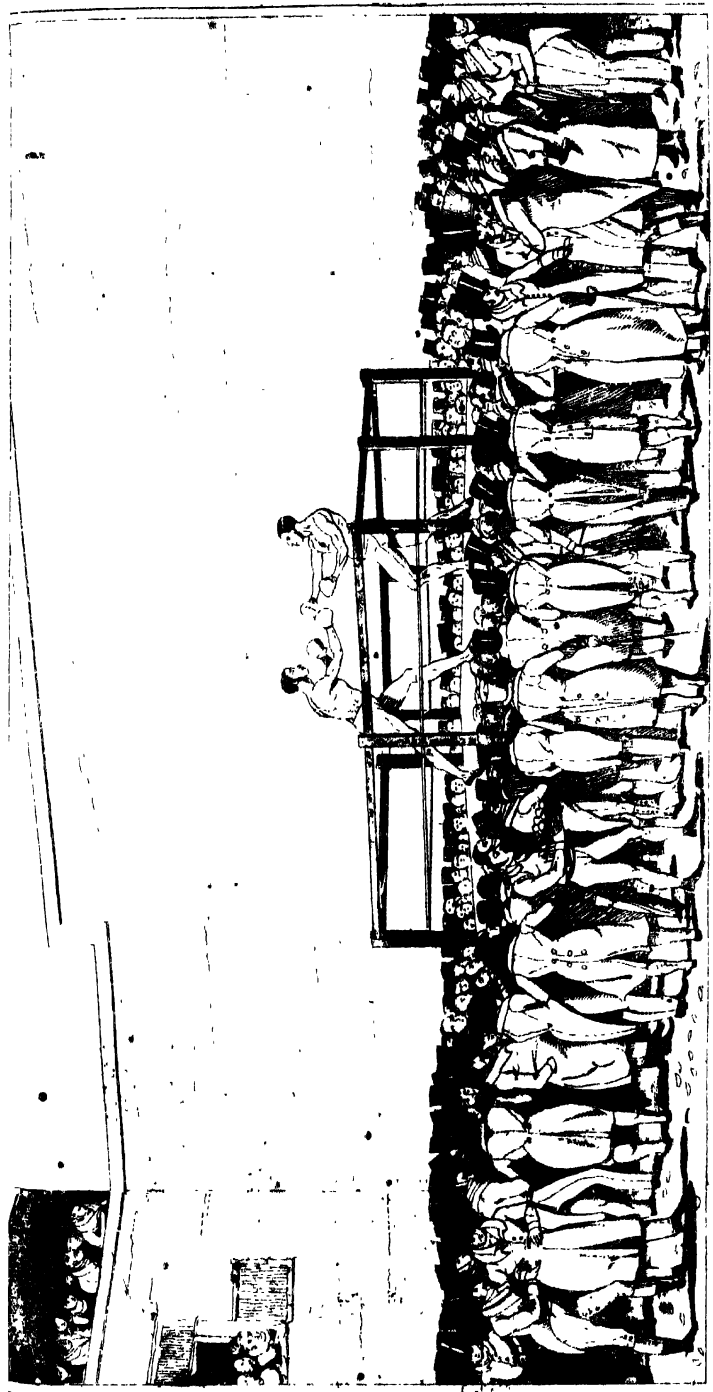




EXHIBITION SOMERSET HOUSE.

Page 18. *Bob among the Conjurors.*

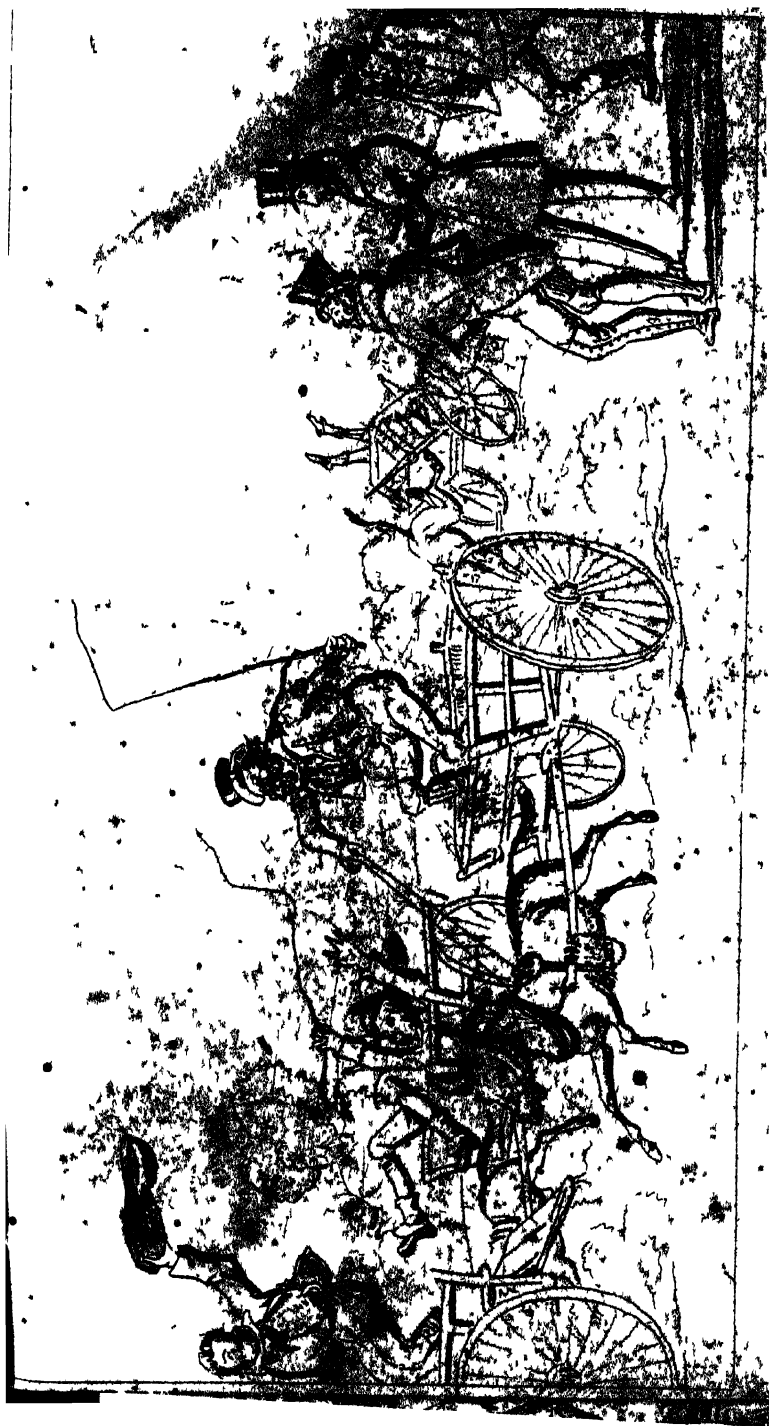
Engraved by H. Allen Esq.



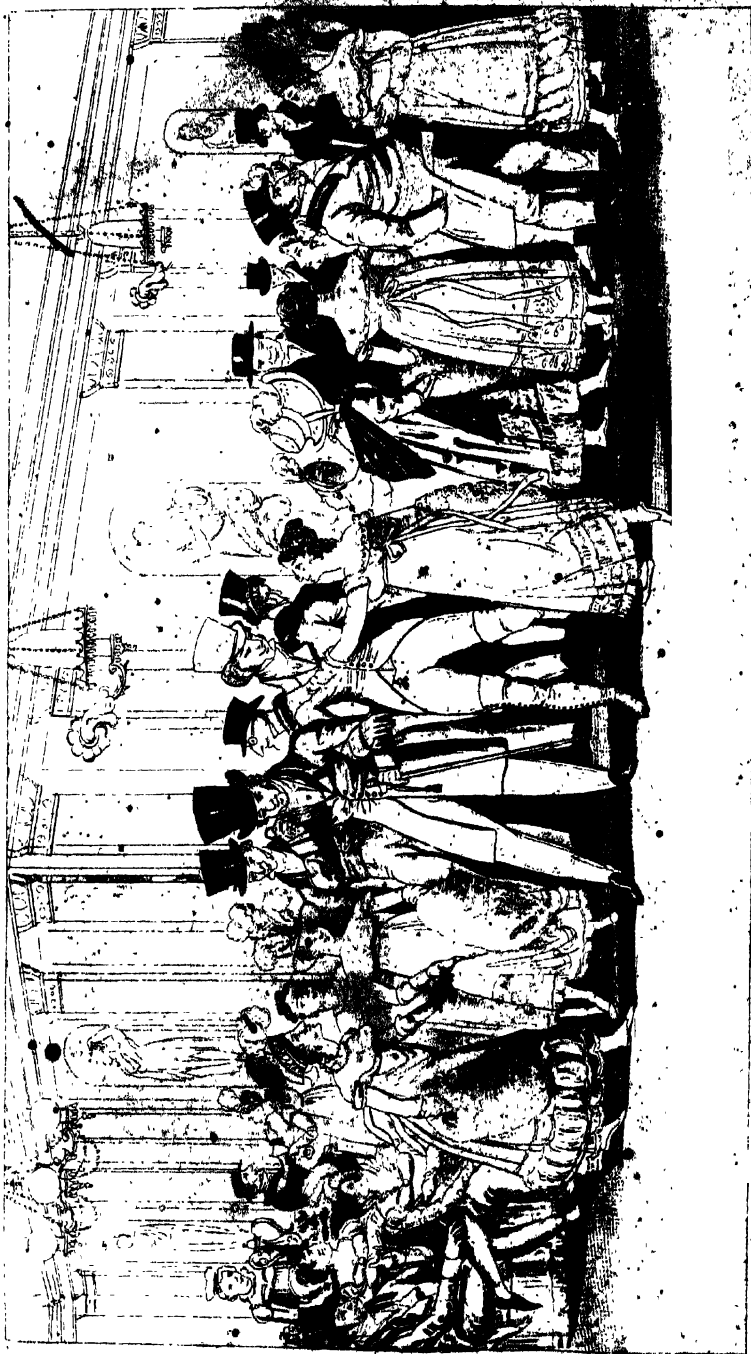
FIVES (COURT LINE) (Belt) (Whipping) (Hud) (Holding)

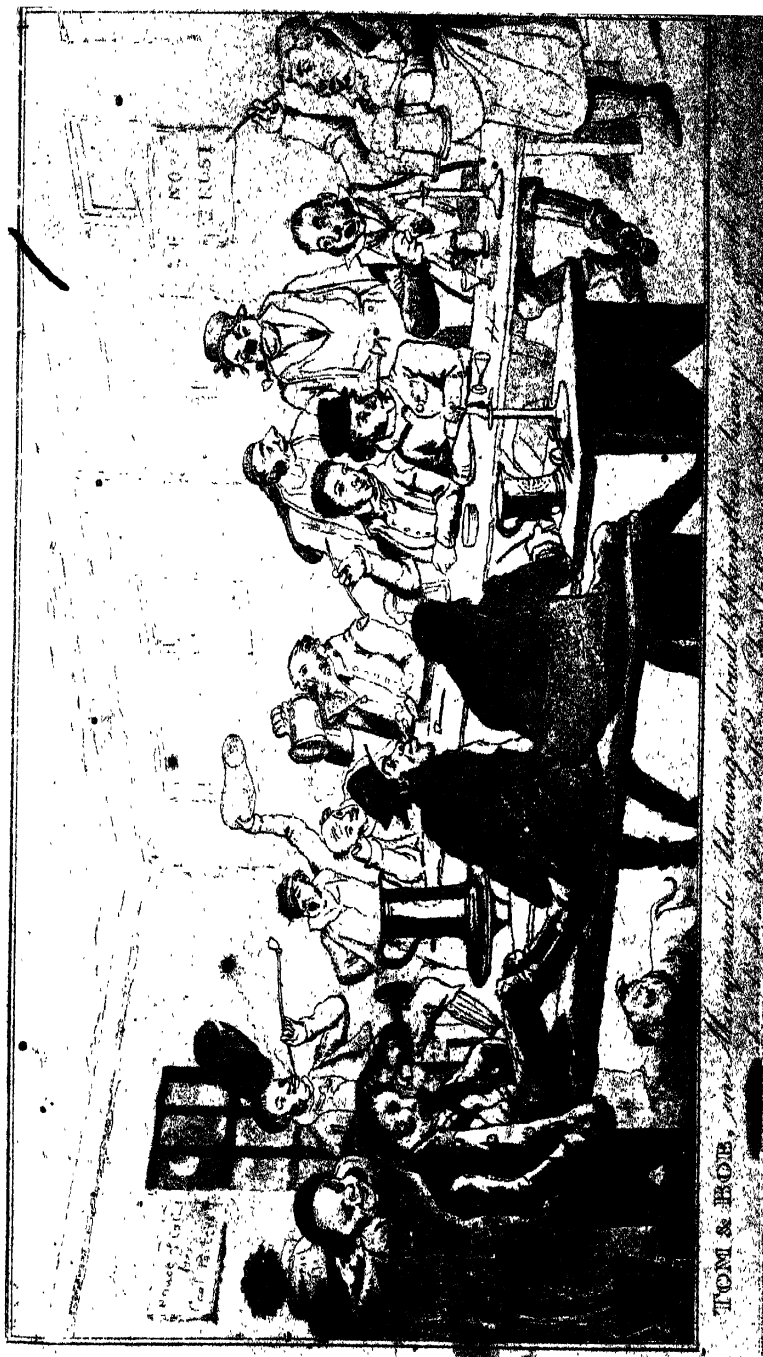


MASQUERADE. Tom and Bob keeping it up in real character.





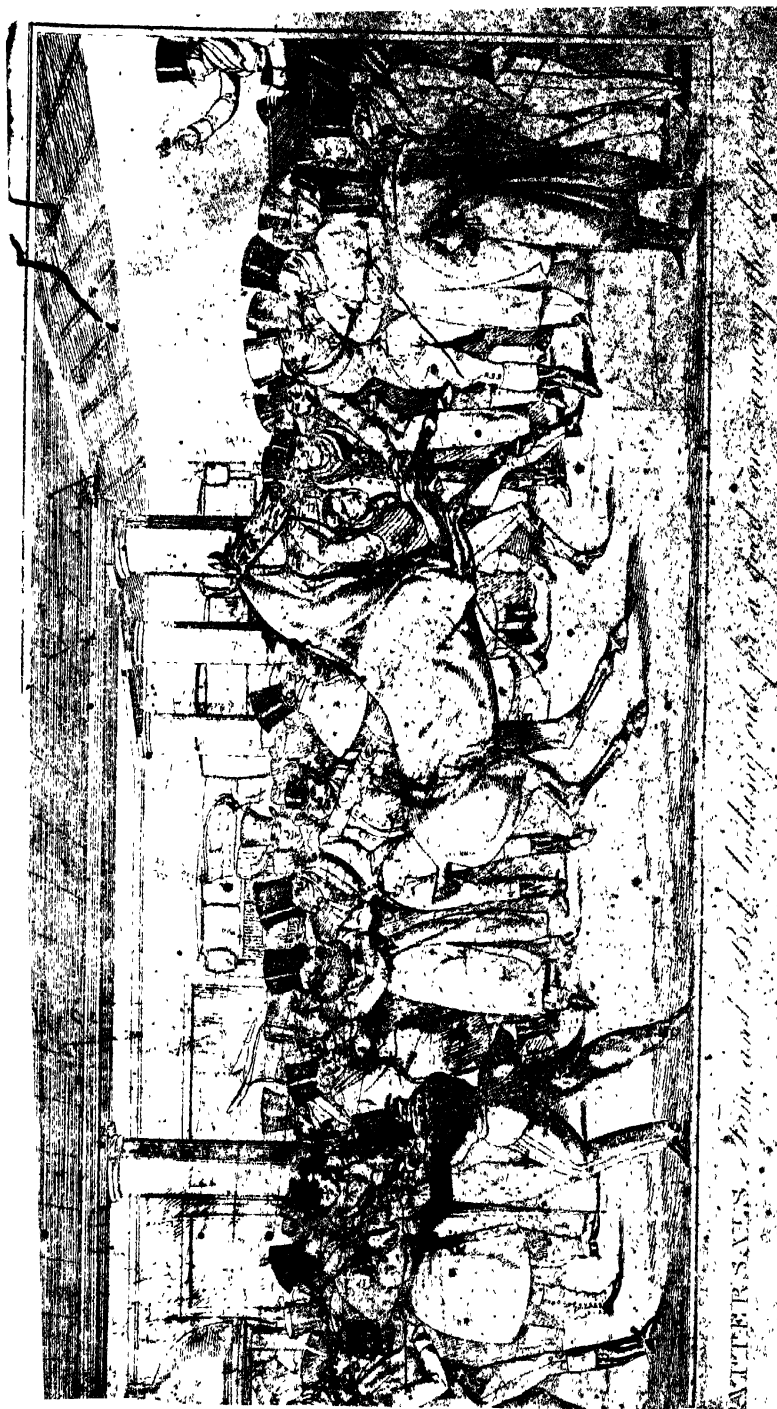




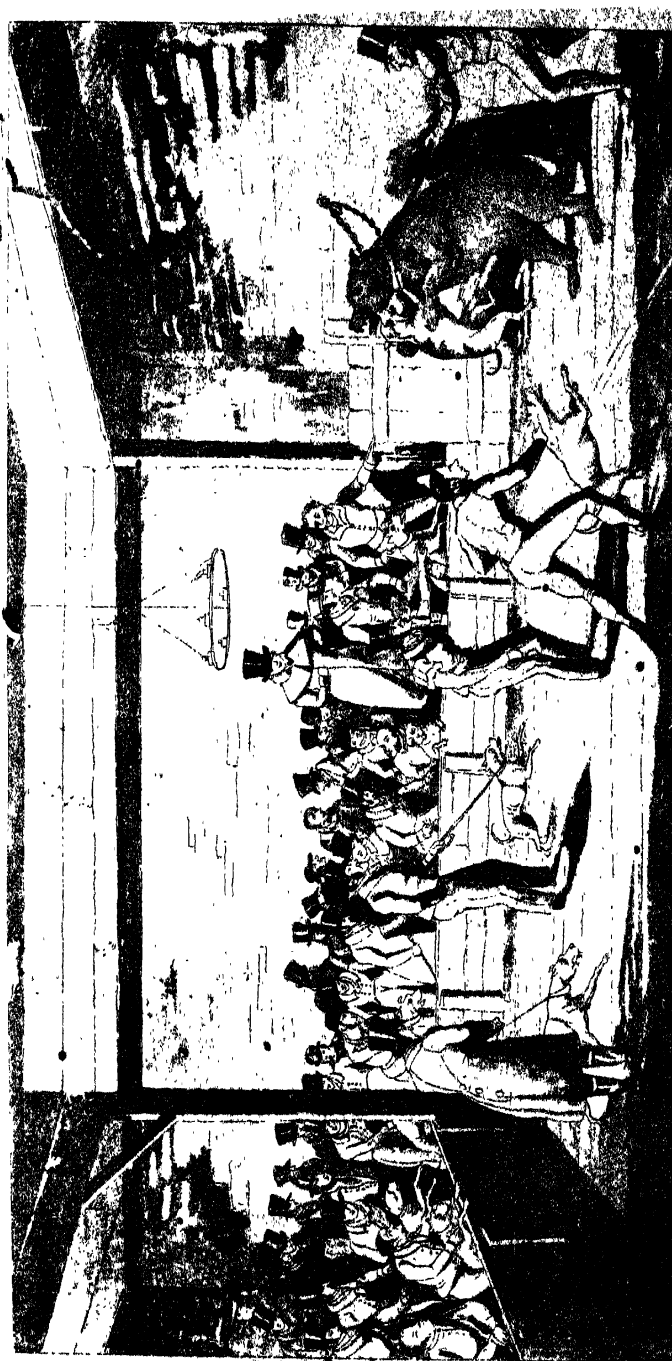
TOM & BOB, on the ground, showing the result of the "No Trust" policy.



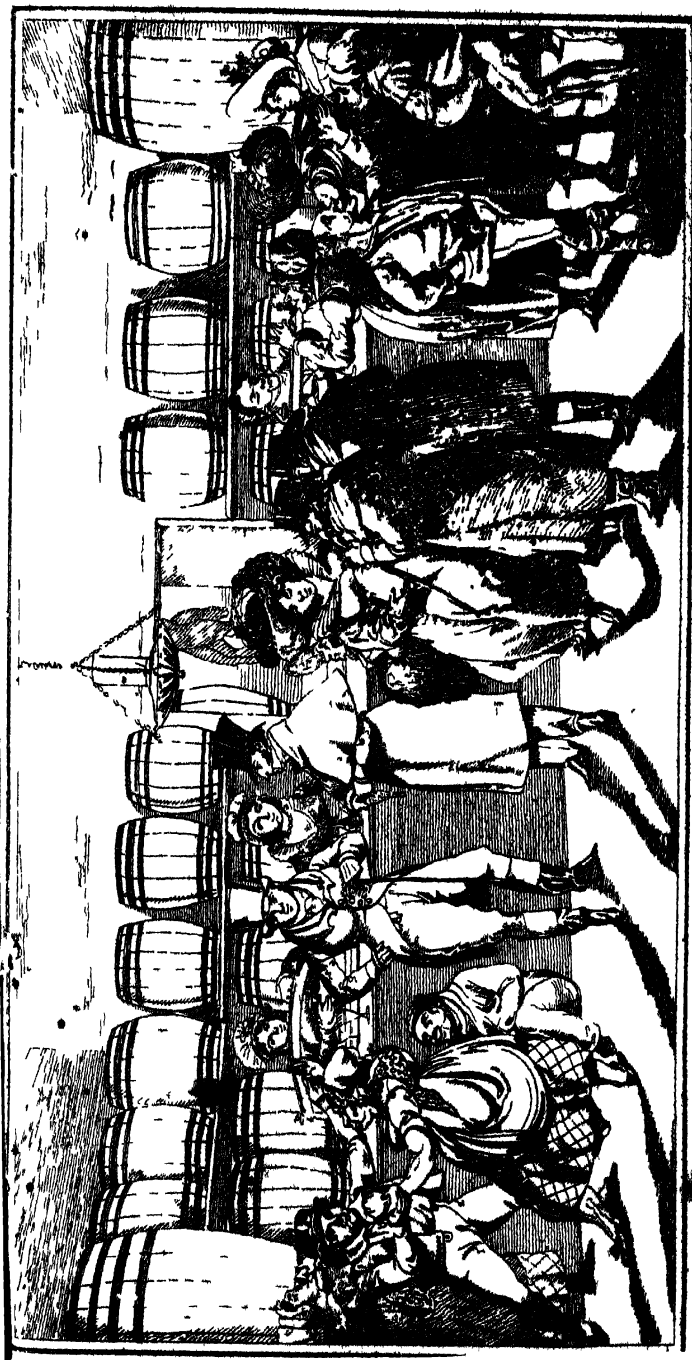
TOM & BOB CARRYING A CHAIR UP A HILL



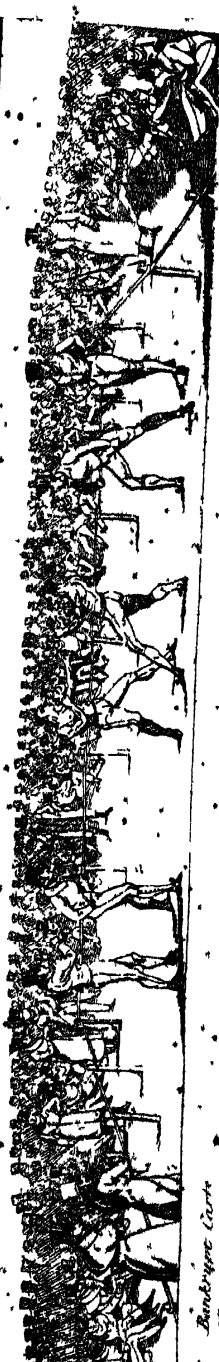
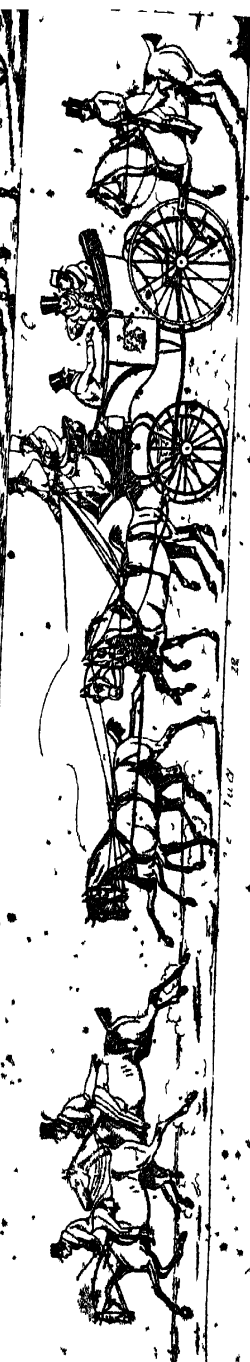
WATERSIDE. - Prince and Bed. looking out for a good row among the clippings.



THE COUNTRY SQUIRE taking a peep at CHARLEY'S THEATRE, LONDON STREET
where this performance is given.



BLUE RUIN. Jim 'n' Bob testing Thompson's Bitter.



7 Breakup Cart

8 Not all right

9 All right

10 TO FIGHT FIRE

11 Not ready in the way
12 Then right hand



HYDE PARK, Jan. and his Cousin's shooting among the *Ants* on ROTTEN ROW.



REAL

LIFE IN LONDON.



CHAP. I.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay :
How sweet with a bottle and song to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day.
With sport, wit, and wine, sickle fortune defy,
Dull wisdom all happiness sours ;
Since Life is no more than a passage at best
Let's strew the way over with flowers.

--“ THEY order these things better in London,” replied the Hon. TOM DASHALL, to an old weather-beaten sportsman, who would fain have made a convert of our *London Sprig of Fashion* to the sports and delights of rural life. The party were regaling themselves after the dangers and fatigues of a very hard day's fox-chace ; and, while the sparkling glass circulated, each, anxious to impress on the minds of the company the value of the exploits and amusements in which he felt most delight, became more animated and boisterous in his oratory—forgetting that excellent regulation

which forms an article in some of the rules and orders of our "*Free and Easies*" in London, * that no more than three gentlemen shall be allowed to speak at the same time." The whole party, consisting of fourteen, like a pack in full cry, had, with the kind assistance of the "rosy god," become at the same moment most animated, not to say vociferous, orators. The young squire, BOB TALLYHO, (as he was called) of Belville Hall, who had recently come into possession of this fine and extensive domain, was far from feeling indifferent to the pleasures of a sporting life, and, in the chace, had even acquired the reputation of being a "keen sportsman:" but the regular intercourse which took place between him and his cousin, the Hon. TOM DASHALL, of Bond Street notoriety, had in some measure led to an indecision of character, and often when perusing the lively and fascinating descriptions which the latter drew of the passing scenes in the gay metropolis, BOB would break out into an involuntary exclamation of—"Curse me, but after all, this only is REAL LIFE;"—while, for the moment, horses, dogs, and gun, with the whole paraphernalia of sporting, were annihilated. Indeed, to do justice to his elegant and highly-finished friend, these pictures were the production of a master-hand, and might have made a dangerous impression on minds more stoical and determined than that of BOB's. The opera, theatres, fashionable pursuits, characters, objects, &c. all became in succession the subjects of his pen; and if lively

RURAL SIMPLICITY.

description, blended with irresistible humour and sarcastic wit, possessed any power of seduction, these certainly belonged to BOB's honorable friend and relative, as an epistolary correspondent. The following Stanzas were often recited by him with great feeling and animation :—

PARENT OF PLEASURE and of many a groan,
I should be loath to part with thee, I own,

• DEAR LIFE !

To tell the truth, I'd rather lose a *wife*,
Should Heav'n e'er deem me worthy of possessing
That best, that most invaluable blessing.

• I thank thee, that thou brought'st me into *being*;
The things of this our world are well worth *seeing* ;
And let me add, moreover, well worth feeling ;
Then what the Devil would people have ?
These gloomy hunters of the grave,
For ever sighing, groaning, canting, kneeling.

Some wish they never had been born, how odd !
To see the handy works of God,
In sun and moon, and starry sky ;
Though last, not least, to see sweet Woman's charms,—
Nay, more, to clasp them in our arms,
And pour the soul in love's delicious sigh,
Is well worth coming for, I'm sure,
Supposing that thou gav'st us nothing more.

Yet, thus surrounded, LIFE, dear LIFE, I'm *thine*,
And could I always call thee *mine*,
I would not quickly bid this world farewell ;
But whether HERE, or LONG or SHORT, my stay,
I'll keep in mind for ever *day*
An old French motto, “ *Vive la bagatelle !* ”

Misfortunes are this lottery-world's sad blanks ;
Presents, in my opinion, not worth thanks.
THE PLEASURES are the TWENTY THOUSAND PRIZES,
Which nothing but a downright ass despises.

It was not, however, the mere representations of BOB's friend, with which, (in consequence of the important result,) we commenced our chapter, that produced the powerful effect of fixing the wavering mind of BOB—No, it was the air—the manner—the *je ne sais quoi*, by which these representations were accompanied: the curled lip of contempt, and the eye, measuring as he spoke, from top to toe, his companions, with the cool elegant *sang froid* and self-possession displayed in his own person and manner, which became a *fiat* with BOB, and which effected the object so long courted by his cousin.

After the manner of Yorick (though, by the bye, no sentimentalist) BOB thus reasoned with himself:—"If an acquaintance with London is to give a man these airs of superiority—this ascendancy—elegance of manners, and command of enjoyments—why, London for me; and if pleasure is the game in view, there will I instantly pursue the sport."

The song and toast, in unison with the sparkling glass, followed each other in rapid succession. During which, our elegant London visitor favoured the company with the following effusion, sung in a style equal to (though unaccompanied with the affected airs and self-importance of) a first-rate professor:—

SONG.

If to form and distinction, in town you would bow,
Let appearance of wealth be your care:

If your friends see you live, not a creature cares how,
The question will only be, Where?

A circus, a polygon, crescent, or place,
 With ideas of magnificence tally ;
 Squares are common, streets queer, but a lane's a disgrace ;
 And we've no such thing as an alley.

A first floor's pretty well, and a parlour so so ;
 But, pray, who can give themselves airs,
 Or mix with high folks, if so vulgarly low
 To live up in a two pair of stairs ?

The garret, excuse me, I mean attic floor,
 (That's the name, and it's right you should know it,)
 Would be tenantless often ; but genius will soar,
 And it does very well for a poet.

These amusements of the table were succeeded by a most stormy and lengthened debate, (to use a parliamentary phrase) during which, BOB's London friend had with daring heroism opposed the whole of the party, in supporting the superiority of LIFE IN LONDON over every pleasure the country could afford. After copious libations to Bacchus, whose influence at length effected what oratory had in vain essayed, and silenced these contending and jarring elements, "grey-eyed Morn" peeped intrusively amid the jovial crew, and Somnus, (with the cart before the horse) stepping softly on tip-toe after his companion, led, if not *by*, at least accompanied *with*, the music of the nose, each to his snoring pillow.

— "Glorious resolve !" exclaimed TOM, as soon as his friend had next morning intimated his intention,— "nobly resolved indeed !— "What ! shall he whom Nature has formed to shine in the

dance and sparkle in the ring—to fascinate the fair—lead and control the fashions—attract the gaze and admiration of the surrounding crowd!—shall he pass a life, or rather a torpid existence, amid country bumpkins and Johnny-raws? Forbid it all ye powers that rule with despotic sway where Life alone is to be found,—forbid it cards—dice—balls—fashion, and ye gay *et cæteras*,—forbid”——“ ‘Pon my soul,” interrupted BOB, “you have frightened me to death! I thought you were beginning an Epic,—a thing I abominate of all others. I had rather at any time follow the pack on a foundered horse than read ten lines of Homer; so, my dear fellow, descend for God’s sake from the Heroics.”

Calmly let me, *at least*, begin LIFE’S chapter,
 Not panting for a HURRICANE of rapture;
 Calm let me step—not riotous and jumping:
 With due decorum, let my heart
 Try to perform a sober part,
 Not at the ribs be ever bumping—bumping.

RAPTURE’S a charger—often breaks his girth,
 Runs off, and flings his rider in the dirt.

“However, it shall be so: adieu, my dear little roan filly,—Snow-ball, good by,—my new patent double-barrelled percussion—ah, I give you all up!—Order the tandem, my déar Tom, whenever you please; whisk me up to the fairy scenes you have so often and admirably described; and, above all things, take me as an humble and docile pupil

under your august auspices and tuition." Says Tom, "thou reasonest well."

The rapidity with which great characters execute their determinations has been often remarked by authors. The dashing tandem, with its beautiful high-bred bits of blood, accompanied by two grooms on horseback in splendid liveries, stood at the lodge-gate, and our heroes had only to bid adieu to relatives and friends, and commence their rapid career.

Before we start on this long journey of one hundred and eighty miles, with the celerity which is unavoidable in modern travelling, it may be prudent to ascertain that our readers are still in company, and that we all start fairly together; otherwise, there is but little probability of our ever meeting again on the journey;—so now to satisfy queries, remarks, and animadversions.

"Why, Sir, I must say it is a new way of introducing a story, and appears to me very irregular—What! tumble your hero neck and heels into the midst of a drunken fox-hunting party, and then carry him off from his paternal estate, without even noticing his ancestors, relatives, friends, connexions, or prospects—without any description of romantic scenery on the estate—without so much as an allusion to the female who first kindled in his breast the tender passion, or a detail of those incidents with which it is usually connected!—a strange, very strange way indeed this of commencing."

“My dear Sir, I agree with you as to the deviation from customary rules: but allow me to ask,—is not one common object—amusement, all we have in view? Suppose then, by way of illustration, you were desirous of arriving at a given place or object, to which there were several roads, and having traversed one of these till the monotony of the scene had rendered every object upon it dull and wearisome, would you quarrel with the traveller who pointed out another road, merely because it was a new one? Considering the impatience of our young friends, the one to return to scenes in which alone he can live, and the other to realize ideal dreams of happiness, painted in all the glowing tints that a warm imagination and youthful fancy can pourtray, it will be impossible longer to continue the argument. Let me, therefore, entreat you to cut it short—accompany us in our rapid pursuit after LIFE IN LONDON; nor risk for the sake of a little pcevis criticism, the cruel reflection, that by a refusal, you would, probably, be in *at the death* of the Author—by STARVATION.”

CHAP. II.

“The panting steed the hero’s empire feel,
 Who sits triumphant o’er the flying wheel,
 And as he guides it through th’ admiring throng,
 With what an air he holds the reins, and smacks the silken thong!”

ORDINARY minds, in viewing distant objects, first see the obstacles that intervene, magnify the difficulty of surmounting them, and sit down in despair. The man of genius with his mind’s-eye pointed stedfastly, like the needle towards the pole, on the object of his ambition, meets and conquers every difficulty in detail, and the mass dissolves before him as the mountain snow yields, drop by drop, to the progressive but invincible operation of the solar beam. Our honourable friend was well aware that a perfect knowledge of the art of driving, and the character of a “*first-rate whip*,” were objects worthy his ambition; and that, to hold four-in-hand—turn a corner in style—handle the reins in form—take a fly off the tip of his leader’s ear—square the elbows, and keep the wrists pliant, were matters as essential to the formation of a man of fashion as *dice* or *milling*: it was a principle he had long laid down and strictly adhered to, that whatever tended to the completion of that character, should be acquired to the very

acmé of perfection, without regard to ulterior consequences, or minor pursuits.

In an early *stage*, therefore, of his fashionable course of studies, the WHIP became an object of careful solicitude; and after some private tuition, he first exhibited his prowess about twice a week, on the box of a Windsor stage, tipping coachy a crown for the indulgence and improvement it afforded. Few could boast of being more fortunate during a noviciate; two overturns only occurred in the whole course of practice, and except the trifling accident of an old lady being killed, a shoulder or two dislocated, and about half a dozen legs and arms broken, belonging to people who were not at all known in high life, nothing worthy of notice may be said to have happened on these occasions. 'Tis true, some ill-natured remarks appeared in one of the public papers, on the "conduct of coachmen entrusting the reins to young practitioners, and thus endangering the lives of his majesty's subjects;" but these passed off like other philanthropic suggestions of the day, unheeded and forgotten.

The next advance of our hero was an important step. The MAIL-COACH is considered the *school*; its driver, the *great master* of the art—the *Phidias* of the statuary,—the *Claude* of the landscape-painter. To approach him without preparatory instruction and study, would be like an attempt to copy the former without a knowledge of anatomy, or the latter, while ignorant of perspective

The standard of excellence—the model of perfection; all that the highest ambition can attain, is to approach as near as possible the *original*; to attempt a deviation, would be to *bolt out of the course, snap the curb, and run riot*. Sensible of the importance of his character, accustomed to *hold the reins* of arbitrary power, and seated where will is law, the *mail-whip* carries in his appearance all that may be expected from his *elevated* situation. Stern and sedate in his manner, and given to taciturnity, he speaks sententially, or in monosyllables. If he passes on the road even an humble follower of the profession, with four *tidy ones* in hand, he views him with ineffable contempt, and would consider it an irreparable disgrace to appear conscious of the proximity. Should it be a country gentleman of large property and influence, and he held the reins, and handled the whip with a knowledge of the art, so to “get over the ground,” coachy might, perhaps, notice him “*en passant*,” by a slight and familiar nod; but it is only the peer, or man of first-rate sporting celebrity, that is honoured with any thing like a familiar mark of approbation and acquaintance; and these, justly appreciating the proud distinction, feel higher gratification by it than any thing the monarch could bestow: it is an inclination of the head, not forward, in the manner of a nod, but towards the *off* shoulder, accompanied with a certain jerk and elevation from the opposite side. • But here neither pen nor pencil can

depict; it belongs to him alone whose individual powers can nightly keep the house in a roar, to catch the living manner and present it to the eye. "

"——A merrier man

Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withall;
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest."

And now, *gentle* reader, if the epithet means any thing, you cannot but feel disposed to good humour and indulgence: Instead of rattling you off, as was proposed at our last interview, and whirling you at the rate of twelve miles an hour, exhausted with fatigue, and half *dead* in pursuit of *Life*, we have proceeded *gently* along the road, amusing ourselves by the way, rather with *drawing* than *driving*. 'Tis high time, however, we made some little progress in our journey: "Come Bob, take the reins—push on—keep moving—touch up the leader into a hand-gallop—give Snarler his head—that's it my tight one, keep out of the ruts—mind your quartering—not a gig, buggy, tandem, or tilbury, have we yet seen on the road—what an infernal place for a human being to inhabit!—curse me if I had not as lief emigrate to the back settlements of America: one might find some novelty and amusement there—I'd have the woods cleared—cut out some turnpike-roads, and, like Palmer, start the first mail"——"Stop,

Tom, don't set off yet to the Illinois—here's something ahead, but what the devil it is I can't guess—why it's a barge on wheels, and drove four-in-hand.”—“Ha, ha—barge indeed, Bob, you seem to know as much about coaches as Snarler does of Back-gammon : I suppose you never see any thing in this quarter but the old heavy Bridgewater—why we have half a dozen new lanches every week, and as great a variety of names, shape, size, and colour, as there are ships in the navy—we have the heavy coach, light coach, Caterpillar, and Mail—the Balloon, Comet, Fly, Dart, Regulator, Telegraph, Courier, Times, High-flyer, Hope, with as many others as would fill a list as long as my tandem-whip. What you now see is one of the *new patent safety-coaches*—you can't have an overturn if you're ever so disposed for a *spree*. The old city cormorants, after a gorge of mock-turtle, turn into them for a journey, and drop off in a nap, with as much confidence of security to their neck and limbs as if they had mounted a rocking-horse, or drop't into an arm-chair.”—“Ah ! come, the scene improves, and becomes a little like *Life*—here's a *Washer* making up to the Safety—why its---no, impossible—can't be—gad it is tho'—the Dart, by all that's good ! and drove by Hell-fire Dick !—there's a fellow, would do honour to any box—drove the cambridge Fly three months—pass'd every thing on the road, and because he overturned in three or four hard matches, the stupid rascals of proprietors moved him off the ground

Joe Spinum, who's at Corpus Christi, matched Dick once for 50, when he carried five inside and thirteen at top, besides heavy luggage, against the other Cambridge—never was a prettier race seen at Newmarket—Dick must have beat hollow, but a d——d fat alderman who was inside, and felt alarmed at the velocity of the vehicle, moved to the other end of the seat: this destroyed the equilibrium—over they went, into a four-feet ditch, and Joe lost his match. However, he had the satisfaction of hearing afterwards, that the old cormorant who occasioned his loss, had nearly burst himself by the concussion.”

“ See, see !—Dick's got up to, and wants to give the Safety the go by—gad, its a race—go it Dick—now Safety—d——d good cattle both—lay it in to 'em Dick—leaders neck and neck—pretty race by G——! Ah, its of no use Safety—Dick wont stand it—a dead beat—there she goes—all up—over by Jove”——“ I can't see for that tree—what do you say Tom, is the race over ?”——“ Race, ah ! and the coach too—knew Dick would beat him—would have betted the long odds the moment I saw it was him.”

The tandem had by this time reached the *race-course*, and the disaster which Tom had hardly thought worth noticing in his lively description of the sport, sure enough had befallen the *new patent Safety*, which was about mid way between an upright and a side position, supported by the high and very strong quicksett-hedge against

which it hath fallen. Our heroes dismounted, left Flip at the leader's head, and with Ned, the other groom, proceeded to offer their services. Whilst engaged in extricating the horses, which had become entangled in their harness, and were kicking and plunging, their attention was arrested by the screams and outrageous vociferations of a very fat, middled-aged woman; who had been jerked from her seat on the box to one not quite so smooth—the top of the hedge, which, with the assistance of an old alder tree, supported the coach. Tom found it impossible to resist the violent impulse to risibility which the ludicrous appearance of the old lady excited, and as no serious injury was sustained, determined to enjoy the fun.

“If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game till he had run it down.”

Approaching her with all the gravity of countenance he was master of—“Madam,” says he, “are we to consider you as one of the Sylvan Deities who preside over these scenes, or connected in any way with the vehicle?”—“*Vehicle*, indeed, you *hunhuman*-brutes, instead of assisting a poor distressed female who has been chuck'd from top of that there *safety-thing*, as they calls it, into such a dangerous *pisition*, you must be chuckling and grinning, must you? I only wish my husband, Mr. *Giblet*, was here, he should soon wring your necks, and pluck some of your fine feathers for you, and make you look as foolish as a peacock

without his tail." Mrs. Giblet's ire at length having subsided, she was handed down in safety on *terra firma*, and our heroes transferred their assistance to the other passengers. The violence of the concussion had burst open the coach-door on one side, and a London *Dandy*, of the *exquisite* genus, lay in danger of being pressed to a jelly beneath the weight of an infirm and very stout old farmer, whom they had pick'd up on the road ; and it was impossible to get at, so as to afford relief to the sufferers, till the coach was raised in a perpendicular position. The farmer was no sooner on his legs, than clapping his hand with anxious concern into an immense large pocket, he discovered that a bottle of brandy it contained was crack'd, and the contents beginning to escape : " I ax pardon, young gentleman," says he, seizing a hat that the latter held with great care in his hand, and applying it to catch the liquor—" I ax pardon for making so free, but I see the hat is a little out of order, and can't be much hurt ; and its a pity to waste the liquor, such a price as it is now-a-days." —" Sir, what do you mean, shoudn't have thought of your taking such liberties indeed, but makes good the old saying—impudence and ignorance go together : my hat out of order, hey ! I'd have you to know, Sir, that *that***there* hat was bought of Lloyd, in Newgate-street,* only last Thursday,

* It would be injustice to great talents, not to notice, among other important discoveries and improvements of the age, the labours of LLOYD, who has classified and arranged whatever

and cost eighteen shillings ; and if you look at the book in his *window* on hats, dedicated to the head, you'll find that *this here* hat is a real *exquisite* ; so much for what you know about hats, my old fellow—I burst my stays all to pieces in saving it from being squeezed out of shape, and now this old brute has made a brandy-bottle of it.”—“ Oh ! oh ! my young Miss in disguise,” replied the farmer, “ I thought I smelt a rat when the Captain left the coach, under pretence of walking up the hill—what, I suppose you are bound for Gretna, both of you, hey young Lady ?”

Every thing appertaining to the coach being now righted, our young friends left the company to adjust their quarrels and pursue their journey at discretion, anxious to reach the next town as expe-

relates to that necessary article of personal elegance, the HAT. He has given the world a volume on the subject of HATS, dedicated to their great patron, the HEAD, in which all the endless varieties of shape, dependent before on mere whim and caprice, are reduced to fixed principles, and designated after the great characters by which each particular fashion was first introduced. The advantages to gentlemen residing in the country must be incalculable : they have only to refer to the engravings in Mr. Lloyd's work, where every possible variety is clearly defined, and to order such as may suit the rank or character in life they either possess, or wish to assume. The following enumeration comprises a few of the latest fashions :—The Wellington—The Regent—The Caroline—The Bashful—The Dandy—The Shallow—The Exquisite—The Marquis—The New Dash—The Clericus—The Tally-ho—The Noble Lord—The Tacdum—The Bang-up—The Irresistible—The Bon Ton—The Paris Beau—The Baronet—The Eccentric—The Bit of Blood, &c.

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papers," exclaimed Tom—"then I dare say they were very favourable to this Amateur of Fashion?"

"No—not very—indeed; they don't join the manager in his puffs, notwithstanding his marked civility to them: one said he was a methodist preacher, and sermonized the character—another assimilated him to a school-boy saying his lesson—in short, they were very ill-natured—but hush—here he is—walk in, gentlemen, and you shall hear him rehearse some of King Richard"—

"King Richard!" What ambition! thought Bob to himself—"late a PRINCE, and now—a king!"

"I assure you," continued Mr. Mist, "that all his readings are new; but according to my humble observation, his action does not always suit the word—for when he exclaims—'may Hell make crook'd my mind,' he looks up to Heaven"—

"Looks up to Heaven!" exclaimed Tom; "then this London star makes a solecism with his eyes."

Our heroes now went into the barn, and took a private corner, when they remained invisible. Their patience was soon exhausted, and Bob and his honourable cousin were both on the fidgits, when the representative of King Richard exclaimed—

"Give me a horse——"

"—Whip!" added Tom with stunning vociferation, before King Richard could *bind up his wounds*. The amateur started, and betrayed consummate embarrassment, as if the *horsewhip* had actually made its entrance. Tom and his companion stole

away, and left the astounded monarch with the words—"twas all a dream."

While returning to the inn, our heroes mutually commented on the ambition and folly of those amateurs of fashion, who not only sacrifice time and property, but absolutely take abundant pains to render themselves ridiculous. "Certainly," says Tom, "this *cacoethes ludendi* has made fools of several: this infatuated youth though not possessed of a single requisite for the stage, no doubt flatters himself he is a second Kean; and, regardless of his birth and family, he will continue his strolling life

Till the broad shame comes staring in his face,
And critics hoot the blockhead as he struts."

Having now reached the inn, and finding every thing adjusted for their procedure, our heroes mounted their vehicle, and went in full gallop for **REAL LIFE IN LONDON.**

CHAP. III.

“ Round, round, and round-about, they whiz, they fly,
With eager worrying, whirling here and there,
They know, nor whence, nor whither, where, nor why.
In utter hurry-scurry, going, coming,
Maddening the summer air with ceaseless humming.”

Our travellers now approached at a rapid rate, the desideratum of their eager hopes and wishes; to one all was novel, wonderful, and fascinating; to the other, it was the welcome return to an old and beloved friend, the separation from whom had but increased the ardour of attachment.—“ We, now,” says DASHALL. “ are approaching Hyde-Park, and being Sunday, a scene will at once burst upon you, far surpassing in reality any thing I have been able to pourtray, notwithstanding the flattering compliments you have so often paid to my talents for description.” They had scarcely entered the Park-gate, when Lady Jane Townléy’s carriage crossed them, and Tom immediately approached it, to pay his respects to an old acquaintance. Her ladyship congratulated him on his return to town, lamented the serious loss the *beau-monde* had sustained by his absence, and smiling archly at his young friend, was happy to find he had not returned empty-handed, but with a recruit, whose

appearance promised a valuable accession to their select circle. "You would not have seen me here," continued her ladyship, "but I vow and protest it is utterly impossible to make a prisoner of one's self, such a day as this, merely because it is Sunday—for my own part, I wish there was no such thing as a Sunday in the whole year—there's no knowing what to do with one's self. When fine, it draws out as many insects as a hot sun and a shower of rain can produce in the middle of June. The vulgar plebeians flock so, that you can scarcely get into your barouche without being hustled by the men-milliners, linen-drappers, and shop-boys, who have been serving you all the previous part of the week; and wet, or dry, there's no bearing it. For my part, I am *ennuyée*, beyond measure, on that day, and find no little difficulty in getting through it without a fit of the horrors.

What a legion of *counter-coxcombs*!" exclaimed she, as we passed Grosvenor-gate. "Upon the plunder of the till, or by overcharging some particular article sold on the previous day, it is easy for these *once-a-week* beaux to hire a tilbury, and an awkward groom in a pepper and salt, or drab coat, like the *incog.* of the Royal family, to mix with their betters and sport their persons in the drive of fashion: some of the monsters, too, have the impudence of bowing to ladies whom they do not know, merely to give them an air, or pass off their customers for their acquaintance: its very distressing. There!" continued she, "there

goes my plumassier, with gilt spurs like a field-officer, and riding as importantly as if he were one of the Lords of the Treasury; or—ah! there, again, is my banker's clerk, so stiff and so laced up, that he might pass for an Egyptian mummy—the self-importance of these puppies is insufferable! What impudence! he has picked up some groom out of place, with a cockade in his hat, by way of imposing on the world for a beau *militaire*. What will the world come to! I really have not common patience with these creatures. I have long since left off going to the play on a Saturday night, because, independently of my preference for the Opera, these insects from Cornhill or Whitechapel, shut up their shops, cheat their masters, and commence their airs of importance about nine o'clock. Then again you have the same party crowding the Park on a Sunday; but on the following day, return, like school boys, to their work, and you see them with their 'pen behind their ear, calculating how to make up for their late extravagances, pestering you with lies, and urging you to buy twice as much as you want, then officiously offering their arm at your carriage-door."

Capt. Bergamotte at this moment came up to the carriage, perfumed like a milliner, his colour much heightened by some vegetable dye, and resolved neither to "blush unseen," nor "waste his sweetness on the desert air." Two false teeth in front, shamed the others a little in their ivory polish, and his breath savoured of myrrh like a heathen sacri

rice, or the incense burned in one of their temples. He thrust his horse's head into the carriage, rather abruptly and indecorously, (as one not accustomed to the haut-ton might suppose) but it gave no offence. He smiled affectedly, adjusted his hat, pulled a lock of hair across his forehead, with a view of shewing the whiteness of the latter, and next, that the glossiness of the former must have owed its lustre to at least two hours brushing, arranging, and perfuming; used his quizzing-glass, and took snuff with a flourish. Lady Townley condescended to caress the horse, and to display her lovely white arm ungloved, with which she patted the horse's neck, and drew a hundred admiring eyes.

The *exquisite* all this time brushed the animal gently with a highly-scented silk handkerchief, after which he displayed a cambric one, and went through a thousand little playful airs and affectations, which BOB thought would have suited a fine lady better than a lieutenant in his Majesty's brigade of guards. Applying the lines of an inimitable satire, (The Age of Frivolity) to the figure before him, he concluded :

“ That gaudy dress and decorations gay,
 The tinsel trappings of a vain array,
 The spruce trimm'd jacket, and the waving plume,
 The powder'd head emitting soft perfume;
 These may make fops, but never can impart
 The soldier's hardy frame, or daring heart;
 May in Hyde-Park present a splendid train,
 But are not weapons for a dread campaign;

May please the fair, who like a tawdry beau,
 But are not fit to check an active foe ;
 Such heroes may acquire sufficient skill
 To march erect, and labour through a drill ;
 In some *sham-fight* may manfully hold out,
 But must not hope an *enemy* to rout."

Although he talked a great deal, the whole amount of his discourse was to inform her Ladyship that (*Stillette*) meaning his horse, (who in truth appeared to possess more fire and spirit than his rider could either boast of or command,) had cost him only 700 guineas, and was *prime blood*; that the horse his groom rode, was *nothing but a good one*, and had run at the *Craven*—that he had been prodigiously fortunate that season on the turf—that he was a bold rider, and could not bear himself without a fine high spirited animal—and, that being engaged to dine at three places that day, he was desperately at a loss to know how he should act; but that if her Ladyship dined at any one of the three, he would certainly join that party, and *cut* the other two.

At this moment, a mad-brained ruffian of quality, with a splendid equipage, came driving by with four in hand, and exclaimed as he flew past, in an affected tone,—“Ah! Tom, my dear fellow, —why where the devil have you hid yourself of late?” The speed of his cattle prevented the possibility of reply. “Although you see him in such excellent trim,” observed Tom to Lady Jane, “though his cattle and equipage are so well ap-

pointed, would you suppose it, he has but just made his appearance from the Bench after *white-washing*? But he is a noble spirited fellow," remarked the exquisite, "drives the best horses; and is one of the first whips in town; always gallant and gay, full of life and good humour; and, I am happy to say, he has now a dozen of as fine horses as any in christendom, *bien entendu*, kept in my name." After this explanation of the characters of his friend and his horses, he kissed his hand to her Ladyship, and was out of sight in an instant. "Adieu, adieu, thou dear, delightful sprig of fashion!" said Lady Jane, as he left the side of the carriage.—"Fashion and folly," said Tom, half whispering, and recalling to his mind the following lines:—

"Oh! Fashion, to thy wiles, thy votaries owe
 Unnumber'd pangs of sharp domestic woe. •
 What broken tradesmen and abandon'd wives
 Curse thy delusion through their wretched lives;
 What pale-faced spinsters vent on thee their rage,
 And youths decrepid e're they come of age."

His moralizing reverie was however interrupted by her Ladyship, who perceiving a group of females decked in the extreme of Parisian fashions, "there," said she, "there is all that taffeta, feathers, flowers, and lace can do; and yet you see by their loud talking, their being unattended by a servant, and by the bit of straw adhering to the petticoat of one of them, that they come all the

way from Fish Street Hill, or the Borough, in a hackney-coach, and are now trying to play off the airs of women of fashion."

Mrs. Marvellous now drew up close to the party. "My dear Lady Jane," said she, "I am positively suffocated with dust, and sickened with vulgarity; but to be sure we have every thing in London here, from the House of Peers to Waterloo House. I must tell you about the trial, and Lady Barbara's mortification, and about poor Mr. R's being arrested, and the midnight flight to the Continent of our poor friend W——."

With this brief, but at the same time comprehensive introduction, she lacerated the reputation of almost all her acquaintance, and excited great attention from the party, which had been joined by several during her truly interesting intelligence. Every other topic in a moment gave way to this delightful amusement, and each with volubility contributed his or her share to the general stock of slander.

Scandal is at all times the *sauce piquante* that *currys* incident in every situation; and where is the fashionable circle that can sit down to table without made dishes?—Character is the good old-fashioned roast-beef of the table, which no one touches but to mangle and destroy.

"Lord! who'd have thought our cousin D
 Could think of marrying Mrs. E.
 True I don't like such things to tell;
 But, faith, I pity Mrs. L,

And was I her, the bride to vex,
 I would engage with Mrs. X.
 But they do say that Charlotte U,
 With Fanny M, and we know who
 Occasioned all, for you must know
 They set their caps at Mr. O.
 And as he courted Mrs. E,
 They thought, if she'd have cousin D, •
 That things might be by Colonel A
 Just brought about in their own way."

Our heroes now took leave, and proceeded through the Park. "Who is that fat, fair, and forty-looking dame, in the landau?" says Bob.—"Your description shews," rejoined his friend, "you are but a novice in the world of fashion—you are deceived, that lady is as much made up as a wax-doll. She has been such as she now appears to be for these last five and twenty years; her figure as you see, rather *en-bon point*, is friendly to the ravages of time, and every lineament of age is artfully filled up by an expert *fille de chambre*, whose time has been employed at the toilette of a celebrated devotee in Paris. She drives through the Park as a matter of course, merely to furnish an opportunity for saying that she has been there; but the more important business of the morning will be transacted at her boudoir, in the King's Road, where every luxury is provided to influence the senses; and where, by daily appointment, she is expected to meet a sturdy gallant. She is a perfect Messalina in her enjoyments; but her rank in society protects her from sustaining any injury by her sentimental wanderings.

‘ Do you see that tall handsome man on horse back, who has just taken off his hat to her, he is a knight of the . . . ribbon; and a well-known flutterer among the ladies, as well as a *vast* composer of pretty little nothings.”—“ Indeed! and pray, cousin, do you see that lady of quality, just driving in at the gate in a superb yellow *vis-à-vis*,—as you seem to know every body, who is she?”

“ Ha! ha! ha!” replied Tom, almost bursting with laughter, yet endeavouring to conceal it, “ that Lady of *Quality*, as you are inclined to think her, a very few years since, was nothing more than a pot-girl to a publican in Mary-le-bone; but an old debauchee (upon the look out for defenceless beauty) admiring the fineness of her form, the brilliancy of her eye, and the symmetry of her features, became the possessor of her person, and took her into keeping, as one of the indispensable appendages of fashionable life, after a month’s ablution at Margate, where he gave her masters of every description. Her understanding was ready, and at his death, which happened, luckily for her, before satiety had extinguished appetite, she was left with an annuity of twelve hundred pounds—improved beauty—superficial accomplishments—and an immoderate share of caprice, insolence, and vanity. As a proof of this, I must tell you that at an elegant entertainment lately given by this dashing cyprian, she demolished a desert service of glass and china that cost five hundred guineas, in a fit of passionate ill-humour; and when

her paramour intreated her to be more composed, she became indignant—called for her writing-desk in a rage—committed a settlement of four hundred a year, which he had made but a short time previously, to the flames, and asked him, with a self-important air, whether he dared to suppose that *paltry* parchment gave him an authority to direct her actions?”

“And what said the lover to this severe remonstrance?”

“Say,—why he very sensibly made her a low bow, thanked her for her kindness, in releasing him from his bond, and took his leave of her, determined to return no more.”

“Turn to the right,” says TOM, “and yonder you will see on horseback, that staunch patriot, and friend of the people, Sir ——, of whom you must have heard so much. He has just come out of the K—— B——, having completed last week the term of imprisonment, to which he was sentenced for a libel on Government, contained in his address to his constituents on the subject of the memorable Manchester Meeting.”

“Ah! indeed, and is that the red-hot patriot?—well, I must say I have often regretted he should have gone to such extremes in one or two instances, although I ever admired his general character for firmness, manly intrepidity, and disinterested conduct.”

“You are right, BOB, perfectly right; but you know, ‘to err is human, to forgive divine,’ and

however he may err, he does so from principle. In his private character, as father, husband, friend, and polished gentleman, he has very few equals—no superior.

“ He is a branch of one of the most ancient families in the kingdom, and can trace his ancestors without interruption, from the days of William the Conqueror. His political career has been eventful, and perhaps has cost him more, both in pocket and person, than any Member of Parliament now existing. He took his seat in the House of Commons at an early age, and first rendered himself popular by his strenuous opposition to a bill purporting to regulate the publication of newspapers.

“ The next object of his determined reprehension, was the Cold-Bath-Fields Prison, and the treatment of the unfortunates therein confined. The uniformly bold and energetic language made use of by the honourable Baronet upon that occasion, breathed the true spirit of British liberty. He reprobated the unconstitutional measure of erecting what he termed a *Bastile* in the very heart of a free country, as one that could neither have its foundation in national policy, nor eventually be productive of private good. He remarked that prisons, at which private punishments, cruel as they were illegal, were exercised, at the mercy of an unprincipled gaoler — cells in which human beings were exposed to the horrors of heart-sickening solitude, and depressed in spirit by their

restriction to a scanty and exclusive allowance of bread and water, were not only incompatible with the spirit of the constitution, but were likely to prove injurious to the spirit of the people of this happy country ; for as Goldsmith admirably remarks,

“ Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath hath made,
But a bold peasantry their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.”

“ *And if this be not tyranny,*” continued the philanthropic orator, “ *it is impossible to define the term. I promise you here that I will persevere to the last in unmasking this wanton abuse of justice and humanity.*” His invincible fortitude in favour of the people, has rendered him a distinguished favourite among them : and though by some he is termed a visionary, an enthusiast, and a tool of party, his adherence to the rights of the subject, and his perseverance to uphold the principles of the constitution, are deserving the admiration of every Englishman ; and although his fortune is princely, and has been at his command ever since an early age, he has never had his name registered among the fashionable gamblers at the clubs in St. James's-street, Newmarket, or elsewhere. He labours in the vineyard of utility rather than in the more luxuriant garden of folly ; and, according to general conception, may emphatically be called an honest man. But come,” said Tom, “ it is time for us to move homeward—the company are

drawing off I see, we must shape our course towards Piccadilly.”

They dashed through the Park, not however without being saluted by many of his fashionable friends, who rejoiced to see that the Honourable TOM DASHALL was again to be numbered among the votaries of REAL LIFE IN LONDON ; while the young squire, whose visionary orbs appeared to be in perpetual motion, dazzled with the splendid equipages of the moving panorama, was absorded in reflections somewhat similar to the following :

“ No spot on earth to me is half so fair
 As Hyde-Park Corner, or St. James's Square ;
 And Happiness has surely fix'd her seat
 In Palace Yard, Pall Mall, or Downing Street :
 Are hills, and dales, and valleys half so gay
 As bright St. James's on a levee day ?
 What fierce ecstatic transports fire my soul,
 To hear the drivers swear, the coaches roll ;
 The Courtier's compliment, the Ladies' clack,
 The satins rustle, and the whalebone crack ! ”

CHAP. IV.

“ Together let us beat this ample field
 Try what the open, what the covert yield;
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
 Eye nature’s walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise.”

It was half past five when the Hon. TOM DASHALL and his enraptured cousin, reached the habitation of the former, who had taken care to dispatch a groom, apprizing Mrs. Watson, the house-keeper, of his intention to be at home by half past six to dinner; consequently all was prepared for their reception. The style of elegance in which TOM appeared to move, struck TALLYHO at once with delight and astonishment, as they entered the drawing-room; which was superbly and tastefully fitted up, and commanded a cheerful view of Piccadilly. “Welcome, my dear BOB!” said TOM to his cousin, “to all the delights of Town—come, tell me what you think of its first appearance, only remember you commence your studies of LIFE IN LONDON on a dull day; tomorrow you will have more enlivening prospects before you.” “Why in truth,” replied BOB, “the rapidity of attraction is such, as at present to leave no distinct impressions on my mind; all appears

like enchantment, and I am completely bewildered in a labyrinth of wonders, to which there appears to be no end ; but under your kind guidance and tuition I may prove myself an apt scholar, in unravelling its intricacies." By this time they had approached the window.

"Aye, aye," says DASHALL, "we shall not be long, I see, without some object to exercise your mind upon, and dispel the horrors."

"Oh for that Muse of fire, whose burning pen
Records the God-like deeds of valiant men!
Then might our humble, yet aspiring verse,
Our *matchless* hero's *matchless* deeds rehearse."

BOB was surprised at this sudden exclamation of his cousin, and from the introduction naturally expected something extraordinary, though he looked around him without discovering his object.

"That," continued TOM, "is a Peer"—pointing to a gig just turning the corner, "of whom it may be said :

"To many a jovial club that *Peer* was known,
With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone,
Choice spirit, grave freemason, buck and bloc'
Would crowd his stories and *bon mots* to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er need fear,
His humour flow'd in such a copious flood."

"It is Lord C——, who was formerly well known as the celebrated Major H——, the companion of the *now* most distinguished personage in the British dominions! and who not long since

became possessed of his lordly honours. Some particulars of him are worth knowing. He was early introduced into life, and often kept both good and bad company, associating with men and women of every description and of every rank, from the highest to the lowest—from St. James's to St. Giles's, in palaces and night-cellars—from the drawing-room to the dust-cart. He can drink, swear, tell stories, cudgel, box, and smoke with any one; having by his intercourse with society fitted himself for all companies. His education has been more practical than theoretical, though he was brought up at Eton, where, notwithstanding he made considerable progress in his studies, he took such an aversion to Greek that he never would learn it. Previous to his arrival at his present title, he used to be called Honest George, and so unalterable is his nature, that to this hour he likes it, and it fits him better than his title. But he has often been sadly put to his shifts under various circumstances: he was a courtier, but was too honest for that; he tried gaming, but he was too honest for that; he got into prison, and might have *wiped off*, but he was too honest for that; he got into the coal trade, but he found it a black business, and he was too honest for that. At *drawing the long bow*, so much perhaps cannot be said—but that you know is habit, not principle; his courage is undoubted, having fought three duels before he was twenty years of age.

Being disappointed in his hope of promotion in the army, he resolved, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, to quit the guards, and solicited an appointment in one of the Hessian corps, at that time raising for the British service in America, where the war of the revolution was then commencing, and obtained from the Landgrave of Hesse a captain's commission in his corps of Jagers.

Previous to his departure for America, finding he had involved himself in difficulties by a profuse expenditure, too extensive for his income, and an indulgence in the pleasures of the turf to a very great extent, he felt himself under the necessity of mortgaging an estate of about 11,000*l.* per annum, left him by his aunt, and which proved unequal to the liquidation of his debts. He remained in America till the end of the war, where he distinguished himself for bravery, and suffered much with the yellow fever." On his return, he obtained an introduction to the Prince of Wales, who by that time had lunched into public life, and became one of the jovial characters whom he selected for his associates; and many are the amusing anecdotes related of him. The Prince conferred on him the appointment of equerry, with a salary of 300*l.* a year; this, however, he lost on the retrenchments that were afterwards made in the household of His Royal Highness. He continued, however, to be one of his constant companions, and while in his favour they were

accustomed to practice strange vagaries. The Major was always a wag, ripe and ready for a *sprece* or a *lark*.

“To him a frolic was a high delight,
A frolic he would hunt for, day and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown.”

At one time, when the favourite's finances were rather low, and the *mopusses ran taper*, it was remarked among the *bon vivants* of the party, that the Major had not for some time given them an invitation. This, however, he promised to do, and fixed the day—the Prince having engaged to make one. Upon this occasion he took lodgings in Tottenham-court Road—went to a wine-merchant—promised to introduce him to the royal presence, upon his engaging to find wine for the party, which was readily acceded to; and a dinner of three courses was served up. Three such courses, perhaps, were never before seen; when the company were seated, two large dishes appeared; one was placed at the top of the table, and one at the bottom; all was anxious expectation: the covers being removed, exhibited to view, a baked shoulder of mutton at top, and baked potatoes at the bottom. They all looked around with astonishment, but, knowing the general eccentricity of their host, they readily fell into his humour, and partook of his fare; not doubting but the second course would make ample amends for the first. The wine was good, and the Major apologized for his accommodations, being, as he said, a

family sort of man, and the dinner, though somewhat uncommon, was not such an one as is described by Goldsmith :

“ At the top, a fried liver and bacon were seen ;
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen ;
At the sides there were spinach and pudding made hot ;
In the middle a place where the pasty---was not.”

At length the second course appeared ; when lo and behold, another baked shoulder of mutton and baked potatoes ! Surprise followed surprise—but

“ Another and another still succeeds.”

The third course consisted of the same fare, clearly proving that he had in his catering studied quantity more than variety ; however, they enjoyed the joke, eat as much as they pleased, laughed heartily at the dinner, and after bumpering till a late hour, took their departure : it is said, however, that he introduced the wine-merchant to his Highness, who afterwards profited by his orders.*

* This remarkable dinner reminds us of a laughable caricature which made its appearance some time ago upon the marriage of a Jew attorney, in Jewry-street, Aldgate, to the daughter of a well-known fishmonger, of St. Peter's-alley, Cornhill, when a certain *Baronet, Alderman, Colonel, and then Lord Mayor*, opened the ball at the London Tavern, as the parner of the bride ; a circumstance which excited considerable curiosity and surprise at the time. We know the worthy Baronet had been a HUNTER for a seat in Parliament, but what he could be hunting among the children of Israel is, perhaps, not so easily ascertained. We, however, are not speaking of the character, but the caricature, which represented the bride, not resting on ABRAHAM'S bosom, but

It is reported that the Prince gave him a commission, under an express promise that when he could not shew it, he was no longer to enjoy his royal favour. This commission was afterwards lost by the improvident possessor, and going to call on the donor one morning, who espying him on his way, he threw up the sash and called out, "Well, George, commission or no commission?" "No commission, by G——, your Highness?" was the reply. "Then you cannot enter here," rejoined the prince, closing the window and the connection at the same time.

"His Lordship now resides in the Regent's Park, and may almost nightly be seen at a public-house in the neighbourhood, where he takes his grog and smokes his pipe, amusing the company around him with anecdotes of his former days; we may, perhaps, fall in with him some night in our travels, and you will find him a very amusing and sometimes very sensible sort of fellow, till he gets his *grog on board*, when he can be as boisterous and blustering as a coal-heaver or a bully. His present fortune is impaired by his former

seated on his knee, surrounded by their guests at the marriage-feast; while to a pannel just behind them, appears to be affixed a bill of fare, which runs thus:

First course, Fish!

Second course, Fish!!

Third course, Fish!!!

Perhaps the idea of the artist originated in the anecdote above recorded.

imprudence, but he still mingles with the sporting world, and a short time back had his pocket picked, at a *milling* match, of a valuable gold repeater. He has favoured the world with several literary productions, among which are *Memoirs of his own Life*, embellished with a view of the *author*, suspended from (to use the phrase of a late celebrated auctioneer) a *hanging wood*; and a very elaborate treatise on the Art of RAT-CATCHING. In the advertisement of the latter work, the author engages it will enable the reader to “clear any house of these noxious vermin, however much infested, excepting only a certain great House in the neighbourhood of St. Stephen’s, Westminster.” *

“Do you,” said Tom, pointing to a person on the other side of the way, “see that young man, walking with a half-smothered air of indifference, affecting to whistle as he walks, and twirling his stick? He is a *once-a-week man*, or, in other words, a *Sunday promenader*—Harry Hairbrain was born of a good family, and, at the decease of

* It appears by the newspapers, that the foundation of a certain great house in Pall Mall is *rotten*, and *giving-way*. The cause is not stated; but as it cannot arise from being *top-heavy*, we may presume that the *rats* have been at work there. Query, would not an early application of the Major’s *recipé* have remedied the evil, and prevented the necessity of a removal of a very *heavy body*, which of course, must be attended with a very *heavy expense*? ’Tis a pity an old friend should have been overlooked on such an occasion.

his father, became possessed of ten thousand pounds, which he sported with more zeal than discretion, so much so, that having been introduced to the gaming table by a pretended friend, and fluctuated between poverty and affluence for four years, he found himself considerably in debt, and was compelled to seek refuge in an obscure lodging, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Kilburn, in order to avoid the *traps*; for, as he observes, he has been among the *Greeks* and *pigeons*, who have completely *rook'd* him, and now want to *crow* over him: he has been at *hide and seek* for the last two months, and, depending on the death of a rich old maiden aunt who has no other heir, he eventually hopes to '*diddle 'em.*'"

This narrative of Hairbrain was like *Hebrew* to TALLYHO, who requested his interesting cousin, as he found himself at *falt*, to *try back*, and put him on the *right scent*.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said TOM, "we must find a new London vocabulary, I see, before we shall be able to converse intelligibly; but as you are now solely under my tuition, I will endeavour to throw a little light upon the subject.

"Your *once-a-week man*, or *Sunday prom-nader*, is one who confines himself, to avoid confinement, lodging in remote quarters in the vicinity of the Metropolis, within a mile or two of the Bridges, Oxford Street, or Hyde-Park Corner, and is constrained to waste six uncomfortable and useless days in the week, in order to secure the

enjoyment of the seventh, when he fearlessly ventures forth, to recruit his ideas—to give a little variety to the sombre picture of life, unmolested, to transact his business, or to call on some old friend, and keep up those relations with the world which would otherwise be completely neglected or broken.

“Among characters, of this description, may frequently be recognised the remnant of fashion, and, perhaps, the impression of nobility not wholly destroyed by adversity and seclusion—the air and manners of a man who has outlived his century, with an assumption of *sans souci* portrayed in his agreeable smile, murmur’d through a low whistle of ‘Begone dull care,’ or ‘No more by sorrow chased, my heart,’ or played off by the flourishing of a whip, or the rapping of a boot that has a spur attached to it, which perhaps has not crossed a horse for many months; and occasionally by a judicious glance at another man’s carriage, horses, or appointments, which indicates taste, and the former possession of such valuable things. These form a part of the votaries of **REAL LIFE IN LONDON**. This however,” said he (observing his cousin in mute attention) “is but a gloomy part of the scene, yet, perhaps, not altogether uninteresting or unprofitable.”

“I can assure you,” replied TALLYHO, “I am delighted with the accurate knowledge you appear to have of society in general, while I regret the situation of the actors in scenes so glowingly des-

cribed, and am only astonished at the appearance of such persons."

"You must not be astonished at appearances," rejoined DASHALL, "for *appearance* is every thing in London; and I must particularly warn you not to found your judgment upon it. There is an old adage, which says 'To *be* poor, and *seem* poor, is the Devil all over.' Why, if you meet one of these *Sunday-men*, he will accost you with urbanity and affected cheerfulness, endeavouring to inspire you with an idea that he is one of the happiest of mortals; while, perhaps, the worm of sorrow is secretly gnawing his heart, and preying upon his constitution. Honourable sentiment, struggling with untoward circumstances, is destroying his vitals; not having the courage to pollute his character by a jail-delivery, or to condescend to *white-washing*, or some low bankrupt trick, to extricate himself from difficulty, in order to stand upright again.

"A *once-a-week man*, or *Sunday promenader*, frequently takes his way through bye streets and short cuts, through courts and alleys, as it were between retirement and a desire to see what is going on in the scenes of his former splendour, to take a sly peep at that world from which he seems to be excluded."

"And for all such men," replied BOB, "expelled from high and from good society, (even though I were compelled to allow by their own imprudence and folly) I should always like to have a spare hundred, to send them in an anonymous cover."

“ You are right,” rejoined TOM, catching him ardently by the hand, “ the sentiment does honour to your head and heart ; for to such men, in general, is attached a heart-broken wife, withering by their side in the shade, as the leaves and the blossom cling together at all seasons, in sickness or in health, in affluence or in poverty, until the storm beats too roughly on them, and prematurely destroys the weakest. But I must warn you not to let your liberality get the better of your discretion, for there are active and artful spirits abroad, and even these necessities and miseries are made a handle for deception, to entrap the unwary ; and you yet have much to learn—Puff lived two years on sickness and misfortune, by advertisements in the newspapers.”

“ How ?” enquired BOB.

“ You shall have it in his own words,” said DASHALL.

“ I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time !
 “ Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of
 “ unavoidable misfortunes ! then Sir, though a very
 “ industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out,
 “ and lost my little all both times ! I lived upon
 “ those fires a month. I soon after was confined
 “ by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the
 “ use of my limbs ! That told very well ; for I had
 “ the case strongly attested, and went about collecting the subscriptions myself. I was when I

“ called on you, a close prisoner in the Marshalsea,
 “ for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a
 “ friend. I was afterwards twice tapped for a
 “ dropsy, which declined into a very profitable
 “ consumption! I was then reduced to—O—no—
 “ then, I became a widow with six helpless chil-
 “ dren—after having had eleven husbands pressed,
 “ and being left every time eight months gone
 “ with child, and without money to get me into
 “ an hospital!”

“ Astonishing!” cried BOB, “ and are such things possible?”

“ A month’s residence in the metropolis,” said DASHALL, “ will satisfy your enquiries. One ingenious villain, a short time back, had artifice enough to defraud the public, at different periods of his life, of upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, and actually carried on his fraudulent schemes to the last moment of his existence, for he defrauded Jack Ketch of his fee by hanging himself in his cell after condemnation.”*

Just as a tilbury was passing, “ Observe,” said

* Charles Price, the well-known impostor, whose extensive forgeries on the Bank of England rendered him notorious, may serve as a practical illustration of Puff, for he, at several periods of his life, carried on his system of fraud by advertisements, and by personating the character of a clergyman collecting subscriptions under various pretences. His whole life is marked with determined and systematic depravity. He hanged himself in Tothil-fields Bridewell, where he was confined, at the age of fifty-five.

TOM, "the driver of that tilbury is the celebrated Lord Cripplegate, with his usual equipage—his blue cloak with a scarlet lining, hanging loosely over the vehicle, gives an air of importance to his appearance, and he is always attended by that boy, who has been denominated his cupid; he is a nobleman by birth, a gentleman by courtesy, and a gamester by profession. He exhausted a large estate upon *odd and even, seven's the main*, &c. till having lost sight of the *main chance*, he found it necessary to curtail his establishment and enliven his prospects, by exchanging a first floor for a second, without an opportunity of ascertaining whether or not these alterations were best suited to his high notions or exalted taste; from which in a short time he was induced, either by inclination or necessity, to take a small lodging in an obscure street, and to sport a gig and one horse, instead of a curricule and pair; though in former times he used to drive four in hand, and was acknowledged to be an excellent whip. He still, however, possessed money enough to collect together a large quantity of halfpence, which in his hours of relaxation he managed to turn to good account, by the following stratagem:—He distributed his halfpence on the floor of his little parlour in straight lines, and ascertained how many it would require to cover it; having thus prepared himself, he invited some wealthy spendthrifts (with whom he still had the power of associating) to sup with him, and he welcomed them to his habitation

with much cordiality. The glass circulated freely, and each recounted his gaming or amorous adventures till a late hour, when the effects of the bottle becoming visible, he proposed, as a momentary suggestion, to name how many halfpence laid side by side would carpet the floor; and offered to lay a large wager, that he would guess the nearest. Done! done! was echoed round the room. Every one made a deposit of 100*l.* and every one made a guess equally certain of success; and his lordship declaring he had a large lot of halfpence by him, though, perhaps, not enough, the experiment was to be tried immediately—'twas an excellent hit! The room was cleared, to it they went, the halfpence were arranged rank and file in military order, when it appeared that his lordship had certainly guessed (as well he might) nearest to the number: the consequence was, an immediate alteration of his lordship's residence and appearance: he got one step in the world by it, he gave up his second-hand gig for one warranted new; and a change in his vehicle may pretty generally be considered as the barometer of his pocket.

“Do you mark, he is learing at that pretty girl on the other side of the way? he is fond of the wenches, and has been a true votary of fashion. Perhaps there is not a more perfect model of REAL LIFE IN LONDON than might be furnished from the memoirs of his lordship! He is rather a good looking man, as he sits, and prides himself on being a striking likeness of his present majesty; but, un-

fortunately, has a lameness which impedes him in the ardour of his pursuit of game, although it must be acknowledged he has been a *game* one in his time. The boy you see with him is reported to be his own son, who is now employed by him as an assistant in all his amorous adventures."

"His own son!" exclaimed Bob.

"Aye, and (if so) a merrily begotten one, I'll be bound for it," continued Tom; "such things will happen, and his lordship has kept a very pretty assortment of servant girls. But the introduction of this youth to public notice was somewhat curious. It is said, that having a large party of *bon vivants* to dine with him, on sitting down to table, and taking the cover off one of the dishes, a plump, and smiling infant appeared. A sweet little *Cupid* by ——! (exclaimed his lordship) I'll be his father!—I'll take care of him!—call Rose, and tell her to look out for a nurse for him. Thus taking upon himself the character of parent and protector as well as parson Young *Cupid* was christened in libations of claret, and furnished a fund of amusement for the evening. How young *Cupid* came there, I believe has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained:

Who seeks a friend, should come disposed
 To exhibit, in full bloom disclosed,
 The graces and the beauties
 That form the character he seeks;
 For 'tis an union that bespeaks
 Reciprocated duties.

And thus it has proved with *Cupid*, himself the

offspring of an illicit amour, is now constantly engaged in promoting others.

“ His lordship had three brothers, *Billingsgate!* *Hellgate!* and *Newgate!* whose names are adorned with a similarity of perfections in the Temple of Fame; but they are consigned to the tomb of the Capulets, and we will not rake up the ashes of the dead.”*

At this moment a loud knocking was heard at the door, and Mr. Sparkle was ushered into the drawing-room, which he entered, as it were, with a hop, step, and jump, and had TOM DASHALL by the hand almost before they could turn round to see who it was.

“ My dear fellow!” exclaimed Sparkle, almost out of breath, “ where have you been to? Time has been standing still since your departure!—there has been a complete void in nature—how do you do?—I beg pardon, (turning to Bob) you will excuse my rapture at meeting my old friend, whom

* There was a delicate propriety in this conduct of the Hon. TOM DASHALL which cannot but be admired; for although they were alone, and speaking to each other in perfect confidence, it was always his desire to avoid as much as possible making bad worse; he had a heart to feel, as well as a head to think; and would rather lend a hand to raise a fellow-creature from the mud than walk deliberately over him; besides, he foresaw other opportunities would arise in which, from circumstances, he would almost be compelled to draw his Cousin's attention again to the persons in question, and he was always unwilling to exhaust a subject of an interesting nature without some leading occurrence to warrant it.

I have lost so long, that I have almost lost myself—egad, I have run myself out of breath—cursed unlucky I was not in the Park this morning to see you first, but I have just heard all about you from Lady Jane, and lost no time in paying my respects—what are you going to do with yourself?”

At this moment dinner was announced.

“Come,” said Tom, “let us refresh abit, and after dinner I will tell you all about it. We are travellers, you know, and feel a little fatigued. *Allons, allons.*” And so saying, he led the way to the dinner-room.

“Nothing could be more *apropos*,” said Sparkle, for although I have two engagements before-hand, and have promised a visit to you know who in the evening, they appear like icicles that must melt before the sun of your re-appearance: so I am your’s.” And to it they went. Tom always kept a liberal table, and gave his friends a hearty welcome. But here it will be necessary, while they are regaling themselves, to make our readers a little acquainted with Charles Sparkle, Esq.; for which purpose we must request his patience till the next chapter.

CHAP V.

“ Place me, thou great Supreme, in that blest state,
Unknown to those the silly world call Great,
Where all my wants may be with ease supply'd,
Yet nought superfluous to pamper pride.”

It will be seen in the previous chapter, that the formal ceremony of a fashionable introduction, such as—“ Mr. Sparkle, my friend Mr. Robert Tallyho, of Belville Hall; Mr. Tallyho, Mr. Charles Sparkle,” was altogether omitted; indeed, the abrupt entrance of the latter rendered it utterly impossible, for although Sparkle was really a well-bred man, he had heard from Lady Jane of Tom's arrival with his young friend from the country. *Etiquette* between themselves, was at all times completely unnecessary, an air of gaiety and freedom, as the friend of DASHALL, was introduction enough to BOB, and consequently this point of good breeding was wholly unnoticed by all the party; but we are not yet sufficiently acquainted with our readers to expect a similar mode of proceeding will be overlooked; we shall therefore lose no time in giving our promised account of Mr. Sparkle, and beg to introduce him accordingly.

Mr. Reader, Mr. Sparkle; Mr. Sparkle, Mr. Reader.

Hold, Sir, what are you about? You have bewildered yourself with etiquette, and seem to

A PARLEY, AND PALPABLE HIT.

know as little about *Life in London* as the novice you have already introduced—By the way, that introduction¹ was one of the most extraordinary I ever met with; this may be equally so for ought I know; and I really begin to suspect you are an extraordinary fellow yourself. How can you introduce *me*, of whom you know nothing?

Egad, I believe you have me there—“a palpable hit, my Lord,” (or my Lady, for I certainly cannot say which;) I was getting myself into an awkward dilemma, but I hate suspicion—

“Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind.”

Methinks I see a frown, but I meant no offence, and if you throw down my book in a rage, you will perhaps not only remain ignorant of Mr. Sparkle, but, what is more important, of those other numerous fashionable characters in high and low life—of those manners—incidents—amusements—follies—vices, &c. which, combined together, form the true picture of Real Life in the Metropolis.

“He who hath trod th’ intricate maze,
Exploring every devious way,
Can best direct th’ enquiring gaze.
And all the varied scenes display.”

Mr. Author, you are a strange Rambler.

Admitted, Sir, or Ma’am, I am a Rambler, who, with your permission, would willingly not be impeded in my progress, and under such expectations I shall proceed.

Charles Sparkle was the son and only child of a Right Hon Member of Parliament, now no more,

whose mother dying soon after his birth, was left destitute of that maternal kindness and solicitude which frequently has so much influence in forming the character of the future man.

His father, a man of eccentric turn of mind, being appointed soon afterwards to a diplomatic situation abroad, left the care of his son's education to an elderly friend of his, who held a situation of some importance under the then existing government, with an injunction to conceal from the boy the knowledge of his real parent, and to bring him up as his own child.

This important trust was executed with tenderness and fidelity ; the boy grew in strength, and ripened in intelligence, and being accustomed to consider his protector as his parent, the father, upon returning to England, determined not to undeceive him, until he should arrive at years of discretion ; and with this view Mr. Orford was instructed at a proper age to send him to Oxford.

Charles, however had contracted before this period, habits and acquaintances in London, that were completely in opposition to the dictates and inclinations of his supposed father. He became passionately fond of literary amusements, music, and drawing, which served to occupy his morning hours : but his evenings were devoted to the company of vitiated associates, who did not fail to exercise their influence over his youthful passions, and he frequently engaged himself in unlucky and improvident adventures, which involved him in

pecuniary difficulties far beyond his stipulated income. These circumstances were no sooner made known to the supposed parent, than they excited his displeasure, and being carried to an unpardonable extent, he was, at the age of eighteen, literally banished the house of his protector, and compelled to take an obscure lodging in the vicinity of London; the rent of which was paid for him, and a scanty allowance of one guinea sent to him regularly every Saturday night. Thus secluded from his old associates, it will not be wondered at that he contrived to form new ones, and having purchased an old harpsicord, turned the musical instruction he had received to occasional account; he also wrote some political pamphlets which were well received. But this solitary and dependent life was wholly unsuited to the gaiety in which he had hitherto moved. It had, however, the effect of drawing forth talent, which perhaps would never, but for this circumstance, have been discovered; for

“ Many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

His writings, &c. under the name of Orford, were recognised by the real father, as the productions of a promising son: at his instigation, and upon a promise of reform, he was again restored to his former home, and shortly after entered as a gentleman commoner of St. Mary's, Oxford; but not

till he had, by some means or other, made the discovery that Orford was not his real name. Congenial spirits are naturally fond of associating and it was here that he first became acquainted with the Hon. TOM DASHALL: they were constant companions and mutual assistants to each other, in all their exercises as well as all their vagaries, so as to cement a friendship and interest in each other's fate, up to the moment of which we are now speaking.

Orford, however, was at that time more impetuous and less discreet in the pursuit of his pleasures than his honourable friend, and after obtaining the distinction of Bachelor of Arts, was in consequence of his imprudence and irregularities, after frequently hair-breadth escapes, expelled the college. This circumstance, however, appeared of little consequence to him. He hired a gig at Oxford, promising to return in a few days, and came up to London, but had not effrontery enough to venture into the presence of his reputed father. On arrival in town, he put up at an inn in the Borough, where he resided till all the money he had was exhausted, and till, as he emphatically observes, he had actually eaten his horse and chaise.

In the mean time, the people at Oxford found he was expelled, and as he had not returned according to appointment, he was pursued, and eventually found: they had no doubt of obtaining their demand from his friends, and he

was arrested at the suit of the lender ; which was immediately followed by a retainer from the inn-keeper where he had resided in town. Application was made to Mr. Orford for his liberation, without effect ; in consequence of which he became a resident in the rules of the King's Bench, as his friends conceived by this means his habits would be corrected and his future conduct be amended his real father still keeping in the back ground.

While in this confinement, he again resorted to the produce of his pen and his talent for musical composition, and his friend Tom, at the first vacation, did not fail to visit him. During this time, in the shape of donation, from Mr. Orford he received occasional supplies more than equal to his necessities, though not to his wishes. While here, he fished out some further clue to the real parent, who visited him in disguise during his confinement as a friend of Mr. Orford : still, however, he had no chance of liberation, till, being one day called on by Mr. Orford, he was informed he was at perfect liberty to leave his present abode, and was directed to go with him immediately ; a coach was called, and he heard the direction given to drive to Bedford Square, where they arrived just time enough to learn that the Right Hon. S. S. had breathed his last, after a lingering illness.

Upon alighting from the coach, and receiving this information, they were ushered into the drawing-room, and presently joined by a clergyman who had been the chaplain of the deceased,

who acquainted our adventurer of the death of his parent—that by will he was entitled to 10,000*l.* per annum, and a handsome estate in Wiltshire. This sudden reverse of fortune to Sparkle—the change from confinement to liberty, from indigence to affluence—awakened sensations more easily to be conceived than described.⁹ He wept, (perhaps the first tears of sincerity in his life;) his heart was subdued by an overwhelming flood of affection for that unknown being, whom he now found had been his constant guardian angel, alternately taking Orford and the reverend Divine by the hand, and hiding his head in the bosom of his reputed father. At length they led him to the room in which were the remains of his lamented parent.

There are perhaps few circumstances better calculated to impress awe on the youthful mind than the contemplation of those features in death which have been respected and revered while living. Such respect had ever been entertained by Charles Sparkle for the supposed friend of Mr. Orford, from whom he had several times received the most kind and affectionate advice; and his sensations upon discovering that friend to be no other than his own father, may be more easily conceived than described—he was at once exalted and humbled, delighted and afflicted. He threw himself in an agony of feeling by the bedside, fell on his knees, in which he was joined by

the clergyman and Orford, where he remained some time.

After the first paroxysms of grief had subsided, young Sparkle, who had already felt the strongest impression that could possibly be made on a naturally good heart, gave orders for the funeral of his deceased father, and then proceeded to make other arrangements suitable to the character he was hereafter to sustain through life, went down to Wiltshire, and took possession of his estate, where for a time he secluded himself, and devoted his attention to the perusal of the best authors in the English, French, and Italian language, under the superintendence of the reverend Divine, who had been a resident for many years with his father.

But a life in the country could not long have superior charms for a young man who had already seen much to admire, as well as much to avoid, in the metropolis. The combination however of theoretical information he had derived from books, as well as the practical observations he had made during his residence in London, fitted him at once for the gayest and most distinguished circles of metropolitan society. He therefore arranged with Mr. Orford, who had formerly acted as his parent, to continue with him in the capacity of steward, and for the last two years of his life had been almost a constant resident at Long's Hotel, in Bond Street, not choosing to have the charge of an establishment in town and the early friendship

and attachment which had been cultivated at Oxford being again renewed, appeared to grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength.

Sparkle had still a large portion of that vivacity for which he was so remarkable in his younger days. His motives and intentions were at all times good, and if he indulged himself in the pursuits of frolic and fun, it was never at the expence of creating an unpleasant feeling to an honest or honourable mind. His fortune was ample. He had a hand to give, and a heart to forgive ; no “ malice or hatred were there to be found :” but of these qualifications, and the exercise of them, sufficient traits will be given in the ensuing pages. No man was better *up* to the rigs of the town ; no one better *down* to the manœuvres of the *flats*, and *sharps*. He had mingled with life in all companies he was at once an elegant and interesting companion ; his views were extensive upon all subjects ; his conversation lively, and his manners polished.

Such, gentle reader, is the brief sketch of Charles Sparkle, the esteemed friend of the Hon. TOM DASHALL, and with such recommendations it will not be wondered at if he should become also the friend of TALLY-HO ; for, although living in the height of fashionable splendour, his mind was at all times in consonance with the lines which precede this chapter ; yet none could be more ready to lend a hand in any pleasant party in pursuit of a bit of *gig*. *A mill at Moulsey Hurst—a*

badger-bait, or bear-bait—a main at the Cock-pit—a smock-race—or a scamper to the Epping Hunt, ultimately claimed his attention; while upon all occasions he was an acute observer of life and character.

“ His years but young, but his experience old,
His heart unmellow’d, though his judgment ripe,
And in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that we now bestow)
He is complete in conduct and in mind,
With all good grace, to grace a gentleman.”

But dinner is over, and we must now accompany our triumvirate to the drawing-room, where we find them seated with bottles, glasses, &c. determined to make a quiet evening after the fatigues of the journey, and with a view to prepare themselves for the more arduous, and to TALLY-HO more interesting, pursuits in the new world, for such he almost considered London.

“ Yes,” said Sparkle, addressing himself to BOB, with whom a little previous conversation had almost rendered him familiar, “ London is a world within itself; it is, indeed, the only place to see life—it is the “*multum in parvo*,” as the old song says,

“ Would you see the world in little,
Ye cugious here repair;”

it is the acmé of perfection, the “*summum bonum*” of style—indeed, there is a certain affectation of style from the highest to the lowest individual.”

“ You are a merry and stylish fellow,” said

TOM; we should have been hipp'd without you, there is a fund of amusement in you at all times."

"You are a bit of a wag," replied Sparkle, "but I am *up to your gossip*, and can *serve you out* in your own style."

"Every body," says TALLYHO, "appears to live in style."

"Yes," continued Sparkle, "*living in style* is one of the most essential requisites for a residence in London; but I'll give you my idea of living in style, which, by many, is literally nothing more than keeping up appearances at other people's expence: for instance, a Duchess conceives it to consist in taking her breakfast at three o'clock in the afternoon—dining at eight—playing at Faro till four the next morning—supping at five, and going to bed at six—and to eat green peas and peaches in January—in making a half-curtsey at the creed, and a whole one to a scoundrel—in giving fifty guines to an exotic capon for a pit-ticket—and treating the deserved claims of a parental actor with contempt—to lisp for the mere purpose of appearing singular, and to seem completely ignorant of the Mosaic law—to be in the reverse of extremes—to laugh when she could weep, and weep when she could dance and be merry—to leave her compliment cards with her acquaintance, whom at the same moment she wishes she may never see again—to speak of the community with marked disrespect, and to consider the sacrament a *bore*!"

"Admirable!" said TOM.

“Wonderful, indeed!” exclaimed TALLYHO.

“Aye, aye, London is full of wonders—there is a general and insatiate appetite for the marvellous; but let us proceed: Now we’ll take the reverse of the picture. The Duke thinks he does things in style, by paying his debts of honour contracted at the gaming-table, and but very few honourable debts—by being harsh and severe to a private suppliant, while he is publicly a liberal subscriber to a person he never saw—by leaving his *vis-a-vis* at the door of a well-known courtesan, in order to have the credit of an intrigue—in making use of an optical glass for personal inspection, though he can ascertain the horizon without any—by being or seeming to be, every thing that is in opposition to nature and virtue—in counting the lines in the Red Book, and carefully watching the importation of *figurantes* from the Continent—in roundly declaring that a man of fashion is a being of a superior order, and ought to be amenable only to himself—in jumbling ethics and physics together, so as to make them destroy each other—in walking arm in arm with a sneering jockey—talking loudly any thing but sense—and in burning long letters without once looking at their contents; - - - and so much for my Lord Duke.”

“Go along Bob!” exclaimed TOM.

TALLYHO conceiving himself addressed by this, looked up with an air of surprise and enquiry, which excited the risibility of Dashall and Sparkle, till it was explained to him as a common phrase in

London, with which he would soon become more familiar. Sparkle continued.

“ The gay young Peerling, who is scarcely entitled to the honours and immunities of manhood, is satisfied he is *doing things in style*, by raising large sums of money on *post-obit* bonds, at the very moderate premium of 40 per cent.—in *queering* the clergyman at his father’s table, and leaving the marks of his finger and thumb on the article of matrimony in his aunt’s prayer-book—in kicking up a *row* at the theatre, when he knows he has some roaring bullies at his elbow, though humble and dastardly when alone—in keeping a dashing *immure*, who publicly squanders away his money and privately laughs at his follies—in buying a phaeton as high as a two pair of stairs window, and a dozen of spanking bays at Tattersall’s, and in dashing through St. James’s Street, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and Hyde Park, thus accompanied and accoutred, amidst the contumelies of the coxcombs and the sighs of the worthy. And these are pictures of high life, of which the originals are to be seen daily.

“ The haberdasher of Cheapside, whose father, by adherence to the most rigid economy, had amassed a competence, and who transmitted his property, without his prudence, to his darling son, is determined to shew his spirit, by buying a *bit of blood*, keeping his gig, his girl, and a thatched cottage on the skirts of Epping Forest, or Sydenham Common; but as keeping a girl and a gig

would be a nothing unless all the world were *up to it*, he regularly drives her to all the boxing-matches, the Epping hunt, and all the races at Barnet, Epsom, Egham, and Ascot Heath, where he places himself in one of the most conspicuous situations; and as he knows his racing, &c. must eventually distinguish his name in the Gazette with a *WHEREAS!* he rejoices in the progress and acceleration of his own ruin, and, placing his arms akimbo, he laughs, sings, swears, swaggers, and vociferates—‘What d’ye think o’ that now,—isn’t this doing it in stile, eh?’

“Prime of life to go it, where’s a place like London?
Four in hand to-day, the next you may be undone.”

“Well, Sir, the mercer’s wife, from Watling Street, thinks *living in style* is evinced by going once a year to a masquerade at the new Museum, or Argyle Rooms; having her daughters taught French, dancing, and music—dancing a minuet at *Pewterers’ Hall*, or Mr. Wilson’s* annual benefit—in getting a good *situation* in the

* Mr. Wilson’s flaming bills of “Dancing at the Old Bailey,” which are so profusely stuck up about the city, are said to have occasioned several awkward jokes and blunders; among others related, is that of a great unintellectual Yorkshire booby, who, after staring at the bills with his mouth open, and his saucer eyes nearly starting out of his head with astonishment, exclaimed, “Dang the buttons on’t, I zee’d um dangling all of a row last Wednesday at t’ Ould Bailey, but didn’t know as how they call’d that danzing,—by gum there be no undersfanding these here Lummun folk!”

green boxes—going to Hampstead or Copenhagen House in a glass coach on a Sunday—having card-parties at home during Lent, declaring she never drinks any *thing else* but the *most•bestest* gun-powder tea, that she has a most *sorewciating* cold, and that the country air is always *salubrus*, and sure to do her good.

“ So much for *living in style*, and good breeding

“ That’s your true breeding—that’s your sort my boys—
 Fun, fire, and pathos—metre, mirth, and noise ;
 To make you die with laughter, or the hiccups,
 • Tickle your favourites, or smash your tea-cups.”

“ By the way, in former times the term *good-breeding* meant a combination of all that was amiable and excellent ; and a well-bred person would shrink from an action or expression that could possibly wound the feelings of another ; its foundation was laid in truth, and its supporting pillars were justice and integrity, sensibility and philanthropy ; but

“ In this gay age—in Taste’s enlighten’d times,
 When Fashion sanctifies the basest crimes ;
 E’en not to swear and game were impolite,
 Since he who sins in *style* must sure be right.”

A well-bred person must learn to smile when he is angry, and to laugh even when he is vexed to the very soul.

“ It would be the height of *mauvaise honte* for a well-bred person to blush upon any occasions whatever ; no young lady blushes after eleven years of

age; to study the expression of the countenance of others, in order to govern your own, is indispensably necessary.

“ In former times, no well-bred person would have uttered a falsehood; but now such ideas are completely exploded, and such conduct would now be termed a *bore*. My Lord Portly remarks, ‘ It is a cold day,’ ‘ Yes, my Lord, it is a very cold day,’ replies Major Punt. ‘ In two minutes after, meeting Lord Lounge, who observes he thinks the weather very warm—‘ Yes, very warm, my Lord,’ is the reply—thus contradicting himself almost in the same breath. It would be perfectly inconsistent in a well-bred man to think, for fear of being absent. When he enters or leaves a drawing-room, he should round his shoulders, drop his head, and imitate a clown or a coachman. This has the effect of the best *ruse de guerre*—for it serves to astonish the ladies, when they afterwards discover, by the familiarity of his address, and his unrestrained manners, what a well-bred man he is; for he will address every fair one in the room in the most enchanting terms, except her to whom in the same party he had previously paid the most particular attention; and on her he will contrive to turn his back for the whole evening, and if he is a man of fashion, he will thus cause triumph to the other ladies, and save the neglected fair one from obvious and slanderous whisperings.”

“ An admirable picture, of *living in style*, and

good breeding, indeed!" cried Tom. "The game is in view and well worth pursuit; so hark forward! hark forward! my boys."

Sparkle, now recollecting his engagement—with "*you know who*," as he significantly observed in the last Chapter, withdrew, after promising to take a stroll by way of killing an hour or two with them in the morning; and Tom and his Cousin soon after retired to rest—

"Perchance to sleep, perchance to dream."

CHAP VI.

“The alarm was so strong,
So loud and so long,
’Twas surely some robber, or spout
Who without any doubt
Was prowling about
To fill ev’ry heart with affright.”

THE smiles of a May morning, bedecked with the splendid rays of a rising sun, awakened TALLYHO about five o’clock, and being accustomed to rise early in the country, he left the downy couch of soft repose, and sought his way down stairs. Not a sound of any kind was to be heard in the house, but the rattling of the carts and the coaches in the streets, with the deep-toned accompaniment of a dustman’s bell, and an occasional *ab libitum* of “Clothes—clothes sale,” gave BOB an idea that all the world was moving. However he could find nobody up; he walked into the drawing-room amused himself for some time by looking out of the window, indulging his observations and remarks, without knowing what to make of the moving mass of incongruities which met his eye, and wondering what time the servants of the house would wake: he tried the street-door, but found it locked, bolted, and chained; and if he had known where to have found his friend TOM, he would have aroused him with *the View hall’oo*.

“It is strange,” thought he to himself, “all the world seems abroad, and yet not a soul stirring here!” Then checking the current of his reflections, “But this,” said he, “is LIFE IN LONDON. Egad! I must not make a noise, because it will not be *good breeding*.” In this way he sauntered about the house for near two hours, till at last espying his portmanteau, which had been left in the passage by the servants the previous evening—“I’ll carry this up stairs,” said he, “by way of amusement;” and carelessly shouldering the portmanteau, he was walking deliberately up stairs, when his ears were suddenly attracted by a loud cry of “Murder, murder, thieves murder!” and the violent ringing of a bell. Alarmed at these extraordinary sounds, which appeared to be near him at a moment when he conceived no soul was stirring, he dropped his portmanteau over the banisters, which fell, (demolishing in its way, an elegant Green patent lamp with glass shades, drops, &c.) into the passage below with a hideous crash, while the cry of Murder, thieves, murder, was repeated by many voices, and rendered him almost immoveable. In the next moment, the butler, the cook, the groom, and indeed every person in the house, appeared on the stair-case, some almost in a state of nudity, and shrinking from each other’s gaze, and all armed with such weapons as chance had thrown in their way, to attack the supposed depredator.

Among the rest, fortunately for TALLYHO, (who

stood balancing himself against the banisters in a state of indecision whether he should ascend or descend) TOM DASHALL in his night gown burst out of his room in alarm at the noise, with a brace of pistols, one in his hand in the very act of cocking it, and the other placed in convenient readiness under his left arm. "Why, what the devil is the matter?" vociferated he, and at that moment his eye caught the agitated figure of his Cousin BOB, on the half-landing place below him. At the sound of his well-known voice, the innocent and unsuspecting cause of this confusion and alarm looked up at his friend, as if half afraid and half ashamed of the occurrence, and stammered out, "Where is the thief?—Who is murdered?—I'll swear there is something broke somewhere—tell me which way to go!" TOM looked around him at the group of half-clad nymphs and swains, (who were now huddling together, conceiving their security lay in combination, and finding all eyes were placed with astonishment and wonder on BOB) began to see through what had happened, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; which relieved the frightened damsels, but so confounded poor TALLYHO, that he scarcely knew whether he was standing on his head or his heels. "Why," said TOM, addressing himself to his Cousin, "you will get yourself murdered if you go wandering about people's houses at the dead of the night in this manner—are you asleep or awake?—who have you made an assignation with—or where are you going to—

what are you up to, Master BOBBY, eh ?—These tricks won't do here !”

“ Is't Love's unhallow'd flame invites to roam,
And bids you from your pillow creep ?
Or say, why thus disturb my peaceful home,
Like Macbeth, who doth murder sleep.”

TALLYHO was unable to reply : he looked down over the banister—he looked up at the risible features of TOM DASHALL, who was almost bursting at the ludicrous situation in which he found his friend and his servants. “ Come,” said TOM, “ there are no thieves—all's right”—to the servants, “ you may quiet your minds and go to business. BOB, I'll be down with you presently.” Upon this, the stair-case was cleared in an instant of all but the unfortunate TALLYHO ; and peace appeared to be restored in the family, but not to BOB's mind, conceiving he had committed a gross violation of *good breeding*, and shewn but a bad specimen of his aptitude to become a learner of London manners. It must be confessed, it was rather an awkward commencement ; however, in a few minutes, recovering himself from the fright, he crawled gently down the stairs, and took a survey of the devastation he had made—cursed the lamp, d—d the portmanteau—then snatching it from the ruin before him, and again placing his luggage on his shoulder, he quietly walked up stairs to his bedroom.

It is much to be lamented in this wonderful age of discovery and continual improvement, that our

philosophers have not yet found out a mode of supplying the place of glass (as almost every thing else) with cast-iron. The substitution of gas for oil has long been talked of, as one of national importance, even so much so, that one man, whose ideas were as brilliant as his own experiments, has endeavoured to shew that its produce would in a short time pay off the national debt!*

“ A consummation devoutly to be wished ; ”

and experience has taught the world at large there is nothing impossible, nor is there any one in existence more credulous than honest John Bull. But we are digressing from the adventure of the lamp, however it was occasioned, by clearly proving it was not a *patent safety-lamp* : and that among the luxuries of the Hon. TOM DASHALL'S habitation, gas had not yet been introduced, will speedily be discovered.

Upon arriving in his bed-room, wondering within himself how he should repair the blundering mistake, of which he had so unluckily been the unwilling and unconscious author, he found himself in a new dilemma, as the receptacle of the oil had fallen with the lamp, and plentifully bedewed the portmanteau with its contents, so that he had now transferred the savoury fluid to his coat, waistcoat, cravat, and shirt. What was to be done in such a case ? He could not make his appearance in that

* Mr. Winsor, the original lecturer on the powers of gas, in Pall Mall

state; but his mortifications were not yet at an end—

“ Hills over hills, and Alps on Alps arise.”

The key of his portmanteau was missing; he rummaged all his pockets in vain—he turned them inside out—it was not here—it was not there; enraged at the multiplicity of disappointments to which he was subjected, he cut open the leathern carriage of his wardrobe with a penknife; undressed, and re-dressed himself; by which time it was half-past eight o'clock. His Cousin TOM, who had hurried down according to promise, had in the mean time been making enquiry after him, and now entered the room, singing,

“ And all with attention would eagerly mark :

When he cheer'd up the pack—Hark ! to Rockwood hark !
hark !”

At the sight of DASHALL, he recovered himself from his embarrassment, and descended with him to the breakfast-parlour

“ Did you send to Robinson's ?” enquired TOM of one of the servants, as they entered the room. “ Yes, Sir,” was the reply ; “ and Weston's too ?” continued he ; being answered in the affirmative, “ then let us have breakfast directly.” Then turning to BOB, “ Sparkle,” said he, promised to be with us about eleven, for the purpose of taking a stroll ; in the mean time we must dress and make ready.”—“ Dress,” said BOB, “ Egad ! I have dressed and made ready twice already this morning.”

He then recounted the adventures above recorded ; at which DASHALL repeatedly burst into fits of immoderate laughter. Breakfast being over, a person from 'Mr. Robinson's' was announced, and ushered into the room.

A more prepossessing appearance had scarcely met Bob's eye—a tall, elegant young man, dressed in black, cut in the extreme of fashion, whose features bespoke intelligence, and whose air and manner were indicative of a something which to him was quite new. He arose upon his entrance, and made a formal bow ; which was returned by the youth. " Good morning, gentlemen."—" Good morning, Mr. R.—," said TOM, mentioning a name celebrated by Pope in the following lines :

" But all my praises, why should lords engross ?

Rise, honest Muse, and sing the man of Ross."

" I am happy to have the honour of seeing you in town again, Sir ! The fashionables are mustering very strong, and the prospect of the approaching coronation appears to be very attractive." During this time he was occupied in opening a leathern case, which contained combs, brushes, &c. ; then taking off his coat, he appeared in a jacket with an apron, which, like a fashionable *pinafore* of the present day, nearly concealed his person, from his chin to his toes.

" Yes," replied DASHALL, " the coronation is a subject of deep importance just now in the circles of fashion," seating himself in his chair, in readi-

ness for the operator,* who, BOB now discovered, was no other than the *Peruquier*.

* The progress of taste and refinement is visible in all situations, and the language of puffing has become so well understood by all ranks of society, that it is made use of by the most humble and obscure tradesmen of the metropolis. One remarkable instance ought not to be omitted here. In a narrow dirty street, leading from the Temple towards Blackfriars, over a small triangular-fronted shop, scarcely big enough to hold three persons at a time, the eye of the passing traveller is greeted with the following welcome information, painted in large and legible characters, the letters being each nearly a foot in size :—

HAIR CUT AND MODERNIZED !!!

This is the true "*Multum in parvo*"—a combination of the "*Utile et dulce*," the very acme of perfection. Surely, after this, to Robinson, Vickery, Ross, and Cryer, we may say—"Ye lesser stars, hide your diminished heads."

The art of puffing may be further illustrated by the following specimen of the Sublime, which is inserted here for the information of such persons as, residing in the country, have had no opportunity of seeing the original.

"R—— makes gentlemen's and ladies' perukes on an entire new system; which for lightness, taste, and ease, are superior to any other in Europe. He has exerted the genius and abilities of the first artists to complete his exhibition of ornamental hair, in all its luxuriant varieties, where the elegance of nature and convenience of art are so blended, as at once to rival and ameliorate each other. Here his fair patrons may uninterruptedly examine the effects of artificial tresses, or topees of all complexions, and, in a trial on themselves, blend the different tints with their own!"

The strife for pre-eminence in this art is not however confined to this country; for we find an instance recorded in an

“And pray,” continued TOM, “what is the new in the *haut ton*? Has there been any thing of importance to attract attention since my absence?”

American newspaper, which may perhaps be equally amusing and acceptable;—

“A. C. D. LAVIGNE, having heard of the envious expressions uttered by certain *common barbers*, miserable *chin-scrappers*, and *frizulary quacks*, tending to depreciate that superiority which genius is entitled to, and talents will invariably command, hereby puts them and their vulgar arts at defiance; and, scorning to hold parley with such sneaking imps, proposes to any gentleman to defend and maintain, at his shop, the head quarters of fashion, No. 6, South Gay Street, against all persons whomsoever, his title to supremacy in *curlery*, *wiggery*, and *razory*, to the amount of one hundred dollars and upwards. As hostile as he is to that low style of *puffery* adopted by a certain adventurer, 'yclept Higgins, LAVIGNE cannot avoid declaring, in the face of the world, that his education has been *scientific*, that after having finished his studies at Paris, he took the tour of the universe, having had the rare fortune of regulating the heads of Catherine the Second, and the Grand Turk; the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of China; the Mamelukes of Egypt, and the Dey of Algiers; together with all the ladies of their respective Courts. He has visited the Cape of Good Hope, India, Java, Madagascar, Tartary, and Kamschatka, whence he reached the United States by the way of Cape Horn. In England he had previously tarried, where he delivered *Lectures on Heads* in great style. He has at last settled in Baltimore, determined to devote the remainder of his days to the high profession to which his destiny has called him; inviting all the *literati*, the lovers of the *arts* and *sciences*, to visit him at his *laboratory of beauty*, where he has separate rooms for accommodating ladies and gentlemen, who desire to adorn their heads with *hairudition*.” Can France, England—nay, the world itself, produce such another specimen of *puffing* and *barberism*?

"Nothing very particular," was the reply—"all very dull and flat. Rumour however, as usual, has not been inactive; two or three trifling *faux pas* and—oh!—yes—two duels—one in the literary world: two authors, who, after attacking each other with the quill, chose to decide their quarrel with the pistol, and poor Scot lost his life! But how should authors understand such things? The other has made a great noise in the world—You like the Corinthian cut, I believe, Sir?"

"I believe so too," said Tom—"but don't you cut the duel so short—who were the parties?"

"Oh! aye, why one, Sir, was a celebrated leader of, *ton*, no other than Lord Shampêtre, and the other Mr. Webb, a gentleman well known: it was a sort of family affair. His lordship's gallantry and courage, however, were put to the test, and the result bids fair to increase his popularity. The *cause* was nothing very extraordinary, but the *effect* had nearly proved fatal to his Lordship."

"What, was he wounded?" enquired Tom.

"It was thought so at first," replied the *Peruquier*, "but it was afterwards discovered that his Lordship had only fainted at the report of his opponent's pistol."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Tom, "then it was a bloodless battle—but I should like to know more of the particulars."

"Hold your head a little more this way, Sir, if you please—that will do, I thank you, Sir;—why it appears, that in attempting to fulfil an assi

nation with Mr. Webb's wife, the husband, who had got scent of the appointment, as to place and time, lustily cudgelled the dandy Lord Whiskerphiz, and rescued his own brows from certain other fashionable appendages, for which he had no relish. His Lordship's whiskers were injured, by which circumstance some people might conceive his features and appearance must have been improved, however that was not his opinion ; his bones were sore, and his mind (that is to say, as the public supposed) hurt. The subject became a general theme of conversation, a Commoner had thrashed a Lord !—flesh and blood could not bear it—but then such flesh and blood could as little bear the thought of a duel—Lord Polly was made the bearer of a challenge—a meeting took place, and at the first fire his Lordship fell. A fine subject for the caricaturists, and they have not failed to make a good use of it. The fire of his Lordship's features was so completely obscured by his whiskers and mustachios, that it was immediately concluded the shot had proved mortal, till Lord Polly (who had taken refuge for safety behind a neighbouring tree) advancing, drew a bottle from his pocket, which, upon application to his nose, had the desired effect of restoring the half-dead duellist to life and light. The Seconds interfered, and succeeded in bringing the matter to a conclusion, and preventing the expected dissolution of Champetre, who, report says, has determined not to place himself in such a perilous situation again. The

fright caused him a severe illness, from which he has scarcely yet recovered sufficiently to appear in public—I believe that will do, Sir; will you look in the glass—can I make any alteration?”

“Perhaps not in your story,” replied TOM; “and as to my head, so as you do not make it like the one you have been speaking of, I rely solely on your taste and judgment.” •

The Peruquier made his bow.—“Sir, your politeness is well known!” then turning to TALLYHO, “Will you allow me the honour of officiating for you, Sir?”

“Certainly,” replied BOB, who by this time had seen the alteration made in his Cousin’s appearance, as well as been delighted with the account of the duel, at which they all laughed during the narration—and immediately prepared for action, while DASHALL continued his enquiries as to the fashionable occurrences during his absence.

“There have been some other circumstances, of minor importance,” continued the Peruquier—“it is said that a certain Lord, of high military character, has lost considerable sums of money, and seriously impaired his fortune—Lord — and a friend are completely ruined at hazard—there was a most excellent *mill* at Moulsey Hurst on Thursday last, between the *Gas-light man*, who appears to be a *game chicken*, and a prime *hammerer*—he can give and take with any man—and Oliver — *Gas* beat him hollow, it was all Lombard-

street to a china orange. The Masked Festival on the 18th is a subject of considerable attraction, and wigs of every nature, style, and fashion, are in high request for the occasion—The *Bob*, the *Tye*, the *Natural Scratch*, the *Full Bottom*, the *Queue*, the *Curl*, the *Clerical*, the *Narcissus*, the *Auricula*, the *Capital*, the *Corinthian*, the *Roman*, the *Spanish*, the *French*, the *Dutch*—oh! we are full of business just now. Speaking of the *art*, by the by, reminds me of a circumstance which occurred a very short time back, and which shows such a striking contrast between the low-bred citizens, and the True *Blues* of the West!—have the kindness to hold your head a little on one side, Sir, if you please—a little more towards the light, if you please—that will do excellently—why you'll look quite another thing!—From the country, I presume?"

"You are right," said BOB, "but I don't want a wig just yet."

"Shall be happy to fit you upon all occasions—masquerade, ball, or supper, Sir: you may perhaps wish to go out, as we say in the West, in *cog*.—happy to receive your commands at any time, prompt attention and dispatch."

"Zounds! you are clipping the wig too close," said TOM, impatient to hear the story, "and if you go on at this rate, you won't leave us even the *tail* (tale)."

"Right, Sir, I take—'and thereby hangs a tale. The observation is in point, *verbum sat*, as the

latipist would say. Well, Sir, as I was saying, a citizen, with a design to outdo his neighbours, called at one of the first shops in London a very short time since, and gave particular orders to have his *pericranium* fitted with a wig of the true *royal cut*. The dimensions of his upper story were taken—the order executed to the very letter of the instructions—it fitted like wax—it was nature—nay, it soared beyond nature—it was the perfection of art—the very acmé of science! Conception was outdone, and there is no power in language to describe it. He was delighted; his wife was charmed with the idea of a new husband, and he with his new wig; but

“ Now comes the pleasant joke of all,
’Tis when too close attack’d we fall.”

The account was produced—would you believe it, he refused to have it—he objected to the price.”

“ The devil take it!” said Tom, “ object to pay for the *acmé* of perfection; this unnaturally natural wig would have fetched any money among the collectors of curiosities.”

“ What was the price?” enquired Bob.

“ Trifling, Sir, very trifling, to an artist ‘ of the first water,’ as a jeweller would say by his diamonds—only thirty guineas!!!”

“ Thirty guineas!” exclaimed Bob, starting from his seat, and almost overturning the *modernizer* of his head. Then, recollecting Sparkle’s account of Living in Style, and Good Breeding, falling gently into his seat again.

“ Did I hurt you, Sir ? ” exclaimed the *Peruquier*.

DASHALL bit his lip, and smiled at the surprise of his Cousin, which was now so visibly depicted in his countenance.

“ Not at all,” replied TALLYHO.

“ In two minutes more, Sir, your head will be a grace to Bond Street or St. James’s ; it cuts well, and looks well ; and if you will allow me to attend you once a month, it will continue so.”

TOM hummed a tune, and looked out of the window ; the other two were silent till BOB was released. TOM *tip’d the blunt*, and the interesting young man made his *congé*, and departed.

“ A very interesting and amusing sort of person,” said BOB.

“ Yes,” replied TOM, “ he is a walking volume of information : he knows something of every thing, and almost of every body. He has been in better circumstances, and seen a great deal of life ; his history is somewhat remarkable, and some particulars, not generally known, have excited a considerable portion of interest in his fate among those who are acquainted with them. He is the son, before marriage, of a respectable and worthy tradesman, a celebrated vender of bear’s grease,*

* The infallibility of this specimen cannot possibly be doubted, after reading the following

ADVERTISEMENT :

“ Bear’s grease has virtues, many, great and rare ;
To hair decay’d, life, health, and vigour giving
’Tis sold by ———, fam’d for cutting hair,
At ———— living.

lately deceased, who resided in the vicinity of Cornhill, and was for many years brought up under his roof as his nephew; in which situation, the elegance of his person, the vivacity of his disposition, and the general information he acquired, became subjects of attraction. His education was respectable for his situation, and his allowance liberal. His father however marrying a young lady of some property, and he, 'gay, light, and airy,' falling into bad hands, found his finances not sufficient to support the company he kept, and by these means involved himself in pecuniary difficulties, which, however, (if report say true) were more than once or twice averted by the indulgent parent. In the course of time, the family was increased by two sons, but he continued the flower of the flock. At length it was intended by his father to retire, in part, from business, and leave its management to this young man, and another

Who then would lose a head of hair for trying?

A thousand tongues are heard 'I won't,' replying;

T——r no doubt with bear's grease can supply

A thousand more, when they're dispos'd to buy.

No deception!—Seven Bears publicly exhibited in seven months, and not an agent on the globe's surface.—Sold upon oath, from 1s. to 10s. 6d. The smallest child will direct to ———, near the church—a real Bear over the door, where a good peruke is charged 1l. 10s. equal to those produced by Mr. T., at R——ss's, for 2l. 12s. 6d.—Scalp 10s. 6d.—and 6d. only for hair-cutting—never refusing one shilling

N. B. Bear's-grease effects wonders for 'the knees &c. of horses "

who had been many years in his service, and whose successful endeavours in promoting his interest were well deserving his consideration; and the writings for this purpose were actually drawn up. Previous however to their execution, he was dispatched to Edinburgh, to superintend an extensive concern of his father's in that city, where, meeting with an amiable young lady with some expectations, he married without the consent of his parent, a circumstance which drew down upon him the good man's displeasure.

“ Not at all dismayed at this, he almost immediately left his father's shop, and set up business for himself in the same neighbourhood, where he continued for two or three years, living, as it was supposed, upon the produce of his matrimonial connexion. At length, however, it was discovered that he was insolvent, and bankruptcy became the consequence. Here he remained till affairs were arranged, and then returned to London with his wife and two children.

“ In the mean time, the legitimate family of his father had become useful in the business, and acquainted with his former indiscretions, which, consequently, were not likely to be obliterated from the old gentleman's recollection. Without money and without prospect, he arrived in London, where, for some unliquidated debt, he was arrested and became a resident in the King's Bench, from which he was liberated by the Insolvent Debtor's Act. Emancipated from this, he took small shops

or rather rooms, in various parts of the city, vainly endeavouring to support the character he had formerly maintained. These however proved abortive. Appeals to his father were found fruitless, and he has consequently, after a series of vicissitudes, been compelled to act as a journeyman.

In the career of his youth, he distinguished himself as a dashing, high-spirited fellow. He was selected as fuedel man to a regiment of Volunteers, and made himself conspicuous at the celebrated O. P. row, at the opening of Covent Garden Theatre, on which occasion he attracted the notice of the Caricaturists,* and was generally known in the circles of High Life, by his attendance on the first families on behalf of his father.

But perhaps the most remarkable circumstance took place at his deceased parent's funeral. Being so reduced at that time as to have no power even of providing the necessary apparel to manifest the respect, gratitude, and affection, he had ever entertained for the author of his being; and as a natural son has no legal claims upon his father, so naturally nothing was left for him; he applied by letter to the legitimates for a suit of mourning,

* A caricature of a similar nature to the one alluded to by DASHALL in this description, was certainly exhibited at the time of the memorable O. P. row, which exhibited a young man of genteel appearance in the pit of Covent Garden Theatre, addressing the audience. It had inscribed at the bottom of it,

IS THIS BARBER-ROSS-A?

an allusion (no doubt) to the tragedy of Barbarossa.

and permission to attend the remains of their common father to the last receptacle of mortality which being peremptorily refused, he raised a subscription, obtained clothing, with a gown and hatband, and, as the melancholy procession was moving to the parish church, which was but a few yards distance, he rushed from his hiding-place, stationed himself immediately in the front of the other attendants upon the occasion, and actually accompanied the corpse as chief mourner, having previously concerted with his own mother to be upon the spot. When the body was deposited in the vault, he took her by the hand, led her down the steps, and gave some directions to the bearers as to the situation of the coffin, while the other mourners, panic-struck at the extraordinary circumstances in which they found themselves, turned about and walked in mournful silence back, ruminating on the past with amazement, and full of conjecture for the future.

“It was an extraordinary situation for all parties,” said BOB; “but hold, who have we here?—Egad! there is an elegant carriage drawn up to the door; some Lord, or Nobleman, I’ll be bound for it.—We can’t be seen in this *deshabille*, I shall make my escape.” And saying this, he was hastening out of the room.

“Ha! ha! ha!” exclaimed TOM, “you need not be so speedy in your flight. This is one of the fashionable requisites of London, with whom you must also become acquainted; there is no such

thing as doing without them—dress and address are indispensables. This is no other than one of the decorators.”

“Decorators !” continued BOB, not exactly comprehending him.

“*Monsieur le Tailleur*—’Tis Mr. W—, from Cork Street, come to exhibit his Spring patterns, and turn us out with the new cut—so pray remain where you are.”

“Tailor—decorator,” said BOB—“Egad ! the idea is almost as ridiculous as the representation of the taylor riding to Brentford.”

By this time the door was opened, and Mr. W. entered, making his bow with the precision of a dancing-master, and was followed by a servant with pattern-books, the other apparatus of his trade. The first salutations, over, large pattern-books were displayed upon the table, exhibiting to view a variety of fancy-coloured cloths, and measures taken accordingly. During which time, TOM, as on the former occasion, continued his enquiries relative to the occurrences in the fashionable world.

“Rather tame, Sir, at present : the Queen’s unexpected visit to the two theatres was for a time a matter of surprise—the backwardness of Drury Lane managers to produce ‘God Save the King,’ has been construed into disloyalty to the Sovereign—and a laughable circumstance took place on his going to the same house a few nights back, which has already been made the subject of much merriment, both in conversation and cari

cature. It appears that Mr. GLOSS'EM, who is a *shining character* in the theatrical world, at least among the minors of the metropolis; and whose father was for many years a wax-chandler in the neighbourhood of Soho, holds a situation as clerk of the cheque to the Gentlemen Pensioners of his Majesty's household; as well as that of Major Domo, manager and proprietor of a certain theatre, not half a mile from Waterloo Bridge. A part of his duty in the former capacity is to attend occasionally upon the person of the King, as one of the appendages of Royalty; in which *character* he appeared on the night in question. The servants of the attendants who were in waiting for their masters, had a room appropriated to their use. One of these latter gentry, no other than GLOSS'EM's servant, being anxious to have as near a view of the sacred person of his Majesty as his employer, had placed himself in a good situation at the door, in order to witness his departure, when a Mr. WINPEBBLE, of mis-managing notoriety, and also a ponderous puff, assuming managerial authority, espying him, desired the police-officers and guards in attendance to turn out the *lamplighter's boy*, pointing to Gloss'em's servant. This, it seems, was no sooner said than done, at the point of the bayonet. Some little scuffle ensued—His Majesty and suite departed—Hold up your arm, Sir."

"But did the matter end there?" enquired
DASHALL.

“O dear, no—not exactly.” • •

“Because if it did,” continued Tom, “in my opinion, it began with a wax taper, and ended in the smoke of a farthing rushlight. You have made it appear to be a gas-receiver without supplies.”

“I beg pardon,” said Mr. W. ; the pipes are full, but the gas is not yet turned on.”

This created a laugh, and Mr. W. proceeded :—
“The next day, the servant having informed his Master of the treatment he had received, a gentleman was dispatched from Gloss'em to Winpebble, to demand an apology : which being refused, the former, with a large horsewhip under his arm, accosted the latter, and handsomely belaboured his shoulders with lusty stripes. That, you see, Sir, sets the gas all in a blaze.—That will do, Sir.—Now, Sir, at your service,” addressing himself to TALLYHO.

“Yes,” said Tom, “the taper’s alight again now, and pray what was the consequence ?”

“Winpebble called for assistance, which was soon obtained, and away they went to Bow-street. Manager *Taper*, and Manager *Vapour*—the one blazing with fire, and the other exhausted with thrashing ;—’twas a laughing scene. Manager Strutt, and Manager Butt, were strutting and butting each other. The magistrate heard the case, and recommended peace and quietness between them, by an amicable adjustment. The irritated minds of the now two enraged managers could not be brought to consent to this. Gloss'em declared

the piece should be repeated, having been received with the most rapturous applause. Winpebble roundly swore that the piece was ill got up, badly represented, and damn'd to all intents and purposes—that the author had more strength than wit—and though not a friend to injunctions himself, he moved for an injunction against Gloss'em ; who was at length something like the renowned John Astley with his imitator Rees :

“ This great John Astley, and this little Tommy Rees,
Were both bound over to keep the King's Peas.”

Gloss'em was bound to keep the peace, and compelled to find security in the sum of twenty pounds. Thus ended the farce of *The Enraged Managers—Drury Lane in a Blaze, or Bow Street bewildered*.

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! an animated sort of vehicle for public amusement truly,” said Tom, “ and of course produced with new scenery, music, dresses, and decorations ; forming a combination of attractions superior to any ever exhibited at any theatre—egad ! it would make a most excellent scene in a new pantomime.”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! ” said Mr. W. “ true, Sir, true ; and the duet of Lord Shampêtre would have also its due portion of effect ; but as his Lordship is a good customer of mine, you must excuse any remarks on that circumstance.”

“ We have already heard of his Lordship's undaunted courage and firmness, as well as the correctness of his aim.”

CUTTING OUT. AND CUTTING UP.

“He! he! he!” chuckled W.; “then I fanc your information is not very correct, for it appears his lordship displayed a want of every one of those qualities that you impute to him; however, I venture to hope no unpleasant *measures* will result from the occurrence, as I made the very pantaloons he wore upon the occasion. It seems he is considerably *cut up*; but you must know that, previous to the duel, I was consulted upon the best mode of securing his sacred person from the effects of a bullet: I recommended a very high waistband lined with whalebone, and well padded with horse-hair, to serve as a breast-plate, and calculated at once to produce warmth, and resist penetration. The pantaloons were accordingly made, thickly overlaid with extremely rich and expensive gold lace, and considered to be stiff enough for any thing—aye, even to keep his Lordship erect. But what do you suppose was the effect of all my care? I should not like to make a common talk of it, but so it certainly was: his Lordship had no objection to the whalebone, buckram, &c. outside of him, but was fearful that if his antagonist’s fire should be well-directed, his tender body might be additionally hurt by the splinters of the whalebone being carried along with it, and actually proposed to take them off before the dreadful hour of appointment came on. In this however he was fortunately overruled by his Second, who, by the by, was but a *goose* in the affair, and managed it altogether very badly, except

in the instance of being prompt with the smelling-bottle, which certainly was well-timed ; and it would have been a *hissing* hot business, but for the judicious interference of the other Second."

A loud laugh succeeded this additional piece of information relative to the *affair of honour* ; and Snip having finished his measurement, colours were fixed upon, and he departed, promising to be punctual in the delivery of the new habiliments on the next day.

" I am now convinced, said BOB, " of the great importance and utility of a London tradesman, and the speed of their execution is wonderful !"

" Yes," replied TOM, " it is only to be equalled by the avidity with which they obtain information, and the rapidity with which they circulate it—why, in another half hour your personal appearance, the cut of your country coat, your complexion and character, as far as so short an interview would allow for obtaining it, will be known to all his customers—they are generally quick and acute discerners. But come, we must be making ready for our walk, it is now half-past ten o'clock—Sparkle will be here presently. It is time to be dressing, as I mean to have a complete ramble during the day, take a chop somewhere on the road ; and in the evening, my boy, we'll take a peep into the theatre. Lord Byron's tragedy of Marino Faliero is to be performed to-night, and I can, I think, promise you a treat of the highest kind.

TALLYHO, who had no idea of dressing again, having already been obliged to dress twice, seemed a little surprised at the proposition, but supposing it to be the custom of London, nodded assent, and proceeded to the dressing-room. As he walked up stairs he could not help casting his visual orbs over the banisters, just to take a bird's eye view of the scene of his morning disasters, of which, to his great astonishment and surprise, not a vestige remained—a new lamp had been procured, which seemed to have arisen like a phoenix from its ashes, and the stone passage and stairs appeared as he termed it, “as white as a cauliflower.” At the sight of all this, he was gratified and delighted, for he expected to find a heap of ruins to reproach him. He skipped, or rather vaulted up the stairs, three or four at a stride, with all the gaiety of a race-horse when first brought to the starting-post. The rapid movements of a Life in London at once astonished and enraptured him; nor did he delay his steps, or his delight, until he had reached the topmost story, when bursting open the door, he marched boldly into the room. Here again he was *at fault*; a female shriek assailed his ear, which stopped his course, and looking around him, he could not find from whence the voice proceeded. “Good God!” continued the same voice, “what can be the meaning of this intrusion?—Begone, rash man.” In the mean time, TOM, who was in a room just under the one into which he had un-

fortunately made so sudden an entrance, appeared at the door.

“What the devil is the matter now?” said TOM; when spying his cousin in the centre of the room, without seeming to know whether to return or remain, he could not restrain his laughter. TALLYHO looked up, like one in a dream—then down—then casting his eyes around him, he perceived in the corner, peeping out from the bed-curtains in which she had endeavoured to hide her almost naked person, the head of the old Housekeeper. The picture was moving, and at the same time laughable. The confusion of BOB—the fright of the Housekeeper, and the laughter of TOM, were subjects for the pencil of a Hogarth!

“So,” said TOM, “you are for springing game in all parts of the house, and at all times too. How came you here?”—“Not by my appointment, Sir,” replied the old lady, who still remained rolled up in the curtain. “I never did such a thing in all my born days: I’m an honest woman, and mean to remain so. I never was so ashamed in all my life.”

“I believe the house is enchanted,” cried BOB; “d—— me, I never seem to step without being on a barrel of gunpowder, ready to ignite with the touch of my foot. I have made some cursed blunder again, and don’t seem to know where I am.”

“Come, come,” said DASHALL, “that won’t do—I’m sure you had some design upon my House-

keeper, who you hear by her own account is a good woman, and won't listen to your advances."

By this time the servants had arrived at the door, and were alternately peeping in, wondering to see the two gentlemen in such a situation, and secretly giggling and enjoying the embarrassment of the old woman, whose wig lay on the table, and who was displaying her bald pate and shrivelled features from the bed-curtains, enveloped in fringe and tassels, which only served to render them still more ludicrous.

BOB affected to laugh; said it was very odd—he could not account for it at all—stammered out something like an apology—begg'd pardon—it was—a mistake—he really took it for his own room—he never was so bewildered in his life—was very sorry he should cause so much alarm—but really had no sort of intention whatever.

"Well," said DASHALL, "the best reparation you can now make for your intrusion is a speedy retreat. Time is escaping, so come along;" and taking him by the arm, they walked down the stairs together, and then proceeded to re-fit without further obstruction, in order to be ready for Sparkle, who was expected every minute.

The first day of Bob's residence in London had already been productive of some curious adventures, in which he, unfortunately as he considered, had sustained the principal character—a character not altogether suitable to his inclinations or wishes,

though productive of much merriment to his ever gay and sprightly Cousin, who had witnessed the embarrassment of his pupil upon his first entrance into Life with ungovernable laughter. It was to him excellent sport, while it furnished a good subject of speculation and conversation among the servants below, but was not so well relished by the affrighted old housekeeper. Indeed, the abrupt entrance of a man into her bed-chamber had so deranged her ideas, that she was longer than usual in decking her person previous to her re-appearance. The tender frame of the old lady had been subjected to serious agitations at the bare idea of such a visit, and the probable imputations that might in consequence be thrown upon her sacred and unspotted character; nor could she for some time recover her usual serenity.

Such was the situation of the parties at the moment we are now describing; but as our Heroes are preparing for an extensive, actual survey of men, manners, and things, we shall for the present leave them in peace and quietness, while we proceed to the next chapter.

CHAP VII.

What shows! and what sights! what a round of delights
 You'll meet in the gay scene of London,
 How charming to view amusements still new,
 Twenty others you'll find soon as one's done.
 At the gay scene at Court—Peers and gentry resort.
 In pleasure you'll never miss one day:
 There's the Opera treat, the parade in Bond Street,
 And the crowd in Hyde Park on a Sunday.

TOM, whose wardrobe was extensive, found no difficulty, and lost no time in preparing for the promenade; while, on the other hand, TALLYHO was perplexed to know how to *tog* himself out in a way suitable to make his appearance in the gay world of fashion. DASHALL had therefore rapidly equipped himself, when, perceiving it was half-past eleven, he was the more perplexed to account for the absence of Sparkle; for although it was an early hour, yet, upon such an occasion as that of initiating a new recruit, it was very extraordinary that he should not have been prompt. However, he entered TALLYHO's room, and found him looking out of the window in a posture of rumination, probably revolving in his mind the events of the morning.

"Come," said TOM, as he entered, "'tis time to be on the move, and if Sparkle don't show in a few minutes, we'll set sail and call in upon him at

Long's, in Bond Street. Perhaps he is not well, or something prevents his appearance—we'll make it in our way, and we have a fine day before us."

"I am at your service," replied Bob, who could not help viewing the elegance of his Cousin's appearance: the style of his dress, and the neatness with which his garments fitted him, were all subjects of admiration, and formed so strong a contrast with his own as almost to excite envy. He had however attired himself in a way that befits a fashionable country gentleman: a green coat, white waistcoat, buckskin breeches, and boots, over which a pair of leggings appeared, which extended below the calf of the leg and half up the thigh, surmounted with a *Lily Shallow*. Such was the costume in which he was destined to show off; and thus equipped, after a few minutes they emerged from the house in Piccadilly on the proposed ramble, and proceeded towards Bond Street.

The first object that took their particular attention was the Burlington Arcade. "Come," said Tom, "we may as well go this way," and immediately they passed the man in the gold-laced hat, who guards the entrance to prevent the admission of boys and improper persons. The display of the shops, with the sun shining through the windows above, afforded much for observation, and attracted Bob from side to side—to look, to wonder and admire. But Tom, who was intent upon finding his friend Sparkle, urged the necessity of moving onward with more celerity, lest he should be gone

out, and consequently kept drawing his Cousin forward. "Another and a better opportunity will be afforded for explanation than the present, and as speed is the order of the day, I hope you will not prove disorderly; we shall soon reach Long's, and when we have Sparkle with us, we have one of the most intelligent and entertaining fellows in the world. He is a sort of index to every thing, and every body; his knowledge of life and character, together with a facetiousness of whim and manner, which he has in delineating them, are what we call in London—*Prime and bang up to the mark*. There is scarcely a Lane, Court, Alley, or Street, in the Metropolis, but what he knows, from the remotest corners of Rag-Fair, to the open and elegant Squares of the West, even to Hyde Park Corner. Memory, mirth, and magic, seem at all times to animate his tongue, and, as the Song says,

"He is the boy for bewitching 'em,
Whether good-humour'd or coy."

Indeed, he is the admiration of all who know him; wit, whim, frolic, and fun, are constant companions with him, and I really believe, in a dungeon or a palace, he would always appear the same."

By this time they had reached Bond Street, in their way to which, each step they had taken, the streets and avenues of every description appeared to Bob to be crowded to an excess; the mingling cries which were vociferated around them produced

in his mind uncommon sensations. The rattling of the carriages, the brilliance of the shops, and the continual hum of the passengers, contributed to heighten the scene.

“Bond Street,” said DASHALL, is not one of the most elegant streets in the vicinity of London, but is the resort of the most fashionable people, and from about two o’clock till five, it is all bustle—all life—every species of fashionable vehicle is to be seen dashing along in gay and gallant pride. From two to five are the fashionable shopping-hours, for which purpose the first families resort to this well-known street—others, to shew their equipage, make an assignation, or kill a little time; which is as much a business with some, as is the more careful endeavours of others to seize him in his flight, and make the most of his presence. The throng is already increasing; the variety, richness, and gaiety of the shops in this street, will always be attractive, and make it a popular rendezvous of both sexes. It will shortly be as crowded as Rag Fair, or the Royal Exchange; and the magic splendour has very peculiar properties.

“It makes the tradesman forget—while he is cheating a lovely and smiling Duchess—that in all probability her ladyship is endeavouring to cheat him. It makes the gay and airy, the furbelowed and painted lady of the town, forget that she must pay a visit to her *uncle*,* in order to raise the wind

* *My Uncle* is a very convenient and accommodatng sort of friend, who lives at the sign of the Three Balls, indicative of his

before she can make her appearance at the theatre at half-price. It makes the dashing prisoner forget, that while he is sporting his figure in the bang-up style of appearance, he is only taking his ride on a *day-rule* from the King's Bench. It makes the Lord who drives four-in-hand forget his losses of the night before at some of the fashionable gaming-houses. It makes one adventurer forget that the clothes in which he expects to obtain respect and attention, are more than likely to be paid for in Newgate; another for a time forgets that *John Doe* and *Richard Roe* have expelled him from his lodgings; and a third that all his worldly possessions are not equal to the purchase of a dinner. It is an *ignis fatuus*—a sort of magic lantern replete with delusive appearances—of momentary duration—an escape to the regions of noise, tumult, vanity, and frivolity, where the realities of Life, the circumstances and the situation of the observer, are not suffered to intrude.

“ But to be seen in this street at a certain hour, is one of the essentials to the existence of *haut-ton*—it is the point of attraction for greetings in splendid equipages, from the haughty bend or

willingness to lend money upon good security, for the payment of enormous interest. The original meaning of the sign has puzzled the curious and antiquarians, and the only probable meaning they can discover is, that it implies the chances are two to one against any property being redeemed after being once committed to the keeping of this tender hearted and affectionate relative.

familiar nod of arrogance, to the humble bow of servility. Here mimicry without money assumes the consequential air of independence: while modest merit creeps along unheeded through the glittering crowd. Here all the senses are tantalized with profusion, and the eye is dazzled with temptation, for no other reason than because it is the constant business of a fashionable life—not to live in, but out of self, to imitate the luxuries of the affluent without a tithe of their income, and to sacrifice morality at the altar of notoriety.”

“Your description of this celebrated street, of which I have heard so much,” said TALLYHO, “is truly lively.”

“But it is strictly true” continued TOM.

They had now arrived at Long’s, and found a barouche and four waiting at the door. Upon entering, the first person they met was Lord Crip-plegate, whom they passed, and proceeded to the coffee-room; in one of the boxes of which TOM immediately directed his Cousin’s attention to a well-dressed young man, who was reading the newspaper, and sipping his coffee—“Take notice of him,” said TOM.

BOB looked at him for a moment, marked his features, and his dress, which was in the extreme of fashion; while TOM, turning to one of the Waiters, enquired for his friend Sparkle.

“He has not been here since yesterday morning!” said the Waiter:

“I have been waiting for him these two hours!”

exclaimed the young Sprig of Fashion, laying down the newspaper almost at the same moment, “and must wait till he comes—Ah! Mr. DASHALL, how d’ye do?—very glad to see you—left all well in the country, I hope?—Mr. Sparkle was to have met me this morning at eleven precisely, I should judge he is gone into the country.”

“It must have been late last night, then,” said DASHALL, “for he left us about half-past ten, and promised also to meet us again this morning at eleven; I can’t think what can have become of him—but come,” said he, taking BOB by the arm, “we must keep moving—Good morning—good morning.” And thus saying, walked directly out of the house, turning to the right again towards Piccadilly.

“There is a remark made, I think by Goldsmith,” said TOM, “that one half of the world don’t know how the other half lives; and the man I spoke to in the coffee-room, whose name I am unacquainted with, though his person is recognized by almost every body, while his true character, residence, and means of subsistence, remain completely in obscurity, from what I have seen of him, I judge is what may be termed a *hanger on*.”

“A hanger on,” said BOB—“what can that mean? I took him for a man of property and high birth—but I saw you take so little notice of him.”

“Ah! my good fellow, I have already cautioned you not to be duped by appearances. A *hanger on* is a sort of sycophant, or toad-eater, and, in the

coffee-houses and hotels of London, many such are to be found—men who can *spin out a long yarn*, tell a tough story, and tip you a *rum chant*—who invite themselves by a freedom of address bordering on impudence to the tables and the parties of persons they know, by pretending to call in by mere accident, just at the appointed time: by assuming great confidence, great haste, little appetite, and much business; but, at the same time, requiring but little pressure to forego them all for the pleasure of the company present. What he can have to do with Sparkle I am at a loss to conceive; but he is an insinuating and an intriguing sort of fellow, whom I by no means like, so I *cut* him.”

BOB did not exactly understand the meaning of the word *cut*, and therefore begged his Cousin to explain.

“The *cut*,” said TOM, “is a fashionable word for getting rid, by rude or any means, of any person whose company is not agreeable. The art of *cutting* is reduced to a system in London; and an explanatory treatise has been written on the subject for the edification of the natives.* But I am so bewildered to think what can have detained Sparkle, and deprived us of his company, that I scarcely know how to think for a moment on any other subject at present.”

“It is somewhat strange!” cried BOB, “that he was not with you this morning.”

* Vide a small volume entitled “The Cutter.”

“There is some mystery in it,” said TOM, “which time alone can unravel; but however, we will not be deprived of our intended ramble.” At this moment they entered Piccadilly, and were crossing the road in their way to St. James’s Street, when DASHALL nodded to a gentleman passing by on the opposite side, and received a sort of half bow in return. “That,” said TOM, “is a curious fellow, and a devilish clever fellow too—for although he has but one arm, he is a man of science.”

“In what way?” enquired BOB.

“He is a pugilist,” said TOM—“one of those courageous gentlemen who can *qucer the day-lights, tap the claret, prevent telling fibs, and pop the noddle into chancery*; and a devilish good hand he is, I can assure you, among those who

— “can combat with ferocious strife,
And beat an eye out, or thump out a life;
Can bang the ribs in, or bruise out the brains,
And die, like noble blockheads, for their pains”

“Having but one arm, of course he is unable to figure in the ring—though he attends the *mills*, and is a constant visitor at the Fives Court exhibitions, and generally appears *a la Belcher*. He prides himself upon *flooring* a novice, and hits devilish hard with the glove. I have had some lessons from this amateur of the old English science, and felt the force of his fist; but it is a very customary thing to commence in a friendly way, till the knowing one finds an opportunity which

he cannot resist, of shewing the superiority he possesses. So it was with Harry and me, when he put on his glove. I use the singular number, because he has but one hand whereon to place a glove withal. Come, said he, it shall only be a little innocent spar. I also put on a glove, for it would not be fair to attack a one-armed man with two, and no one ought to take the odds in combat. To it we went, and I shewed *first blood*, for he tapped *the claret* in no time.

“ Neat malling we had, what with clouts on the nob,
Home hits in the bread-basket, clicks in the gob,
 And *plumps* in the daylights, a prettier treat
 Between two *Johnny Raws* 'tis not easy to meet.”

“ I profited however by Harry's lessons, and after a short time was enabled to return the compliment with interest, by sewing up one of his *glimmers*.

“ This is St. James's Street,” continued he, as they turned the corner rather short; in doing which, somewhat animated by the description he had just been giving, Tom's foot caught the toe of a gentleman, who was mincing along the pathway with all the care and precision of a dancing-master, which had the effect of bringing him to the ground in an instant as effectually as a blow from one of the *fancy*. Tom, who had no intention of giving offence wantonly, apologized for the misfortune, by—“ I beg pardon, Sir,” while BOB, who perceived the poor creature was unable to rise again, and apprehending some broken bones, assisted him

to regain his erect position. The poor animal, or nondescript, yclept Dandy, however had only been prevented the exercise of its limbs by the stiffness of certain appendages, without which its person could not be complete—the *stays*, lined with whalebone, were the obstacles to its rising. Being however placed in its natural position, he began in an affected blustering tone of voice to complain that it was d——d odd a gentleman could not walk along the streets without being incommoded by puppies—pulled out his quizzing glass, and surveyed our heroes from head to foot—then taking from his pocket a smelling bottle, which, by application to the nose, appeared to revive him, Tom declared he was sorry for the accident, had no intention, and hoped he was not hurt. This, however, did not appear to satisfy the offended Dandy, who turned upon his heel muttering to himself the necessity there was of preventing drunken fellows from rambling the streets to the annoyance of sober and genteel people in the day-time.

DASHALL, who overheard the substance of his ejaculation, broke from the arm of BOB, and stepping after him without ceremony, by a sudden wheel placed himself in the front of him, so as to impede his progress a second time; a circumstance which filled Mr. Fribble with additional alarm, and his agitation became visibly depicted on his countenance.

“What do you mean?” cried DASHALL, with indignation, taking the imputation of drunkenness

at that early hour in dudgeon. "Who, and what are you, Sir?*" Explain instantly, or by the honour of a gentleman, I'll chastise this insolence."

* "What are you?" is a formidable question to a dandy of the present day, for

"Dandy's a gender of the doubtful kind,
A something, nothing, not to be defined;
'Twould puzzle worlds its sex to ascertain,
So very empty, and so very vain."

It is a fact that the following examination of three of these non-descripts took place at Bow Street a very short time back, in consequence of a nocturnal fracas. The report was thus given:

"Three young sprigs of fashion, in full dress, somewhat damaged and discoloured by a night's lodging in the cell of a watch-house, were yesterday brought before Mr. Birnie, charged with disorderly conduct in the streets, and with beating a watchman named Lloyd.

"Lloyd stated that his beat was near the Piazza, and at a very late hour on Thursday night, the three defendants came through Covent Garden, singing, and conducting themselves in the most riotous manner possible. They were running, and were followed by three others, all in a most uproarious state of intoxication, and he thought proper to stop them, upon which he was *floored* *san-ceremonie*, and when he recovered his legs, he was again struck, and called '*a b—dy Charley*,' and other ungentle names. He called for the assistance of some of his brethren, and the defendants were with some trouble taken to the watch-house. They were very jelly on the way, and when lodged in durance, amused themselves with abusing the Constable of the night, and took especial care that no one within hearing of the watch-house should get a wink of sleep for the remainder of the night.

Mr. Birnie. "Well young gentleman, what have you to say to this?" The one who undertook to be spokesman, threw himself in the most familiar manner possible across the table, and

"Leave me alone," exclaimed the almost pettified Dandy.

"Not till you have given me the satisfaction I have a right to demand," cried Tom, "I insist upon an explanation and apology—or demand your card—who are you, Sir? That's my address," instantly handing him a card. "I am not to be played

having fixed himself perfectly at his ease, he said, "The fact was, they had been dining at a tavern, and were rather drunk, and on their way through the Piazza, they endeavoured by running away to give the slip to their three companions, who were still worse than themselves. The others, however called out Stop thief! and the watchman stopped them; whereat they naturally felt irritated, and certainly gave the watchman a bit of a thrashing."

Mr. Birnie.—"How was he to know you were not the thieves? He did quite right to stop you, and I am very glad he has brought you here—Pray, Sir, what are you?"

Defendant.—"I am *nothing*, Sir."

Mr. Birnie (to another).—"And what are you?"

Defendant.—"Why, Sir, I am—I am, Sir, *nothing*."

Mr. Birnie.—"Well, this is very fine. Pray, Sir, (turning to the third, who stood twirling his hat) will you do me the favour to tell what you are?"

This gentleman answered in the same way. "I am, as my friends observed, *nothing*."

Mr. Birnie.—"Well, gentlemen, I must endeavour to make *something* of you. Here, gaoler, let them be locked up, and I shall not part with them until I have some better account of their occupations."

We have heard it asserted, that *Nine tailors make a man*. How many Dandies, professing to be *Nothing*, may be required to accomplish the proposed intention of making *Something*, may (perhaps by this time) be discovered by the worthy Magistrate. We however suspect he has had severe work of it.

with, nor will I suffer your escape, after the insulting manner in which you have spoken, with impunity."

Though not prepared for such a rencontre, the Dandy, who now perceived the inflexible temper of TOM's mind—and a crowd of people gathering round him—determined at least to put on as much of the character of a MAN as possible, and fumbled in his pocket for a card; at length finding one, he slipped it into TOM's hand. "Oh, Sir," said he "if that's the case, I'm your *man*, *demmee*—how, when, or where you please, 'pon honor." Then beckoning to a hackney coach, he hobbled to the door, and was pushed in by *coachee*, who, immediately mounted the box and flourishing his whip, soon rescued him from his perilous situation, and the jeers of the surrounding multitude.

TOM, who in the bustle of the crowd had slipped the card of his antagonist into his pocket, now took BOB's arm, and they pursued their way down St. James's Street, and could not help laughing at the affair: but TALLYHO, who had a great aversion to duelling, and was thinking of the consequences, bit his lips, and expressed his sorrow at what had occurred; he ascribed the hasty imputation of drunkenness to the irritating effects of the poor creature's accident, and expressed his hope that his cousin would take no further notice of it. TOM, however, on the other hand, ridiculed BOB's fears—told him it was a point of honour not to suffer an insult in the street from any man—nor would he—besides, the charge of drunkenness from such a *thing*

as that, is not to be borne. "D—n it, man, drunkenness in the early part of the day is a thing I abhor, it is at all times what I would avoid if possible, but at night there may be many apologies for it; nay in some cases even to avoid it is impossible. The pleasures of society are enhanced by it—the joys of love are increased by the circulation of the glass—harmony, conviviality and friendship are produced by it—though I am no advocate for inebriety, and detest the idea of the beast—

" Who clouds his reason by the light of day,
And falls to drink, an early and an easy prey."

' Well,' said BOB, "I cannot help thinking this poor fellow, who has already betrayed his fears, will be inclined to make any apology for his rudeness to-morrow."

"If he does not," said TOM, "I'll wing him, to a certainty—a jackanapes—a puppy—a man-milliner; perhaps a thing of shreds and patches—he shall not go unpunished, I promise you; so come along, we will just step in here, and I'll dispatch this business at once: I'll write a challenge, and then it will be off my hands." And so saying, they entered a Coffee-house, where, calling for pen, ink and paper, TOM immediately began his epistle, shrewdly hinting to his Cousin, that he expected he would act as his Second.. "It will be a fine opportunity for introducing your name to the gay world—the newspapers will record your name as a man of ton

Let us see now how it will appear:—On — last, the Honourable TOM DASHALL, attended by his Cousin, ROBERT TALLYHO, Esq. of Belleville Hall, met—ah, by the bye, let us see who he is,” here he felt in his pocket for the card.

BOB, however, declared his wish to decline obtaining popularity by being present upon such an occasion, and suggested the idea of his calling upon the offender, and endeavouring to effect an amicable arrangement between them.

“Hallo!” exclaimed TOM with surprise, as he drew the card from his pocket, and threw it on the table—“Ha, ha, ha,—look at that.”

TALLYHO looked at the card without understanding it. “What does it mean?” said he.

“Mean,” replied TOM, “why it is a Pawnbroker’s duplicate for a Hunting Watch, deposited with his *uncle* this morning in St. Martin’s Lane, for two pounds—laughable enough—well, you may dismiss your fears for the present; but I’ll try if I can’t find my man by this means—if he is worth finding—at all events we have found a watch.”

BOB now joined in the laugh, and, having satisfied the Waiter, they sallied forth again.

Just as they left the Coffee-house, “Do you see that Gentleman in the blue great coat, arm in arm with another? that is no other than the ——. You would scarcely conceive, by his present appearance, that he has commanded armies, and led them on to victory; and that having retired under

the shade of his laurels, he is withering them away, leaf by leaf, by attendance at the *hells** of the metropolis; his unconquerable spirit still actuating him in his hours of relaxation. It is said that the immense sum awarded to him for his prowess in war, has been so materially reduced by his inordinate passion for play, that although he appears at Court, and is a favourite, the demon Poverty stares him in the face. But this is a vile world, and half one hears is not to be believed. He is certainly extravagant, fond of women, and fond of wine; but all these foibles are overshadowed with so much glory as scarcely to remain perceptible. . . . Here is the Palace," said Tom, directing his Cousin's attention to the bottom of the street.

Bob was evidently struck at this piece of information, as he could discover no mark of grandeur in its appearance to entitle it to the dignity of a royal residence.

"It is true," said Tom, "the outside appearance is not much in its favour; but it is venerable for its antiquity, and for its being till lately the place at which the Kings of this happy Island have held their Courts. On the site of that palace originally stood an hospital, founded before the conquest, for fourteen leprous females, to whom eight

* *Hells*—The abode or resort of black-legs or gamblers, where they assemble to commit their depredations on the unwary. But of these we shall have occasion to enlarge elsewhere.

brethren were afterwards added, to assist in the performance of divine service."

"Very necessary," said BOB, "and yet scarcely sufficient."

"You seem to quiz this Palace, and are inclined to indulge your wit upon old age. In 1532, it was surrendered to Henry VIII. and he erected the present Palace, and enclosed St. James's Park, to serve as a place of amusement and exercise, both to this Palace and Whitehall. But it does not appear to have been the Court of the English Sovereigns, during their residence in town, till the reign of Queen Ann, from which time it has been uniformly used as such.

"It is built of brick; and that part which contains the state apartments, being only one story high, gives it a regular appearance outside. The State-rooms are commodious and handsome, although there is nothing very superb or grand in the decorations or furniture.

"The entrance to these rooms is by a stair-case which opens into the principal court, which you now see. At the top of the stair-case are two rooms; one on the left, called the Queen's, and the other the King's Guard-room, leading to the State-apartments. Immediately beyond the King's Guard-room is the Presence-chamber, which contains a canopy, and is hung with tapestry; and which is now used as a passage to the principal rooms.

"There is a suite of five rooms opening into

each other successively, fronting the Park. The Presence-chamber opens into the centre room, which is denominated the Privy-chamber, in which is a canopy of flowered-crimson velvet, generally made use of for the King to receive the Quakers.

“ On the right are two drawing-rooms, one within the other. At the upper end of the further one, is a throne with a splendid canopy, on which the Kings have been accustomed to receive certain addresses. This is called the Grand Drawing-room, and is used by the King and Queen on certain state occasions, the nearer room being appropriated as a kind of ante-chamber, in which the nobility, &c. are permitted to remain while their Majesties are present in the further room, and is furnished with stools, sofas, &c. for the purpose. There are two levee-rooms on the left of the privy-chamber, on entering from the King's guard-room and presence-chamber, the nearer one serving as an ante-chamber to the other. They were all of them, formerly, meanly furnished, but at the time of the marriage of our present King, they were elegantly fitted up. The walls are now covered with tapestry, very beautiful, and of rich colours—tapestry which, although it was made for Charles II. had never been used, having by some accident lain unnoticed in a chest, till it was discovered a short time before the marriage of the Prince.

“ The canopy of the throne was made for the late Queen's birth-day, the first which happened after the union of Great Britain and Ireland. It is

made of crimson velvet, with very broad gold lace, embroidered with crowns set with fine and rich pearls. The shamrock, emblematical of the Irish nation, forms a part of the decorations of the British crown, and is executed with great taste and accuracy.

“ The grand drawing-room contains a large, magnificent chandelier of silver, gilt, but I believe it has not been lighted for some years ; and in the grand levee-room is a very noble bed, the furniture of which is of Spitalfields manufacture, in crimson velvet. It was first put up with the tapestry, on the marriage of the present King, then Prince of Wales.

“ It is upon the whole an irregular building, chiefly consisting of several courts and alleys, which lead into the Park. This, however, is the age of improvement, and it is said that the Palace will shortly be pulled down, and in the front of St. James's Street a magnificent triumphal arch is to be erected, to commemorate the glorious victories of the late war, and to form a grand entrance to the Park.

“ The Duke of York, the Duke of Clarence, the King's servants, and many other dignified persons, live in the Stable-yard.”

“ In the Stable-yard ! ” said BOB, “ dignified persons reside in a Stable-yard, you astonish me ! ”

“ It is quite true,” said TOM, “ and remember it is the Stable-yard of a King.”

“ I forgot that circumstance,” said BOB, “ and

“What circumstances alter cases. But whose carriage is this driving with so much rapidity?”

“That is His Highness the Duke of York, most likely going to pay a visit to his royal brother, the King, who resides in a Palace a little further on: which will be in our way, for it is yet too early to see much in the Park: so let us proceed, I am anxious to make some inquiry about my antagonist, and therefore mean to take St. Martin’s Lane as we go along.

With this they pursued their way along Pall Mall. The rapidity of Tom’s movements however afforded little opportunity for observation or remark, till they arrived opposite Carlton House, when he called his Cousin’s attention to the elegance of the new streets opposite to it.”

“That,” said he, “is Waterloo Place, which, as well as the memorable battle after which it is named, has already cost the nation an immense sum of money, and must cost much more before the proposed improvements are completed: it is however, the most elegant street in London. The want of uniformity of the buildings has a striking effect, and gives it the appearance of a number of palaces. In the time of Queen Elizabeth there were no such places as Pall Mall, St. James’s-street, Piccadilly, nor any of the streets or fine squares in this part of the town. That building at the farther end is now the British Fire-office, and has a pleasing effect at this distance. The cupola on

the left belongs to a chapel, the interior of which for elegant simplicity is unrivalled. To the left of the centre building is a Circus, and a serpentine street, not yet finished, which runs to Swallow Street, and thence directly to Oxford Road, where another circus is forming, and is intended to communicate with Portland Place; by which means a line of street, composed of all new buildings, will be completed. Of this dull looking place (turning to Carlton House) although it is the town-residence of our King, I shall say nothing at present, as I intend devoting a morning, along with you, to its inspection. The exterior has not the most lively appearance, but the interior is magnificent."—During this conversation they had kept moving gently on.

BOB was charmed with the view down Waterloo Place.

"That," said his Cousin, pointing to the Arcade at the opposite corner of Pall Mall, "is the Italian Opera-house, which has recently assumed its present superb appearance, and may be ranked among the finest buildings in London. It is devoted to the performance of Italian operas and French ballets, is generally open from December to July, and is attended by the most distinguished and fashionable persons. The incidents in this part are great. That church, which is in the distance over the tops of the houses, is St. Martin's in the fields."

"In the fields," inquired BOB; "what then, are we come to the end of the town?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried TOM—"the end—no, no, —I was going to say there is no end to it—no, we have not reached any thing like the centre."

"*Blood an' owns, boderation and blegney*," (said an Irishman, at that moment passing them with a hod of mortar on his shoulder, towards the new buildings, and leaving an ornamental patch as he went along on BOB's shoulder) "but I'll be a'ter *tipping turnups** to any b—dy rogue that's up to saying—*Black's the white of the blue part of Pat Murphy's eye*; and for that there matter," dropping the hod of mortar almost on their toes at the same time, and turning round to BOB—"By the powers! I ax the Jontleman's pardon—tho' he's not the first Jontleman that has carried mortar—where is that *big, bully-faced blackguard* that I'm looking after?" During this he brushed the mortar off TALLYHO's coat with a snap of his fingers, regardless of where or on whom he distributed it.

The offender, it seemed, had taken flight while Pat was apologizing, and was no where to be found.

"Why what's the matter?" inquired TOM; "you seem in places a bn."

"Och! not in the least bit, your honour! I'm only in a d—d rage. By the mug of my mother

**Tipping Turnups*—This is a phrase made use of among the priggish fraternity, to signify a turn-up—which is to knock down.

—arn't it a great shame that a Jontleman of Ireland can't walk the streets of London without having *poratees and butter-milk* throw'd in his *gums*?"—Hitching up the waistband of his breeches—"It won't do at all at all for Pat: its a reflection on my own native land, where—

"Is hospitality,
All reality,
No formality
There you ever see;
The free and easy
Would so amaze ye,
You'd think us all crazy,
For dull we never be."

These lines sung with an Irish accent, to the tune of "Morgan Rattler," accompanied with a snapping of his fingers, and concluded with a something in imitation of an Irish jilt, were altogether so truly characteristic of the nation to which he belonged, as to afford our Heroes considerable amusement. Tom threw him a half-crown, which he picked up with more haste than he had thrown down the mortar in his rage.

"Long life and good luck to the Jontleman!" said Pat. "Sure enough, I won't be after drinking health and success to your Honour's pretty picture, and the devil pitch into his own cabin the fellow that would be after picking a hole or clapping a dirty patch on the coat of St. Patrick—whiskey for ever, your Honour, huzza—

"A drop of good whiskey
Would make a man frisky."

By this time a crowd was gathering round them, and Tom cautioned Bob in a whisper to beware of his pockets. This piece of advice however came too late, for his *blue bird's-eye wipe** had taken flight.

“What,” said Bob, “is this done in open day?”

“Are you all right and tight elsewhere?” said Tom—“if you are, *toddle* on and say nothing about it.—Open day!” continued he, “aye, the system of *prigging*† will be acted on sometimes

* *Blue bird's eye wipe*—A blue pocket handkerchief with white spots.

† A cant term for all sorts of thieving. The Life of the celebrated *George Barrington*, of Old Bailey notoriety, is admirably illustrative of this art; which by a more recent developement of *Hardy Vaux*, appears to be almost reduced to a system, notwithstanding the wholesomeness of our laws and the vigilance of our police in their administration. However incredible it may appear, such is the force of habit and association, the latter, notwithstanding, he was detected and transported, contrived to continue his depredations during his captivity, returned, at the expiration of his term, to his native land and his old pursuits, was transported a second time, suffered floggings and imprisonments, without correcting what cannot but be termed the vicious propensities of his nature. He generally spent his mornings in visiting the shops of jewellers, watch-makers, pawnbrokers, &c. depending upon his address and appearance, and determining to make the whole circuit of the metropolis and not to omit a single shop in either of those branches. This scheme he actually executed so fully, that he believes he did not leave ten untried in London; for he made a point of commencing early every day, and went regularly through it, taking both sides of the way. His practice on entering a shop was to request to look at gold seals, chains, brooches, rings, or any other small articles of

by the very party you are speaking to—the expertness with which it is done is almost beyond belief.”

“ Bob having ascertained that his handkerchief was the extent of his loss, they pursued their way towards Charing Cross.

“ A line of street is intended,” continued Tom, “ to be made from the Opera House to terminate with that church; and here is the King’s Mews, which is now turned into barracks.”

“ Stop thief! Stop thief!” was at this moment vociferated in their ears by a variety of voices, and

value, and while examining them, and looking the shopkeeper in the face, he contrived by sleight of hand to conceal two or three, sometimes more, as opportunities offered, in the sleeve of his coat, which was purposely made wide. In this practice he succeeded to a very great extent, and in the course of his career was never once detected in the fact, though on two or three occasions so much suspicion arose that he was obliged to exert all his effrontery, and to use very high language, in order, as the cant phrase is, to *bounce* the tradesman out of it; his fashionable appearance, and affected anger at his insinuations, always had the effect of inducing an apology; and in many such cases he has actually carried away the spoil, notwithstanding what passed between them, and even gone so far as to visit the same shop again a second and a third time with as good success as at first. This, with his nightly attendance at the Theatres and places of public resort, where he picked pockets of watches, snuff-boxes, &c. was for a length of time the sole business of his life. He was however secured, after secreting himself for a time, convicted, and is now transported for life—as he conceives, sold by another celebrated Prig, whose real name was *Bill White*, but better known by the title of *Conky Beau*.

turning round, they perceived a well-dressed man at full speed, followed pretty closely by a concourse of people. In a moment the whole neighbourhood appeared to be in alarm. The up-stairs windows were crowded with females—the tradesmen were at their shop-doors—the passengers were huddled together in groups, inquiring of each other—“What is the matter?—who is it?—which is him?—what has he done?” while the pursuers were increasing in numbers as they went. The bustle of the scene was new to BOB—Charing Cross and its vicinity was all in motion.

“Come,” said TOM, “let us see the end of this—they are sure to *nab** my gentleman before he gets much farther, so let us *brush*† on.” Then pulling his Cousin by the arm, they moved forward to the scene of action.

As they approached St. Martin’s Lane, the gathering of the crowd, which was now immense, indicated to TOM a capture.

“Button up,” said he, “and let us see what’s the matter.”

“*Arrah be easy*,” cried a voice which they instantly recognized to be no other than Pat Murphy’s. “I’ll hold you, my dear, till the night after Doomsday, though I can’t tell what day of the year that is. Where’s the man wid the *gould-laced skull-cap*? Sure enough I *tought* I’d be up wi’ you, and so now you see I’m *down upon you*.”

* *Nabbed* or *nibbled*—Secured or taken.

† *Brush*—Be off.

At this moment a Street-keeper made way through the crowd, and TOM and BOB keeping close in his rear, came directly up to the principal performers in this interesting scene, and found honest Pat, Murphy holding the man by his collar, while he was twisting and writhing to get released from the strong and determined grasp of the athletic Hibernian.

Pat no sooner saw our Heroes, than he burst out with a lusty "Arroo! arroo! there's the sweet-looking jontleman that's been robbed by a dirty *spalpeen* that's not worth the tail of a rotten red-herring. I'll give charge of dis here pick'd blade-bone of a dead donkey that walks about in God's own daylight, dirtin' his fingers wid what don't belong to him at all at all. So sure as the devil's in his own house; and that's London, you've had your pocket pick'd, my darling, and that's news well worth hearing"—addressing himself to DASHALL.

By this harangue it was pretty clearly understood that Murphy had been in pursuit of the pick-pocket, and Tom immediately gave charge.

The man, however, continued to declare he was not the right person—"That, so help him G—d, the Irishman had got the wrong bull by the tail—that he was a b—dy *snitch*,* and that he would *serve him out*†—that he wished he might meet

* *Snitch*—A term made use of by the light-fingered tribe, to signify an informer, by whom they have been impeached or betrayed—So a person who turns king's evidence against his accomplices is called a *Snitch*.

† *Serve him out*—To punish, or be revenged upon any person for any real or supposed injury.

him out of St. Giles's, and he would *wake** him with an *Irish howl*."

With conversation of this kind, the party were

* *Wake with an Irish howl*—An Irish Wake, which is no unfrequent occurrence in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's and Saffron Hill, is one of the most comically serious ceremonies which can well be conceived, and certainly baffles all powers of description. It is, however, considered indispensable to *wake* the body of a deceased native of the sister kingdom, which is, by a sort of mock lying in state, to which all the friends, relatives, and fellow countrymen and women, of the dead person, are indiscriminately admitted; and among the low Irish this duty is frequently performed in a cellar, upon which occasions the motley group of assembled Hibernians would form a subject for the pencil of the most able satirist.

Upon one of these occasions, when Murtoch Mulrooney, who had suffered the sentence of the law by the common hangman, for a footpad robbery, an Englishman was induced by a friend of the deceased to accompany him, and has left on record the following account of his entertainment:—

"When we had descended (says he) about a dozen steps, we found ourselves in a subterraneous region, but fortunately not uninhabited. On the right sat three old bawds, drinking whiskey and smoking tobacco out of pipes about two inches long, (by which means, I conceive, their noses had become red,) and swearing and blasting between each puff. I was immediately saluted by one of the most sober of the ladies, and invited to take a glass of the enlivening nectar, and led to the bed exactly opposite the door, where Murtoch was laid out, and begged to pray for the repose of his precious shoul. This, however, I declined, alleging that as the parsons were paid for praying, it was their proper business. At this moment, a coarse female voice exclaimed, in a sort of yell or Irish howl, 'Arrah! by Jasus, and why did you die, honey?—Sure enough it was not for the want of milk, meal, or tatoes.'

"In a remote corner of the room, or rather cellar, sat three

amused up St. Martin's lane, and on the remainder of the road to Bow-street, followed by many persons, some of whom pretended to have seen a part of the proceedings, and promised to give their evidence before the magistrate, who was then sitting.

On arriving in Bow Street, they entered the *Brown Bear*,* a public-house, much frequented

draymen, five of his majesty's body guards, four sailors, six hay-makers, eight chairmen, and six evidence makers, together with three bailiffs' followers, who came by turns to view the body, and take a drop of the *cratur* to drink repose to the shoul of their countryman; and to complete the group, they were attended by the journeyman Jack Ketch. The noise and confusion were almost stupefying—there were praying—swearing—crying—howling—smoking—and drinking.

“At the head of the bed where the remains of Murtoch were laid, was the picture of the Virgin Mary on one side, and that of St. Patrick on the other; and at the feet was depicted the devil and some of his angels, with the blood running down their backs, from the flagellations which they had received from the disciples of Ketigern. Whether the blue devils were nying afoond or not, I could not exactly discover, but the whiskey and *blue ruin* were evidently powerful in their effects.

“One was swearing—a second counting his beads—a third descanting on the good qualities of his departed friend, and about to try those of the whiskey—a fourth evacuating that load with which he had already overloaded himself—a fifth, declaring he could carry a *fat*, hear mass, knock down a member of parliament, murder a peace officer, and after all receive a pension: and while the priest was making an assignation with a sprightly female sprig of Shelalah, another was *jonteelly* picking his pocket. I had seen enough, and having no desire to continue in such company, made my escape with as much speed as I could from this animated group of persons, assembled as they were upon so solemn an occasion.

* A former landlord of the house facetiously christened it the

by the officers, and in which is a strong-room for the safe custody of prisoners, where they were shewn into a dark back-parlour, as they termed it, and the officer proceeded to search the man in custody, when lo and behold! the handkerchief was not to be found about him.

Pat d—d the devil and all his works—swore “by the fiery furnace of Beelzebub, and that’s the devil’s own bed-chamber, that was the man that nibbled the Jontleman’s dive,* and must have ding’d away the wipe,† or else what should he bolt‡ for?—that he was up to the rum slum,§ and down upon the kiddies||—and sure enough you’re boned,¶ my dear boy.”

Russian Hotel, and had the words painted under the sign of *Bruin*.

* *Nibbled the Jontleman’s dive*—Picked the gentleman’s pocket.

† *Ding’d away the wipe*—Passed away the handkerchief to another, to escape detection. This is a very common practice in London: two or three in a party will be near, without appearing to have the least knowledge of, or connexion with each other, and the moment a depredation is committed by one, he transfers the property to one of his pals, by whom it is conveyed perhaps to the third, who decamps with it to some receiver, who will immediately advance money upon it; while, if any suspicion should fall upon the first, the second will perhaps busy himself in his endeavours to secure the offender, well knowing no proof of possession can be brought against him.

‡ *Bolt*—Run away; try to make an escape.

§ *Rum slum*—Gammon—queer talk or action, in which some fraudulent intentions are discoverable or suspected.

|| *Down upon the Kiddies*—To understand the arts and manoeuvres of thieves and sharpers.

¶ *Boned*—Taken or secured.

Some of the officers came in, and appeared to know the prisoner well, as if they had been acquainted with each other upon former official business; but as the lost property was not found upon him, it was the general opinion that nothing could be done, and the accused began to exercise his wit upon Murphy, which roused Pat's blood:

"For the least thing you know makes an Irishman roar."

At length, upon charging him with having been caught *blue-pigeon flying*,* Pat gave him the lie in his teeth—swore he'd fight him for all the *blunt*† he had about him, "which to be sure," said he, "is but a sweet pretty half-a-crown, and be d—d to you—good luck to it! Here goes," throwing the half-crown upon the floor, which the prisoner attempted to pick up, but was prevented by Pat's stamping his foot upon it, while he was *doffing* his jacket,‡ exclaiming—

"Arran, be after putting your dirty fingers in your pocket, and don't spoil the King's picture by touching it—devil burn me, but I'll *mill your mug to muffin dust*§ before I'll give up that beautiful

* *Blue pigeon flying*—The practice of stealing lead from houses, churches, or other buildings. A species of depredation very prevalent in London and its vicinity, and which is but too much encouraged by the readiness with which it can be disposed of to the plumbers in general.

† *Blunt*—A flash term for money.

‡ *Doffing his Jacket*—Taking off his jacket.

§ *Mill your mug to muffin dust*—The peculiarity of the Irish character for overstrained metaphor, may perhaps, in some degree

looking bit; so *tip us your mauley*,* and no more blarney."

During this conversation, the spectators, who were numerous, were employed in endeavouring to pacify the indignant Hibernian, who by this time had *buff'd it*, or, in other words, *peeled in prime twig*,† for a regular *turn to*.‡ All was noise and confusion, when a new group of persons entered the room—another capture had been made, and another charge given. It was however with some difficulty that honest Pat Murphy was prevailed upon to remain a little quiet, while one of the officers beckoned DASHALL out of the room, and gave him to understand that the man in custody, just brought in, was a well-known *pal*§ of the one first suspected, though they took not the least

account for the Hibernian's idea of beating his head to flour, though he was afterwards inclined to commence his operations in the true style and character of the prize ring, where

"Men shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother."

* *Tip us your mauley*—Give me your hand. Honour is so sacred a thing with the Irish, that the rapid transition from a violent expression to the *point of honour*, is no uncommon thing amongst them; and in this instance it is quite clear that although he meant to *mill the mug* of his opponent to *muffin dust*, he had a notion of the thing, and intended to do it in an honourable way.

† *Buff'd it*, or *peeled in prime twig*—Stripped to the skin in good order. The expressions are well known, and frequently in use, among the sporting characters and lovers of the fancy.

‡ *Turn to*, or *set to*—The commencement of a battle.

§ *Pal*—A partner or confederate.

notice of each other upon meeting. In the mean time, another officer in the room had been searching the person of the last captured, from whose bosom he drew the identical handkerchief of BOB; and the Irishman recollectcd seeing him in the crowd opposite the Opera House.

This cleared up the mystery in some degree, though the two culprits affected a total ignorance of each other. The property of the person, who had given the last charge was also discovered, and it was deemed absolutely necessary to take them before the Magistrate. But as some new incidents will arise on their introduction to the office, we shall reserve them for the next Chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

Houses, churches, mixt together,
 Streets unpleasant in all weather;
 Prisons, palaces contiguous,
 Gates, a bridge—the Thames irreligious
 Gaudy things, enough to tempt ye.
 Showy outsides, insides empty:
 Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts.
 Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
 Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
 Lords of laundresses afraid;
 Rogues, that nightly rob and shoot men,
 Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen.
 Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
 Noble, simple, all conditions;
 Worth beneath a thread-bare cover,
 Villainy bedaubed all over;
 Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
 Prudes, and such as never pray;
 Handsome, ugly, noisy still,
 Some that will not, some that will;
 Many a beau, without a shilling,
 Many a widow not unwilling;
 Many a bargain, if you strike it:—
 This is London—How d'ye like it?

ON entering the Public Office, Bow-street, we must leave our readers to guess at the surprise and astonishment with which the HON. TOM DASHALL and his Cousin beheld their lost friend, Charles Sparkle, who it appeared had been kindly accommodated with a lodging gratis in a neighbouring watch-house, not, as it may readily be supposed,

exactly suitable to his taste or inclination. Nor was wonder less excited in the mind of Sparkle at this unexpected meeting, as unlooked for as it was fortunate to all parties. There was however no opportunity at the present moment for an explanation, as the worthy Magistrate immediately proceeded to an investigation of the case just brought before him, upon which there was no difficulty in deciding. The charge was made, the handkerchief sworn to, and the men, who were well known as old hands upon the town, committed for trial. The most remarkable feature in the examination being the evidence of Pat Murphy, who by this time had recollected that the man who was taken with the property about his person, was the very identical aggressor who had offended him while the hod of mortar was on his shoulder, before the conversation commenced between himself and Tom opposite the Opera-house.

“Sure enough, your Honour,” said he, “its a true bill. I’m an Irishman, and I don’t care who knows it—I don’t fight under false colours, but love the land of potatoes, and honour St. Patrick. That there man with the *blue toggery** tipp’d me a bit of blarney, what did not suit my stomach. I dropp’d my load, which he took for an order to quit, and so *mizzled*† out of my way, or by the

* *Blue toggery*—Toggery is a flash term for clothing in general, but is made use of to describe a blue coat.

† *Mizzled*—Ran away

big bull of Ballynafad, I'd have powdered his wig with brick-dust, and bothered his bread-basket with a little human kindness in the shape of an Irishman's fist; and then that there other dirty end of a shelalah, while the Jontleman—long life to your Honour, (bowing to TOM DASHALL)—was houlding a bit of conversetion with Pat Murphy, *grabb'd** his pocket-handkerchief, and was after shewing a leg,† when a little boy that kept his oglers upon 'em, let me into the secret, and let the cat out of the bag by bawling—Stop thief! He darted off like a cow at the sound of the bagpipes, and I boulted a'ter him like a good'un; so when I came up to him, Down you go, says I and down he was; and that's all I know about the matter."

As the prisoners were being taken out of court, the Hibernian followed them. "Arrah," said he, "my lads, as I have procured you a lodging for nothing, here's the half-a-crown, what the good-looking Jontleman gave me; it may sarve you in time of need, so take it along with you, perhaps you may want it more than I do; and if you know the pleasure of spending money that is honestly come by, it may teach you a lesson that may keep you out of the clutches of Jock Ketch, and save you from dying in a horse's night-cap‡—there, be off wid you."

* *Grabb'd*—Took, or stole.

† *Shewing a leg*—or, as it is sometimes called, giving leg-bail—making the best use of legs to escape detection.

‡ *Horse's night-cap*—A halter.

THE HON. TOM DASHALL, who had carefully watched the proceedings of Pat, could not help moralizing upon this last act of the Irishman, and the advice which accompanied it. "Here," said he to himself, "is a genuine display of national character. Here is the heat, the fire, the effervescence, blended with the generosity and open-heartedness, so much boasted of by the sons of Erin, and so much eulogized by travellers who have visited the Emerald Isle." And slipping a sovereign into his hand, after the execution of a bond to prosecute the offenders, each of them taking an arm of Sparkle, they passed down Bow-street, conversing on the occurrences in which they had been engaged, of which the extraordinary appearance of Sparkle was the most prominent and interesting.

"How in the name of wonder came you in such a scrape?" said Tom.

"Innocently enough, I can assure you," replied Sparkle—"with my usual luck—a *bit of gig, a lark, and a turn up*.*

* *A bit of gig—a lark—a turn up*—are terms made use of to signify a bit of fun of any kind, though the latter more generally means a fight. Among the bucks and bloods of the Metropolis, a bit of fun or a lark, as they term it, ending in a *snilling match*, a night's lodging in the watch-house, and a composition with the Charleys in the morning, to avoid exposure before the Magistrate, is a proof of high spirit—a prime delight, and serves in many cases to stamp a man's character. Some, however, who have not courage enough to brave a street-row and its consequences, are fond of fun of other kinds, heedless of

" - - - 'Twas waxing *rather* late,
 And reeling bucks the street began to scour,
 While guardian watchmen, with a tottering gait,
 Cried every thing quite clear, except the hour."

"Coming along Piccadilly last night after leaving you, I was overtaken at the corner of

the consequences to others. "Go it, my boys," says one of the latter description, "keep it up, huzza! I loves fun—for I made such a fool of my father last April day:—but what do you think I did now, eh?—Ha! ha! ha!—I will tell you what makes me laugh so: we were keeping it up in *prime twig*, faith, so about four o'clock in the morning I went down into the kitchen, and there was Dick the waiter snoring like a pig before a blazing fire—*done up*, for the fellow can't keep it up as we jolly boys do: So thinks I, I'll have you, my boy—and what does I do, but I goes softly and takes the tongs, and gets a red ~~hot~~ coal as big as my head, and plumpt it upon the fellow's foot and run away, because I loves fun, you know: So it has lamed him, and that makes me laugh so—Ha! ha! ha!—it was what I call better than your *rappantees* and your *bobmatès*. I'll tell you more too: you must know I was in high tip-top spirits, faith, so I stole a dog from a blind man—for I do loves fun: so then the blind man cried for his dog, and that made me laugh heartily: So says I to the blind man—Hallo, Master, what a you a'ter, what is you up to? does you want your dog?—Yes, Sir, says he. Now only you mark what I said to the blind man—Then go and look for him, old chap, says I—Ha! ha! ha!—that's your sort, my boy, keep it up, keep it up, d— me. That's the worst of it, I always turns sick when I thinks of a Parson—I always do; and my brother he is a parson too, and he hates to hear any body swear: so you know I always swear like a trooper when I am near him, on purpose to roast him. I went to dine with him one day last week, and there was my sisters, and two or three more of what you call your modest women; but I sent

Rupert-street by our old college-companion Harry Hartwell, pursuing his way to the Hummums, where it seems he has taken up his abode. Harry, you remember, never was exactly one of us; he studies too much, and pores everlastingly over musty old volumes of Law Cases, Blackstone's Commentaries, and other black books, to qualify himself for the black art, and as fit and proper person to appear at the Bar. The length of time that had elapsed since our last meeting was sufficient inducement for us to crack a bottle together;

'em all from the table, and then laugh'd at 'em, for I loves fun, and that was fun alive O. And so there was nobody in the room but my brother and me, and I begun to swear most sweetly: I never swore so well in all my life—I swore all my new oaths; it would have done you good to have heard me swear; till at last my brother looked frightened, and d—— me that was good fun. At last, he lifted up his hands and eyes to Heaven, and calls out *O tempora, O mores!* But I was not to be done so. Oh! oh! Brother, says I, what you think to frighten me by calling all your family about you; but I don't care for you, nor your family neither—so *stow* it—I'll *mill* the whole troop—Only bring your *Tempora* and *Mores* here, that's all—let us have fair play, I'll tip 'em the *Gas* in a *flash of lightning*—I'll box 'em for five pounds, d—— me: here, where's *Tempora* and *Mores*, where are they? My eyes, how he did stare when he see me ready for a set to—I never laugh'd so in my life—he made but two steps out of the room, and left me master of the field. What d'y'e think of that for a lark, eh?—Keep it up—keep it up, d—— me, says I—so I sets down to the table, drank as much as I could—then I mix'd the heel-taps all in one bottle, and broke all the empty ones—then bid adieu to *Tempora* and *Mores*, and rolled home in a hackney-coach in *prime* and *plummy* order, d—— me."

so taking his arm, we proceeded to the place of destination, where we sat talking over past times, and indulging our humour till half-past one o'clock, when I sallied forth on my return to Long's, having altogether abandoned my original intention of calling in Golden-square. At the corner of Leicester-square, my ears were assailed with a little of the night music—the rattles were in full chorus, and the Charleys, in *prime twig*,* were mustering from all quarters.

“The street was all alive, and I made my way through the crowd to the immediate scene of action, which was rendered peculiarly interesting by the discovery of a dainty bit of female beauty shewing fight with half a dozen watchmen, in order to extricate herself from the grasp of these guardians of our peace. She was evidently under the influence of the Bacchanalian god, which invigorated her arm, without imparting discretion to her head, and she laid about her with such dexterity, that the *old files*† were fearful of losing their prey; but the odds were fearfully against her, and never did I feel my indignation more aroused, than

* *Prime twig*—Any thing accomplished in good order, or with dexterity: a person well dressed, or in high spirits, is considered to be in prime twig.

† *Old files*—A person who has had a long course of experience in the arts of fraud, so as to become an adept in the manoeuvres of the town, is termed a *deep file*—a *rum file*, or an *old file*.

when I beheld a sturdy ruffian aim a desperate blow at her head with his rattle, which in all probability, had it taken the intended effect, would have sent her in search of that peace in the other world, of which she was experiencing so little in this. It was not possible for me to stand by, an idle spectator of the destruction of a female who appeared to have no defender, whatever might be the nature of the offence alleged or committed. I therefore warded off the blow with my left arm, and with my right gave him a well-planted blow on the *conk*,* which sent him piping into the kennel. In a moment I was surrounded and charged with a violent assault upon the *charley*,† and interfering with the guardians of the night in the execution of their duty. A complete diversion took place from the original object of their fury, and in the bustle to secure me, the unfortunate girl made her escape, where to, or how, heaven only knows. Upon finding this, I made no resistance, but marched boldly along with the *scouts*‡ to St. Martin's watch-house, where we arrived just as a hackney coach drew up to the door.

“Take her in, d—n her eyes, she shall *stump up the rubbish*§ before I leave her, or give me the

* *Conk*—The nose.

† *Charley*—A watchman.

‡ *Scouts*—Watchmen.

§ *Stump up the rubbish*—Meaning she (or he) shall pay, or find money.

address of her *flash covey*,* and so here goes." By this time we had entered the watch-house, where I perceived the awful representative of justice seated in an arm chair, with a good blazing fire, smoking his pipe in consequential ease. A crowd of *Charleys*, with broken lanterns, broken heads, and other symptoms of a row, together with several casual spectators, had gained admittance; when Jarvis entered, declaring—By G—he wouldn't be choused by any wh—re or cull in Christendom, and he would make 'em come down pretty handsomely, or he'd know the reason why: "And so please your Worship, Sir"—then turning round, "hallo," said he, "Sam, what's becom'd of that there voman—eh—vhat, you've been playing booty eh, and let her escape." The man to whom this was intended to be addressed did not appear to be present, as no reply was made. However, the case was briefly explained. "Bat, by G—, I von't put any thing in Sam's vay again," cried *Jarvey*.† For my own part, as I knew nothing of the occurrences adverted to, I was as much in the dark as if I had gone home without interruption. The representations of the *Charleys* proved decisive against me—in vain I urged the cause of humanity, and the necessity I felt of protecting a defenceless female from the violence of accumulating numbers, and that I had done no more than

* *Flash covey*.—A fancy man, partner or protector.

† *Jarvey*.—A coachman.

every one ought to have done upon such an occasion. *Old puff and swill*, the lord of the night, declared that I must have acted with malice aforethought—that I was a *pal* in the concern, and that I had been instrumental in the design of effecting a rescue; and, after a very short deliberation, he concluded that I must be a notorious rascal, and desired me to make up my mind to remain with him for the remainder of the night. Not relishing this, I proposed to send for bail, assuring him of my attendance in the morning; but was informed it could not be accepted of, as it was clearly made out against me that I had committed a violent breach of the peace, and nothing at that time could be produced that would prove satisfactory. Under these circumstances, and partly induced by a desire to avoid being troublesome in other quarters, I submitted to a restraint which it appeared I could not very well avoid, and, taking my seat in an arm-chair by the fire-side, I soon fell fast asleep, from which I was only aroused by the occasional entrances and exits of the guardians, until between four and five o'clock, when a sort of general muster of the *Charleys* took place, and each one depositing his nightly paraphernalia, proceeded to his own habitation. Finding the liberation of others from their duties would not have the effect of emancipating me from my confinement, which was likely to be prolonged to eleven, or perhaps twelve o'clock, I began to feel my situation as a truly

uncomfortable one, when I was informed by the watch-house keeper, who resides upon the spot, that he was going to *turn in*,* that there was fire enough to last till his wife turn'd out, which would be about six o'clock, and; as I had the appearance of a gentleman, if there was any thing I wanted, she would endeavour to make herself useful in obtaining it. "But Lord," said he, "there is no such thing as believing any body now-a-days—there was such *sets out*, and such manœuvering, that nobody knew nothing of nobody."

"I am obliged to you, my friend," said I, "for this piece of information, and in order that you may understand something of the person you are speaking to beyond the mere exterior view, here is half-a-crown for your communication."

"Why, Sir," said he, laying on at the same moment a shovel of coals, "this here makes out what I said.—Don't you see, said I, that are Gentleman is a gentleman every inch of him, says I—as don't want nothing at all no more nor what is right, and if so be as how he's got himself in a bit of a hobble, I knows very well as how he's got the *tip*† in his pocket, and does'nt want for spirit to pull it out—Perhaps you might like some breakfast, sir?"

"Why yes," said I—for I began to feel a little inclined that way.

* *Turn in*—Going to bed. This is a term most in use among sea-faring men.

† *Tip* is synonymous with *blunt*, and means money.

“ O my wife, Sir,” said he, will do all you want, when she rouses herself.”

“ I suppose,” continued I, “ you frequently have occasion to accommodate persons in similar situations ?”

“ Lord bless you ! yes, sir, and a strange set of rula customers we have too sometimes—why it was but a few nights ago we had ’em stowed here as thick as three in a bed. We had ’em all upon the *hop**—you never see’d such fun in all your life, and this here place was as full of curiosities as Pidcock’s at Exeter Change, or Bartlemy-fair—Show ’em up here, all alive alive O !”

“ Indeed !” said I, feeling a little inquisitive on the subject ; “ and how did this happen ?”

“ Why it was a *rummish* piece of business altogether. There was a large party of dancing fashionables all met together for a little jig in St. Martin’s lane, and a very pretty medley there was of them. The fiddlers wagg’d their elbows, and the lads and lasses their trotters, till about one o’clock, when, just as they were in the midst of a quadrille, in burst the officers, and quickly changed the tune. The appearance of these gentlemen had an instantaneous effect upon all parties present : the cause of their visit was explained, and the whole *squad* taken into custody, to give an account of themselves, and was brought here in hackney-coaches. The delicate Miss and her assiduous partner, who,

* *Hop*—A dance.

a short time before had been all spirits and animation, were now sunk in gloomy reflections upon the awkwardness of their situation ; and many of our inhabitants would have fainted when they were informed they would have to appear before the Magistrate in the morning, but for the well-timed introduction of a little drap of the *cratur*, which an Irish lady ax'd me to fetch for her. But the best of the fun was, that in the group we had a Lord and a Parson ! For the dignity of the one, and the honour of the other, they were admitted to bail—Lord have mercy upon us ! said the Parson—Amen, said the Lord ; and this had the desired effect upon the Constable of the night, for he let them off on the sly, you understand : But my eyes what work there was in the morning ! sixteen *Jarveys*, full of live lumber, were taken to Bow-street, in a nice pickle you may be sure, dancing-pumps and silk-stockings, after setting in the watch-house all night, and surrounded by lots of people that hooted and howled, as the procession passed along, in good style. They were safely landed at the Brown Bear, from which they were handed over in groups to be examined by the Magistrate, when the men were discharged upon giving satisfactory accounts, and the women after some questions being put to them. You see all this took place because they were dancing in an unlicensed room. It was altogether a laughable set-out as ever you see'd—the Dandys and the Dandyzettes—the Exquisites—the Shopmen—the Ladies' maid and the Prentice Boys—my

Lord and his' Reverence—mingled up higgledy pig-gledy, pigs in the straw, with Bow-street Officers, Runners and Watchmen—Ladies squalling and fainting, Men's swearing and almost fighting. It would have been a pleasure to have kick'd up a row that night, a purpose to get admission—you would have been highly amused, I'll assure you—good morning, Sir." And thus saying, he turned the lock upon me, and left me to my meditations. In about a couple of hours the old woman made her appearance, and prepared me some coffee; and at eleven o'clock came the Constable of the night, to accompany me before the Magistrate.

"Aware that the circumstances were rather against me, and that I had no right to interfere in other persons' business or quarrels, I consulted him upon the best mode of making up the matter; for although I had really done no more than become a man in protecting a female, I had certainly infringed upon the law, in effecting the escape of a person in custody, and consequently was liable to the penalty or penalties *in such cases made and provided*. On our arrival at the Brown Bear, I was met by a genteel-looking man, who delivered me a letter, and immediately disappeared. Upon breaking the seal, I found its contents as follows :

DEAR SIR,

Although unknown to me, I have learned enough of your character to pronounce you *a trump, a prime cock, and nothing but a good one*. I am detained by *John Doe* and *Richard Roe* with

their d——d *fieri facias*, or I should be with you. However, I trust you will excuse the liberty I take in requesting you will make use of the enclosed for the purpose of shaking yourself out of the hands of the *scouts* and their *pals*. We shall have some opportunities of meeting, when I will explain : in the mean time, believe me I am

Your's truly,

TOM.

“ With this advice, so consonant with my own opinion, I immediately complied ; and having satisfied the broken-headed Charley, and paid all expences incurred, I was induced to walk into the office merely to give a look around me, when by a lucky chance I saw you enter. And thus you have a full, true, and particular account of the peregrinations of your humble servant.”

Listening with close attention to this narrative of Sparkle's, all other subjects had escaped observation, till they found themselves in the Strand.

“ Whither are we bound ? ” inquired Sparkle.

“ On a voyage of discoveries,” replied DASHALL, “ and we just wanted you to act as pilot.”

“ What place is this ? ” inquired BOB.

“ That,” continued Sparkle, “ is Somerset-house. It is a fine old building ; it stands on the banks of the Thames, raised on piers and arches, and is now appropriated to various public offices, and houses belonging to the various offices of the Government.”

“ The terrace, which lies on the river, is very fine, and may be well viewed from Waterloo Bridge. The front in the Strand, you perceive, has a noble aspect, being composed of a rustic basement,

supporting a Corinthian order of columns crowned with an attic in the centre, and at the extremities with a balustrade. The south front, which looks into the court, is very elegant in its composition.

“ The basement consists of nine large arches; and three in the centre open, forming the principal entrance; and three at each end, filled with windows of the Doric order, are adorned with pilasters, entablatures, and pediments. On the key-stones of the nine arches are carved, in alto relievo, nine colossal masks, representing the Ocean, and the eight main Rivers of England, viz. *Thames, Humber, Mersey, Dee, Medway, Tweed, Tyne, and Severn*, with appropriate emblems to denote their various characters.

“ Over the basement the Corinthian order consists of ten columns upon pedestals, having their regular entablature. It comprehends two floors, and the attic in the centre of the front extends over three intercolomniations, and is divided into three parts by four colossal statues placed on the columns of the order. It terminates with a group consisting of the arms of the British empire, supported on one side by the Genius of England, and by Fame, sounding the trumpet, on the other. These three open arches in the front form the principal entrance to the whole of the structure, and lead to an elegant vestibule decorated with Doric columns.

“ The terrace, which fronts the Thames, is spacious, and commands a beautiful view of part of the river, including Blackfriars, Waterloo, and

Westminster Bridges. It is reared on a grand rustic basement, having thirty-two spacious arches. The arcade thus formed is judiciously relieved by projections ornamented with rusticated columns, and the effect of the whole of the terrace from the water is truly grand and noble. There is however, at present, no admission for the public to it; but, in all probability, it will be open to all when the edifice is completed, which would form one of the finest promenades in the world, and prove to be one of the first luxuries of the metropolis.

“ That statue in the centre is a representation of our late King, George the Third, with the Thames at his feet, pouring wealth and plenty from a large Cornucopiæ. It is executed by Bacon, and has his characteristic cast of expression. It is in a most ludicrous situation, being placed behind, and on the brink of a deep area.

“ In the vestibule are the rooms of the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquarians, and the Royal Academy of Arts, all in a very grand and beautiful style. Over the door of the Royal Academy is a bust of Michael Angelo; and over the door leading to the Royal Society and Society of Antiquarians, you will find the bust of Sir Isaac Newton.

“ The Government-offices, to which this building is devoted, are objects of great astonishment to strangers, being at once commodious and elegant, and worthy the wealth of the nation to which they belong. The hall of the Navy office is a fine room with two fronts, one facing the terrace and

river, and the other facing the court. On the right is the Stamp-office: it consists of a multitude of apartments: the room in which the stamping is executed is very interesting to the curious. On the left you see the Pay-office of the Navy.

“The principal thing to attract notice in this edifice is the solidity and completeness of the workmanship in the masonry, and indeed in every other part.”

After taking a rather prolonged view of this elegant edifice, they again sallied forth into the Strand, mingling with all the noise and bustle of a crowded street, where by turns were to be discovered, jostling each other, parsons, lawyers, apothecaries, projectors, excisemen, organists, picture-sellers, bear and monkey-leaders, fiddlers and bailiffs. The barber and the chimney-sweeper were however always observed to be careful in avoiding the touch of each other, as if contamination must be the inevitable consequence.

“My dear fellow!” exclaimed a tall and well-dressed person, who dragged the Honourable TOM DASHALL on one side—“you are the very person I wanted—I’m very glad to see you in town again—but I have not a moment to spare—the blood-hounds are in pursuit—this term will be ended in two days, then comes the long vacation—liberty without hiring a horse—you understand—was devilishly afraid of being nabb’d just now—should have been dish’d if I had—lend me five shillings—come, make haste.”

“ Five shillings, Diddler, when am I to be paid ? you remember—‘ When I grow rich ’ was the reply.”

“ Know—yes, I know all about it—but no matter, I’m not going to settle accounts just now, so don’t detain me, I hate Debtor and Creditor. Fine sport to-morrow, eh—shall be at the Ring—in cog.—take no notice—disguised as a Quaker—Obadiah Lankloaks—d——d large beaver hat, and hide my physog.—Lend me what silver you have, and be quick about it, for I can’t stay—thank you, you’re a d——d good fellow, Tom, a trump—shall now pop into a hack, and drive into another county—thank ye—good day—by by.”

During this harangue, while Tom was counting his silver, the ingenious Mr. Diddler seized all he had, and whipping it speedily into his pocket, in a few minutes was out of his sight.

Sparkle observing DASHALL looking earnestly after Diddler, approached, and giving him a lusty slap on the shoulder—“ Ha! ha! ha!” exclaimed he, “ what are you *done* again ?”

“ I suppose so,” said DASHALL; “ confound the fellow, he is always borrowing : I never met him in my life but he had some immediate necessity or other to require a loan of a little temporary supply, as he calls it.”

“ I wonder,” said Sparkle, “ that you are so ready to lend, after such frequent experience—how much does he owe you ?”

“ Heaven only knows,” continued Tom, “ for I do not keep account against him, I must even

trust to his honour—so it is useless to stand here losing our time—Come, let us forward.”

“ With all my heart,” said Sparkle, “ and with permission I propose a visit to the Bonassus, a peep at St. Paul’s, and a chop at Dolly’s.”

This proposition being highly approved of, they continued their walk along the Strand, towards Temple Bar, and in a few minutes were attracted by the appearance of men dressed in the garb of the Yeomen of the Guards, who appeared active in the distribution of hand-bills, and surrounded a house on the front of which appeared a long string of high and distinguished names, as patrons and patronesses of the celebrated animal called the Bonassus. Crossing the road in their approach to the door, TALLYHO could not help admiring the simple elegance of a shop-front belonging to a grocer, whose name is Peck.

“ Very handsome and tasty, indeed,” replied Sparkle ; “ that combination of marble and brass has a light and elegant effect : it has no appearance of being laboured at. The inhabitant of the house I believe is a foreigner, I think an Italian ; but London boasts of some of the most elegant shops in the world.” And by this time they entered the opposite house.

CHAP. XI.

" In London my life is a ring of delight,
 In frolics I keep up the day and the night;
 I snooze at the Hummums till twelve, perhaps later,
 I rattle the bell, and I roar up the Waiter;
 ' Your Honour,' says he, and he makes me a leg;
 He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg;
 For tea in a morning 's a slop I renounce,
 So I down with a glass of good right cherry-bounce.
 With—swearing, tearing—ranting, jaunting—slashing,
 smashing—smacking, cracking—rumbling, tumbling
 —laughing, quaffing—smoking, joking—swaggering
 staggering :
 So thoughtless, so knowing, so green and so mellow,
 This, this is the life of a frolicsome fellow."

UPON entering the house, and depositing their shilling each to view this newly discovered animal from the Apalachian mountains of America, and being supplied with immense long bills descriptive of his form and powers—" Come along (said Sparkle,) let us have a look at the most wonderful production of nature—only seventeen months old, five feet ten inches high, and one of the most fashionable fellows in the metropolis."

" It should seem so," said TALLYHO, " by the long list of friends and visitors that are detailed in the commencement of the bill of fare."

“ Perhaps,” said Tom, “ there are more *Bonasses* than one.”

“ Very likely (continued Sparkle ;) but let me tell you the allusion in this case does not apply for this animal has nothing of the donkey about him, and makes not noise, as you will infer from the following lines in the Bill :

“ As the Bonassus does not roar,
His fame is widely known,
For no dumb animal before
Has made such noise in town.”

At this moment the barking of a dog assailed their ears, and suspended the conversation. Passing onward to the den of the Bonassus, they found a dark-featured gentleman of middling stature, with his hair, whiskers, and ears, so be-whitened with powder as to form a complete contrast with his complexion and a black silk handkerchief which he wore round his neck, holding a large brown-coloured dog by the collar, in order to prevent annoyance to the visitors. “ D—n the dog, (exclaimed he) although he is the best tempered creature in the world, he don’t seem to like the appearance of the Bonassus”—and espying Sparkle, “ Ha, my dear fellow ! how are you ?—I have not seen you for a long while.”

“ Why, Sir D—n—ll, I am happy to say I never was better in my life—allow me to introduce you to my two friends, the Hon. Mr. DASHALL, and ROBERT TALLYHO—Sir D—n—ll Harlequin.”

The mutual accompaniments of such an introduction having passed among them, the Knight, who was upon the moment of departure as they entered, expressed his approbation of the animal he had been viewing, and, lugging his puppy by one hand, and his cudgel in the other, wished them a good morning.

“There is an eccentric man of Title,” continued Sparkle.

“I should judge,” said Bob, “there was a considerable portion of eccentricity about him, by his appearance. Is he a Baronet?”

“A Baronet; (replied Sparkle) no, no, he is no other than a *Quack Doctor*.^{*} But hush, here is

* Of all the subjects that afford opportunities for the satiric pen in the Metropolis, perhaps there is none more abundant or prolific than that of Quackery. Dr. Johnson observes, that “*cheats can seldom stand long against laughter*.” But if a judgment is really to be formed from existing facts, it may be supposed that times are so materially changed since the residence of that able writer in this sublunary sphere, that the reverse of the position may with greater propriety be asserted. For such is the prevailing practice of the present day, that, according to the opinion of thousands, there is nothing to be done without a vast deal more of profession and pretence than actual power, and he who is the best able to bear laughing at, is the most likely to realize the hopes he entertains of obtaining celebrity, and of having his labours crowned with success. Nothing can be more evident than this in the Medical profession, though there are successful Quacks of all kinds, and in all situations, to be found in London.

This may truly be called the age of Quackery, from the abundance of impostors of every kind that prey upon society; and

other company, and I will give you an account of him as we go along."

such as cannot or will, not think for themselves, ought to be guarded in a publication of this nature, against the fraudulent acts of those persons who make it their business and profit to deteriorate the health, morals, and amusements of the public. But, in the present instance, we are speaking of the Medical Quack only, than which perhaps there is none more remarkable.

The race of Bossys, Brodrums, Solomons, Perkins, Chamants, &c. is filled by others of equal notoriety, and no doubt of equal utility. The Cerfs, the Curries, the Lamerts, the Ruspiuis, the Coopers, and Munroes, are all equally entitled to public approbation, particularly if we may credit the letters from the various persons who authenticate the miraculous cures they have performed in the most inveterate, we had almost said, the most impossible, cases. If those persons are really in existence (and who can doubt it?) they certainly have occasion to be thankful for their escapes, and we congratulate them; for in our estimation Quack Doctors seem to consider the human frame merely as a subject for experiments, which if successful will secure the reputation of the practitioner. The acquisition of fame and fortune is, in the estimation of these philosophers, cheaply purchased by sacrificing the lives of a few of the *vulgar*, to whom they prescribe *gratis*; and the slavish obedience of some patients to the Doctor, is really astonishing. It is said that a convalescent at Bath wrote to his Physician in London, to know whether he might eat sauce with his pork; but we have not been able to discover whether he expected an answer gratis; that would perhaps have been an experiment not altogether grateful to the Doctor's feelings.

The practice of advertising and billing the town has become so common, that a man scarcely opens a coal-shed, or a potatoe-stall, without giving due notice of it in the newspapers, and distributing hand-bills: and frequently with great success. But our Doctors, who make no show of their commodities, have no mode of making themselves known without it. Hence the quantity of bills thrust into the hand of the passenger through the

They now attended the Keeper, who explained the age, height, weight, species, size, power, and

streets of London, which divulge the almost incredible performances of their publishers. • A high-sounding name, such as The Chevalier de Chamant, the Chevalier de Ruspini, or The Medical Board, well bored behind and before, are perhaps more necessary, with a few paper puffs—as “*palpable hits, my Lord,*” than either skill or practice, to obtain notice and secure fame.

The CHEVALIER DE CHAMANT, who was originally a box-maker, and a man of genius, considering box-making a plebeian occupation, was for deducing a logical position, not exactly perhaps by fair argument, but at all events through the teeth, and was determined, although he could not, like Dr. Pangloss, mend the *cacology* of his friends, at least to give them an opportunity for plenty of *jaw-work*. With this laudable object in view, he obtained a patent for making *artificial teeth* of *mineral paste*; and in his advertisements condescended not to prove their utility as substitutes for the real teeth, when decayed or wanting, (this was beneath his notice, and would have been a piece of mere *plebeian Quackery* unworthy of his great genius,) but absolutely assured the world that his *mineral teeth* were infinitely superior to any production of nature, both for mastication and beauty! How this was relished we know not; but he declared (and he certainly ought to know) that none but silly and timid persons would hesitate for one moment to have their teeth drawn, and substitute his minerals: and it is wonderful to relate, that although his charges were enormous, and the operation (as may be supposed) not the most pleasant, yet people could not resist the ingenious Chevalier's fascinating and *drawing* puffs; in consequence of which he soon became possessed of a large surplus of capital, with which he determined to speculate in the Funds.

For this purpose he employed old Tom Bism, the Stock-broker, to purchase stock for the amount; but owing to a sudden fluctuation in the market, a considerable depreciation took place between the time of purchase and that of payment; a cir-

propensities of the animal, and then departed on their road towards Temple Bar,—on passing

cumstance which made the Chevalier grin and show his teeth: Determining however, not to become a victim to the fangs of *Bulls and Bears*, but rather to dive like a duck, he declared the bargain was not legal, and that he would not be bound by it. Bish upon this occasion proved a hard-mouthed customer to the man of teeth, and was not a quiet subject to be drawn, but brought an action against the mineral monger, and recovered the debt. Tom's counsel, in stating the case, observed, that the Defendant would find the law could *bite sharper* and hold tighter than any teeth he could make; and so it turned out.

The CHEVALIER DE R—SP—NI is another character who has cut no small figure in this line, but has recently made his appearance in the Gazette, not exactly on so happy an occasion as such a circumstance would be to his brother chip, Dr. D—n—ll, now (we suppose) Sir Francis—though perhaps *equally* entitled to the honour of knighthood. The Chevailier has for some years looked Royalty in the face by residing opposite Carlton House, and taken every precaution to let the public know that such an important *public* character was there to be found, by displaying his name as conspicuously as possible on brass plates, &c. so that the visitors to Carlton House could hardly fail to notice him as the second greatest Character of that great neighbourhood. But what could induce so great a man to sport his figure in the Gazette, is as unaccountable as the means by which he obtained such happy celebrity. Had it occurred immediately *after* the war, it might have been concluded without much stretch of imagination, that the Chevalier, who prides himself on his intimacy with all the great men of the day, had, through the friendship of the Duke of Wellington, made a contract for the teeth and jaw-bones of all who fell at the battle of Waterloo and that by bringing to market so great a stock at one time, the article had fallen in value, and left the speculating Chevalier so great a loser as to cause his bankruptcy. Whether such is the real cause or not, it is difficult to ascertain what could induce the

through which, they were overtaken again by Sir Francis, in a gig drawn by a dun-coloured horse,

Chevalier to descend from his dealings with the *head* to dabble with lower commodities.

Among other modes of obtaining notoriety, usually resorted to by Empirics, the Chevalier used to *job* a very genteel carriage and pair, but his management was so excellent, that the expenses of his equipage were very trifling; for as it was not intended to *run*, but merely to stand at the door like a *barker* at a broker's shop, or a direction-post, he had the loan on very moderate terms, the job-master taking into account that the wind of the cattle was not likely to be injured, or the wheels rattled to pieces by velocity, or smashed by any violent concussion.

The Chevalier had a Son, who unfortunately was not endowed by nature with so much ambition or information as his father; for, frequently when the carriage has been standing at the door, he has been seen drinking *gin* most *cordially* with Coachee, without once thinking of the evils of example, or recollecting that he was one of the family. Papa used to be very angry on these occasions, because, as he said, it was letting people know that Coachee was only hired as a *job*, and not as a family domestic.

For the great benefit and advantage of the community, Medical Boards have recently been announced in various parts of the Metropolis, where, according to the assertions of the Principals, in their advertisements, every disease incident to human nature is treated by men of skilful practice; and among these truly useful establishments, those of Drs. Cooper, Munro, and Co. of Charlotte house, Blackfriars, and Woodstock-house, Oxford-road, are not the least conspicuous. Who these worthies are, it is perhaps difficult to ascertain. One thing however is certain, that Sir F——s C——e D——n——ll, M. D. is announced as Treasurer, therefore there can be no doubt but that all is fair above board, for

“ Brutus is an honourable man,

So are they all —all honourable men.”

And where so much skill derived from experience is exercised,

with his puppy between his legs, and a servant by his side, and immediately renewed the previous conversation.

it cannot be doubted but great and important benefits may result to a liberal and enlightened people. Of the establishment itself we are informed by a friend, that having occasion to call on the Treasurer, upon some business, the door was opened by a copper-coloured servant, at good-looking young Indian—not a *fuscus* Hydaspes, but a serving man of good appearance, who ushered him up stairs, and introduced him to the front room on the first floor, where all was quackery, bronze and brass, an electrical machine, images, pictures and diplomas framed and glazed, and a table covered with books and papers. In a short time, a person of very imposing appearance entered the room, with his hair profusely powdered, and his person, from his chin to his toes, enveloped in a sort of plaid roquettaure, who, apologizing for the absence of the Doctor, began to assure him of his being in the entire confidence of the Board, and in all probability would have proceeded to the operation of feeling the pulse in a very short time, had not the visitor discovered in the features of this disciple of Esculapius a person he had known in former times. 'Why, good God!' cried he, 'is that you?—What have you done with the Magic-lantern, and the Lecture on Heads?—am I right, or am I in fairy-land?' calling him by his name. It was in vain to hesitate, it was impossible to escape, the discovery was complete. It was plain however that the dealer in magical delusions had not altogether given up the art of legerdemain, which, perhaps, he finds the most profitable of the two.

Of the worthy Knight himself, (and perhaps the Coopers and Munros have been consumed by the electrical fluid of their own Board) much might be said. He is the inventor of a life-preserver, with which it may be fairly presumed he has effected valuable services to his country by the preservation of Royalty, as a proof of deserving the honour he has obtained. He is patriotic and independent, masonic and benevolent, a great admirer of fancy horses and fancy ladies, a curer of incurables.

“There he goes again,” said Sparkle, “and a rare fellow he is too.”

and has recently published one of the most extraordinary Memoirs that has ever been laid before the public, embellished with two portraits : which of the two is most interesting must be left to the discrimination of those who view them. It must however be acknowledged, that after reading the following extract, ingratitude is not yet eradicated from our nature, since, notwithstanding he has obtained the dignified appellation of Sir Francis, the Gazette says, that “in future no improper person shall be admitted to the honour of knighthood, in consequence of two surreptitious presentations lately”—the one an M. D. the other F.R. C. Surgeons, particularly if it were possible that this Gentleman may be one of the persons alluded to. For, what says the Memoir ?

“The utility of Sir Francis’s invention being thus fully established, and its ingenuity universally admired, it excited the interest of the first characters among the nobility, and an introduction to Court was repeatedly offered to Sir Francis on this account. After a previous communication with one of the Royal Family, and also with the Secretary of State, on the 14th June last, he had the honour of being presented to His Majesty, who, justly appreciating the merit of the discovery, was pleased to confer upon him the honour of knighthood.

“Thus it is pleasing, in the distribution of honours by the hand of the Sovereign, to mark where they are conferred on real merit. This is the true intention of their origin ; but it has been too often departed from, and they have been given where no other title existed than being the friend of those who had influence to gain the Royal ear. From the above statement, it will be seen this honour was conferred on Sir Francis by his Majesty for an invention, which has saved since its discovery the lives of many hundreds, and which may be considered as having given the original idea to the similar inventions that have been attempted since that time. Its utility and importance we have also seen acknowledged and rewarded by the two leading So

“I should think so,” said BOB; “he must have quacked to some good purpose, to obtain the honour of knighthood.”

cieties in this country, and perhaps in Europe, viz. the Royal Humane, and the Society of Arts. The Sovereign therefore was only recognizing merit which had been previously established; and the honour of knighthood, to the credit of the individual, was conferred by his Majesty in the most *liberal* and *handsome* manner without any other influence being used by Sir Francis than simply preferring the claim.”

Thus the subject of Knighthood is to be nursed; and as the Doctor and the Nurse are generally to be recognized together, no one can read this part of the Memoir without exclaiming—Well done, *Nussey*. But why not Gazetted, after this *liberal* and *handsome* manner of being rewarded? or why an allusion to two surreptitious presentations, the names of which two persons, so pointedly omitted, cannot well be misunderstood? This is but doing things by halves, though no such an observation can be applied to the proceedings of Charlotte-house, where Cooper, Munro, and Co. (being well explained) means two or three persons, viz. a black, a white man, and a mahogany-coloured Knight—a barber by trade, and a *skinner* by company—a dealer in mercurials—a *puff* by practice and an advertiser well versed in all the arts of his prototype—a practitioner in panygyric—the puff direct—the puff preliminary—the puff collateral—the puff conclusive—and the puff oblique, or puff by implication. Whether this will apply to Sir Charles Althis or not, is perhaps not so easy to ascertain; but as birds of a feather like to flock together, so these medical Knights in misfortune deserve to be noticed in the same column, although the one is said to be a Shaver, and the other a Quaker. It seems they have both been moved by the same spirit, and both follow (a good way off) the profession of medicine.

Among the various improvements of these improving times, for we are still improving, notwithstanding complaint, a learned little Devil, inflated with gas, has suggested a plan for the

“Not positively that,” continued Sparkle ;
 “for to obtain and to deserve are not synonymous,
 and, if report say true, there is not much honour
 attached to his obtaining it.

“ — In the modesty of fearful duty,
 I read as much as from the rattling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence :
 Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
 At least speak most to my capacity.”

And, according to my humble conception, he who talks much about himself, or pays others to talk or write about him, is generally most likely to be least deserving of public patronage ; for if a man possesses real and evident abilities in any line of profession, the public will not be long in making a discovery of its existence, and the bounty, as is most usually the case, would quickly follow upon the heels of approbation. But many a meritorious man in the Metropolis is pining away his miserable existence, too proud to beg, and too honest to steal, while others, with scarcely more brains than

establishment of a Medical Assurance office, where person and property might be insured at so much per annum; and the advantages to be derived from such an Institution would be, that instead of the insurance increasing with years, it would grow less and less. How many thousand grateful patients would it relieve annually ! but we fear it would be a daily source of sorrow to these knightly medicals, and would by them be considered a devilish hard case.

a sparrow, by persevering in a determination to leave no stone unturned to make themselves appear ridiculous, as a first step to popularity; and having once excited attention, even though it is merely to be laughed at by the thinking part of mankind, he finds it no great difficulty to draw the money out of their pockets while their eyes are riveted on a contemplation of his person or conduct. And there are not wanting instances of effrontery that have elevated men of little or no capacity to dignified situations. If report say true, the present Secretary of the Admiralty, who is admirable for his poetry also, was originally a hair-dresser, residing somewhere in Blackfriar's or Westminster-road; but then you must recollect he was a man who knew it was useless to lose a single opportunity; and probably such has been the case with Sir Daniel Harlequin, who, from keeping a small shop in Wapping, making a blaze upon the water about his Life-preserver, marrying a wife with a red face and a full pocket, retired to a small cottage at Mile End, and afterwards establishing a Medical Board, has got himself dubbed a Knight. 'To be sure he has had a deal of puffing and blowing work to get through in his progress, which probably accounts for his black looks, not a little increased by the quantity of powder he wears. But what have we here?" finding the bustle of the streets considerably increased after passing Temple Bar.

"Some political Bookseller or other, in all

probability," said TOM—"I'll step forward and see." And in passing through the numerous body of persons that crowded on every side, the whole party was separated. BOB, who had hung a little back while his two friends rushed forward, was lingering near the corner of the Temple: he was beckoned by a man across the way, to whom he immediately went.

"Do you happen to want a piece of fine India silk handkerchiefs, Sir? I have some in my pocket that I can recommend and sell cheap—for money must be had; but only keep it to yourself, because they are smuggled goods, of the best quality and richest pattern." During this opening speech, he was endeavouring to draw TALLYHO under the archway of Bell-yard, when Sparkle espying him, ran across to him, and taking him by the arm—"Come along (said he;) and if you don't take yourself off instantly, I'll put you in custody," shaking his stick at the other.

All this was like Hebrew to BOB, who, for his part, really conceived the poor fellow, as he termed him, might be in want of money, and compelled to dispose of his article for subsistence.

"Ha, ha, ha," cried Sparkle, "I see you know nothing about them: these are the locusts of the town." At this moment they were joined by the Hon. TOM DASHALL.

"Egad!" continued Sparkle, "I just saved your Cousin from being trepanned, and sent for a soldier."

TALLYHO appeared all amazement.

“What,” cried TOM, “in the wars of Venus then, I suppose? I know he has a fancy for astronomy, and probably he was desirous of taking a peep into Shire-lane, where he might easily find the Sun, Moon, and Seven Stars.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” replied Sparkle, “not exactly so; but I rescued him from the hands of a Buffer,*

* *Buffers* miscalled *Duffers*—Persons who adopt a species of swindling which is rather difficult of detection, though it is daily practised in London. The term *Buffer* takes its derivation from a custom which at one time prevailed of carrying Bandanas, sarsnets, French stockings, and silk of various kinds, next the shirts of the sellers; so that upon making a sale, they were obliged to undress in order to come at the goods, or in other words, to strip to the skin, or *buff* it; by which means they obtained the title of *Buffers*. This trade (if it may be so termed) is carried on in a genteel manner. The parties go about from house to house, and attend public-houses, inns, and fairs, pretending to sell smuggled goods, such as those already mentioned; and by offering their goods for sale, they are enabled by practice to discover the proper objects for their arts.

Buffers, or *Duffers*, who are not rogues in the strict sense of the word, only offer to sell their goods to the best advantage, and by this means evade the detection of the police, but are equally subversive or destructive of common honesty under a cloak or disguise; for if they can persuade any person that the article offered is actually better or cheaper than any other person's, they are doing no more than every tradesman does; but then as they pay no rent or taxes to the State, the principal objection to them lies in the mode of operation, and an overstrained recommendation of their goods, which are always, according to their account, of the most superior quality; and they have a peculiar facility of discovering the novice or the silly, to whom walking up with a serious countenance and interesting air they

who would doubtless have fleeced him in good style, if he could only have induced him to attend to his story

“The mob you see lected there,” said the Hon. TOM DASHALL, “is attracted by two circumstances—Money’s new Coronation Crop, just lunched—and a broken image of a Highlander, at the door of a snuff-shop; each of them truly important and interesting of course, the elevation of one man, and the destruction of another. The poor Scotchman seems dreadfully bruised, and I suppose is now under the Doctor’s hands, for he has two or three plasters on his face.”

“Yes,” continued Sparkle, “he has been out on a *sprees*,* had a bit of a *turn-up*, and been knock’d down.”

Upon hearing this conversation, TALLYHO could not help inquiring into the particulars.

“Why the facts are simply as follows,” continued Sparkle—“in London, as you perceive,

broach the pleasing intelligence, that they have on sale an excellent article well worth their attention, giving a caution at the same time, that honour and secrecy must be implicitly observed, or it may lead to unpleasantness to both parties. By these means persons from the country are frequently enticed into public-houses to look at their goods; and if they do not succeed in one way, they are almost sure in another, by having an accomplice, who will not fail to praise the articles for sale, and propose some gambling scheme, by which the party is plundered of his money by passing forged Bank-notes, base silver or copper, in the course of their dealings.

* *Sprees*—A bit of fun, or a frolicsome lark.

tradesmen are in the habit of exhibiting signs of the business or profession in which they are engaged. The Pawnbroker decorates his door with three gold balls—the Barber, in some places, (though it is a practice almost out of date) hangs out a long pole—the Gold-beater, an arm with a hammer in the act of striking—the Chemist, a head of Glauber, or Esculapius—the Tobacconist, a roll of tobacco, and of late it has become customary for these venders of pulverised atoms called snuff, to station a wooden figure of a Highlander, in the act of taking a pinch of Hardham's, or High-dried, as a sort of inviting introduction to their counters ; and a few nights back, a Scotchman, returning from his enjoyments at a neighbouring tavern, stopped to have a little friendly chat with this gentleman's Highlander, and by some means or other, I suppose, a quarrel ensued, upon which the animated young Scotchman took advantage of his countryman—*floored* him, broke both his arms, and otherwise did him considerable bodily injury, the effects of which are still visible ; and Johnny Bull, who is fond of a little *gape-seed*, is endeavouring to console him under his sufferings."

"Very kind of him, indeed," replied BOB.

"At any rate," said TOM, "the Tobacconist will have occasion to be grateful to the Highlander* for some portion of his popularity."

* It is matter of astonishment to some, but not less true, that many tradesmen in the Metropolis have to ascribe both fame

“Come,” said Sparkle, “we are now in one of the principal thoroughfares of the Metropolis,

and fortune to adventitious circumstances. It is said that Hardham, of Fleet Street, had to thank the celebrated Comedian, Foote, who, in one of his popular characters, introducing his snuff-box, offered a pinch to the person he was in conversation with on the stage, who spoke well of it, and inquired where he obtained it?—“Why, at Hardham’s, to be sure.” And to this apparently trifling circumstance, Hardham was indebted for his fortune.

The importance of a Highlander to a snuff-shop will appear by a perusal of the following fact:—

A very respectable young man, a Clerk in the office of an eminent Solicitor, was recently brought before Mr. Alderman Atkins, upon the charge of being disorderly. The prisoner, it seemed, on his return home from a social party, where he had been sacrificing rather too freely to the jolly god, was struck with the appearance of a showy wooden figure of a Highlander, at the door of Mr. Micklan’s snuff-shop, No. 12, Fleet Street. The young Attorney, who is himself a Scotchman, must needs claim acquaintance with his countryman. He chucked him familiarly under the chin, called him a very pretty fellow, and, in the vehemence of his affection, embraced him with so much violence, as to force him from his station. Mr. Micklan ran to the assistance of his servant, and in the scuffle the unfortunate Highlander had both his arms dislocated, the frill that adorned his neck damaged, besides other personal injuries, which his living countryman not being in the humour to atone for, Mr. Micklan gave him in charge to the watchman. Before the Magistrate in the morning, the young man appeared heartily sick of his folly, and perfectly willing to make every reparation, but complained of the excessive demand, which he stated to be no less than thirteen guineas. Mr. Micklan produced the remains of the unfortunate Highlander, who excited a compound fracture of both arms, with a mutilation of three or four fingers, and such other bodily wounds, as to render his perfect recovery, so as to resume his functions at Mr. Micklan’s door, altogether hopeless.

Fleet Street, of which you have already heard much, and is at all times thronged with multitudes of active and industrious persons, in pursuit of their various avocations, like a hive of bees, and keeping up, like them, a ceaseless hum. Nor is it less a scene of Real Life worth viewing, than the more refined haunts of the noble, the rich, and the great, many of whom leave their splendid habitations in

The Highlander, the complainant stated, cost him *thirteen guineas*, and was entirely new. The sum might seem large for the young gentleman to pay for such a frolic, but it would not compensate him for the injury he should sustain by the absence of the figure; for, however strange it might appear, he did not hesitate to say, that without it he should not have more than half his business. Since he had stationed it at his door, he had taken on an average thirty shillings a day more than he had done previous to exhibiting his attractions.

There being no proof of a breach of the peace, Mr. Alderman Atkins advised the gentleman to settle the matter upon the best terms he could. They withdrew together, and on their return the complainant reported that the gentleman had agreed to take the figure, and furnish him with a new one.

Mr. Alderman Atkins, in discharging the prisoner, recommended to him to get the figure repaired, and make a niche for him in his office, where, by using it as a proper memorial, it would probably save him more than it cost him.

The broken figure has since been exhibited in his old station, and excited considerable notice; but we apprehend he is not yet able to afford all the attractions of his occupation, for he has formerly been seen inviting his friends to a pinch of snuff gratis, by holding a box actually containing that recreating powder in his hand, in the most obliging and condescending manner, a mark of politeness and good breeding well worthy of respectful attention.

the West in the morning to attend the money-getting, commercial men of the City, and transact their business.—The dashing young spendthrift, to borrow at any interest; and the more prudent, to buy or to sell. The plodding tradesman, the ingenious mechanic, are exhausting their time in endeavours to realize property, perhaps to be left for the benefit of a Son, who as ardently sets about, after his Father's decease, to get rid of it—nay, perhaps, pants for an opportunity of doing this before he can take possession; for the young Citizen, having lived just long enough to conceive himself superior to his father, in violation of filial duty and natural authority, affects an aversion to every thing that is not novel, expensive, and singular. He is a lad of high spirit; he calls the city a poor dull prison, in which he cannot bear to be confined; and though he may not intend to mount his nag, stiffens his cravat, whistles a sonata, to which his whip applied to the boot forms an accompaniment; while his spurs wage war with the flounces of a fashionably-dressed *belle*, or come occasionally in painful contact with the full-stretched stockings of a gouty old gentleman; by all which he fancies he is keeping up the dignity and importance of his character. He does not slip the white kid glove from his hand without convincing the spectator that his hand is the whiter skin; nor twist his fingers for the introduction of a pinch of Maccaba, without displaying to the best advantage his beautifully chased ring and

elegantly painted snuff-box lid ; nor can the hour of the day be ascertained without discovering his engine-turned repeater, and hearing its fascinating music : then the fanciful chain, the precious stones in golden robes, and last of all, the family pride described in true heraldic taste and *naïveté*. Of Peter Pindar's opinion, that

“ Care to our coffin adds a nail,
But every grin so merry draws one out.”

He thinks it an admirable piece of politeness and true breeding to give correct specimens of the turkey or the goose in the serious scenes of a dramatic representation, or while witnessing her Ladyship's confusion in a crowd of carriages combating for precedence in order to obtain an early appearance at Court. Reading he considers quite a *bore*, but attends the reading-room, which he enters, not to know what is worth reading and add a little knowledge to his slender stock from the labours and experience of men of letters—no, but to quiz the cognoscenti, and throw the incense over its learned atmosphere from his strongly perfumed cambric handkerchief, which also implies what is most in use for the indulgence of one of the five senses. When he enters a coffee-room, it is not for the purpose of meeting an old friend, and to enjoy with him a little rational conversation over his viands, but to ask for every newspaper, and throw them aside without looking at them—to call the Waiter loudly by his name, and shew

authority—to contradict an unknown speaker who is in debate with others, and declare, upon the honour of a gentleman and the veracity of a scholar, that Pope never understood Greek, nor translated Homer with tolerable justice. He considers it a high privilege to meet a celebrated pugilist at an appointed place, to *floor* him for a *quid*,* *a fall*, and a high delight to talk of it afterwards for the edification of his friends—to pick up a Cyprian at mid-day—to stare modest women out of countenance—to bluster at a hackney-coachman—or to upset a waterman in the river, in order to gain the fame of a *Leander*, and prove himself a *Herø*.

“ He rejects all his father’s proposed arrangements for his domestic comforts and matrimonial alliance. He wanders in his own capricious fancy, like a fly in summer, over the fields of feminine beauty and loveliness; yet he declares there is so much versatility and instability about the fair sex, that they are unworthy his professions of regard; and, perhaps, in his whole composition, there is nothing deserving of serious notice but his good-nature. Thus you have a short sketch of a young Citizen.”

“ Upon my word, friend Sparkle, you are an admirable delineator of Society,” said DASHALL.

“ My drawings are made from nature,” continued Sparkle.

“ Aye, and very naturally executed too,” replied Tom,

* *Quid*—A guinea.

Having kept walking on towards St. Paul's, they were by this time near the end of Shoe Lane, at the corner of which sat an elderly woman with a basket of mackerel for sale; and as they approached they saw several persons rush from thence into the main street in evident alarm.

"Come up, d—n your eyes," said an ill-favoured fellow with an immense cudgel in his fist, driving an ass laden with brick-dust, with which he was belabouring him most unmercifully. The poor beast, with an endeavour to escape if possible the cudgelling which awaited him, made a sudden turn round the post, rubbing his side against it as he went along, and thereby relieving himself of his load, which he safely deposited, with a cloud of brick-dust that almost blinded the old woman and those who were near her, in the basket of fish. Neddy then made the best of his way towards Fleet-market, and an over-drove bullock, which had terrified many persons, issued almost at the same moment from Shoe Lane, and took the direction for Temple-bar. The whistling, the hooting, the hallooing, and the running of the drovers in pursuit—men, women, and children, scampering to get out of the way of the infuriated beast—the noise and rattling of carriages, the lamentations of the poor fish-sag, and the vociferations of the donkey-driver to recover his neddy—together with a combination of undistinguishable sounds from a variety of voices, crying their articles for sale, or announcing their several occupations—formed a

contrast of characters, situations, and circumstances, not easily to be described. Here, a poor half-starved and almost frightened-to-death brat of a Chimney-sweeper, in haste to escape, had run against a lady whose garments were as white as snow—there, a Barber had run against a Parson, and falling along with him, had dropped a pot of pomatum from his apron-pocket on the reverend gentleman's eye, and left a mark in perfect unison with the colour of his garments before the disaster, but which were now of a piebald nature, neither black nor white. A barrow of nuts, overturned in one place, afforded fine amusement for the scrambling boys and girls—a Jew old clothesman swore upon his conscience he had *losht* the *pest pargain* what he ever had offered to him in all his lifetime, by *dem tam'd bears* of bull-drivers—a Sailor called him a gallows *half-hting ould crimp*.*

* *Crimp*—Kidnappers, Trappers, or Procurers of men for the Merchant Service; and the East-India company contract with them for a supply of sailors to navigate their ships out and home. These are for the most part Jews, who have made advances to the sailors of money, clothes, victuals, and lodgings, generally to a very small amount, taking care to charge an enormous price for every article. The poor fellows, by these means, are placed under a sort of *espionage*, if not close confinement, till the ship is ready to receive them; and then they are conducted on board at Gravesend by the *Crimp* and his assistants, and a receipt taken for them.

In this process there is nothing very reprehensible—the men want births, and have no money—the *Crimp* keeps a lodging-house, and wishes to be certain of his man: he therefore takes

d——d his eyes if he was not glad of it, and, with a sling of his arm, deposited an enormous quid he had in his mouth directly in the chaps of the Israelite, then joined the throng in pursuit; while the Jew, endeavouring to call Stop thief, took more of the second-hand quid than agreed with the delicacy of his stomach, and commenced a vomit, ejaculating with woful lamentations, that he had lost his bag *mit* all his *propertish*.

The old mackarel-woman, seeing her fish covered with brick-dust, sat off in pursuit of the limping donkey-driver, and catching him by the

him into the house, and after a very small supply of cash, the grand *do*, is to persuade him to buy watches, buckles, hats, and jackets, to be paid for on his receiving his advance previous to sailing. By this means and the introduction of grog, the most barefaced and unblushing robberies have been committed.

With the same view of fleecing the unwary poor fellows, who

“ -- at sea earn their money like horses,
To squander it idly like asses on shore,”

They watch their arrival after the voyage, and advance small sums of money upon their tickets, or perhaps buy them out and out, getting rid at the same time of watches, jewellery, and such stuff, at more than treble their real value. Not only is this the case in London, but at all the out-ports it is practised to a very great extent, particularly in war time.

Happy would it be for poor Jack were this all; he is sometimes brought in indebted to the Crimp, to a large nominal amount, by what is called a long-shore attorney, or more appropriately, a black shark, and thrown into jail!!! There he lies until his body is wanted, and then the incarceration negotiates with him for his liberty, to be permitted to enter on board again

neck, swore he should pay her for the fish, and brought him back to the scene of action; but, in the mean time, the Street-keeper had seized and carried off the basket with all its contents—misfortune upon misfortune!

“D—n your ass, and you too,” said the Fish-woman, if you doesn’t pay me for my fish, I’ll *quod** you—that there’s all *vat* I *ar* got to say.”

“Here’s a bit of *b—dy gammon*—don’t you see as how I *am* lost both my ass and his cargo, and if you *von’t* leave me alone, and give me my *bags* again, I’ll sarve you out—there now, that’s all—bl—st me! fair play’s a jewel—let go my hair, and don’t kick up no rows about it—see *what* a mob you’re a making here—can’t you sell your mackarel ready sauced, and let me go *ater Neddy?*”

“What, you thinks you are a *flat-catching*,† do you, Limping Billy—but eh, who has run away with my basket of fish?”

“Ha, ha, ha,” cried Limping Billy, bursting into a horse-laugh at the additional distress of the old woman, in which he was joined by many of the surrounding spectators; and which so enraged her, that she let go her hold, and bursting through the crowd with an irresistible strength, increased

* *Quod*—A Jail—to quod a person is to send him to jail.

† *Flat-catching*—Is an expression of very common use, and seems almost to explain itself, being the act of taking advantage of any person who appears ignorant and unsuspecting.

almost to the fury of madness by her additional loss, she ran some paces distance in search of, not only her stock in trade, but her shop, shop-board, and working-tools; while the donkey-driver boisterously vociferated after her—"Here they are six a shilling, five mackarel O."

This taunt of the brick-dust merchant was too much to be borne, and brought her back again with a determination to chastise him, which she did in a summary way, by knocking him backwards into the kennel. Billy was not pleased at this unexpected salute, called her a drunken *b—*, and endeavoured to get out of her way—"for," said he, "I know she is a *b—dy rum customer* when she gets *lushy*."* At this moment, a sturdy youth, about sixteen or seventeen years of age, was seen at a short distance riding the runaway-ass back again. Billy perceiving this, became a little more reconciled to his rough usage—swore he never would strike a *voman*, so help him G—d, for that he was a man every inch of him; and as for Mother Mapps, he'd be d—nd if he *wouldn't* treat her with all the pleasure of life; and now he had got his own ass, he *would* go along with her for to find her mackarel. Then shaking a cloud of brick-dust from the dry parts of his apparel, with sundry portions of mud from those parts which had most easily reached the kennel, he took the bridle of his donkey, and bidding her come

• *Lushy*—Drunk.

along, they *toddled** together to a gin-shop in Shoe Lane.

Desirous of seeing an end to this bit of gig—
“Come along,” said Sparkle, “they’li ali be in *prime twig* presently, and we shall have some fun.

“I’m the boy for a bit of a bobbyery,
Nabbing a lantern, or milling a pane;
A jolly good lark is not murder or robbery,
Let us be ready and nimble.”

Hark, (said he) there’s a fiddle-scraper in the house—here goes;” and immediately they entered.

They had no occasion to repent of their movement; for in one corner of the tap-room sat Billy Waters, a well-known character about town, a Black Man with a wooden leg was fiddling to a Slaughterman from Fleet-market, in wooden shoes, who, deck’d with all the paraphernalia of his occupation, a greasy jacket and night-cap, an apron besmeared with mud, blood, and grease, nearly an inch thick, and a leathern girdle, from which was suspended a case to hold his knives, and his sleeves tuck’d up as if he had but just left the slaughter-house, was dancing in the centre to the infinite amusement of the company, which consisted of an old woman with periwinkles and crabs for sale in a basket—a porter with his knot upon the table—a dustman with his broad-flapped hat, and his bell

* *Toddle*—To toddle is to walk slowly, either from infirmity or choice—“Come, let us toddle,” is a very familiar phrase, signifying let us be going.

by his side—an Irish hodman—and two poor girls, who appeared to be greatly taken with the black fiddler, whose head was decorated with an oil-skinned cock'd hat, and a profusion of many coloured feathers : on the other side of the room sat a young man of shabby-genteel appearance, reading the newspaper with close attention, and puffing forth volumes of smoke. Limping Billy and Mother Mapps were immediately known, and room was made for their accommodation, while the fiddler's elbow and the slaughterman's wooden shoes were kept in motion.

*Max** was the order of the day, and the *sluicery*† in good request. Mother Mapps was made easy by being informed the Street-keeper had her valuables in charge, which Limping Billy promised he would redeem. “Bring us a noggin of *white*

* *Max*—A very common term for gin.

† *Sluicery*—A gin-shop or public-house : so denominated from the lower orders of society sluicing their throats as it were with gin, and probably derived from the old song entitled “The Christening of Little Joey,” formerly sung by Jemmy Dodd, of facetious memory.

“And when they had *sluiced* their *gobs*
 With striking to excel wit,
 The *lads* began to hang their *nobs*,^a
 And *tip* their *frows*^b the velvet.^c

^a *Nobs*—Heads.

^b *Frows*—Originally a Dutch word, meaning wives, or girls.

^c *Velvet*—The tongue.

tape,* and fill me a pipe," said he—"d—n my eyes, I knowed as how it *you'd* be all right enough; I never gets in no rows whatever without getting myself out again—come, *ould chap*,† *vet your vistle*, and tip it us rum—go it my kiddy, that are's just vat I likes,"

"Vat's the reason I an't to have a pipe?" said Mother Mapps.

"Lord bless your heart," said the Donkey-driver, "if I didn't forget you, never trust me—here, Landlord, a pipe for this here Lady."

"Which way did the bull run?" said the Irishman.

"Bl—st me if I know," replied Limping Billy, for I was a looking out for my own ass—let's have the Sprig of Shelalah, *ould Blackymoor*—come, tune up."

The old woman being supplied with a pipe, and the fiddler having resined his nerves with a glass of *blue ruin*‡ to it they went, some singing, some whistling, and others drumming with their hands upon the table; while Tom, Bob, and Sparkle, taking a seat at the other side of the room, ordered a glass of brandy and water each, and enjoyed the merriment of the scene before them, perhaps more

* *White Tape*—Also a common term for gin, particularly among the Ladies.

† *Ould Chap*, or *Ould Boy*—Familiar terms of address among flash lads, being a sort of contraction of old acquaintance or old friend.

‡ *Blue Rum*—Gin.

than those actually engaged in it. BOB was alive to every movement and every character, for it was new, and truly interesting : and kept growing more so, for in a few minutes Limping Billy and Mother Mapps joined the Slaughterman in the dance, when nothing could be more grotesque and amusing. Their pipes in their mouths—clapping of hands and snapping of fingers, formed a curious accompaniment to the squeaking of the fiddle—the broad grin of the Dustman, and the preposterous laugh of the Irishman at the reelers in the centre, heightened the picture—more gin—more music, and more tobacco, soon had a visible effect upon the party, and *reeling* became unavoidable. The young man reading the paper, found it impossible to understand what he was perusing, and having finished his pipe and his pint, made his exit, appearing to have no relish for the entertainment, and perhaps heartily cursing both the cause and the effect. Still, however, the party was not reduced in number, for as one went out another came in.

This new customer was a young-looking man, bearing a large board on a high pole, announcing the residence of a Bug-destroyer in the Strand. His appearance was grotesque in the extreme, and could only be equalled by the eccentricities of his manners and conversation. He was dressed in a brown coat, close buttoned, over which he had a red camlet or stuff surtout, apparently the off-

cast of some theatrical performer, but with a determination to appear fashionable; for

“Folks might as well be dead—nay buried too,
As not to dress and act as others do.”

He wore mustachios, a pair of green spectacles, and his whole figure was surmounted with a fur-cap. Taking a seat directly opposite our party at the same table—“Bring me a pint,” said he; and then deliberately searching his pockets, he produced a short pipe and some tobacco, with which he filled it—“You see,” said he, “I am obliged to smoke according to the Doctor’s orders, for an asthma—so I always smokes three pipes a day, that’s my allowance; but I can eat more than any man in the room, and can dance, sing, and act—nothing comes amiss to me, all the players takes their characters from me.”

After this introduction—“You are a clever fellow, I’ll be bound for it,” said DASHALL.

“O yes, I acts Richard the Third sometimes—sometimes Macbeth and Tom Thumb. I have played before Mr. Kean: then I acted Richard the Third—‘Give me a horse!’—(starting into the middle of the room)—‘no, stop, not so—let me see, let me see, how is it?—ah, this is the way—Give me a horse—Oh! Oh! Oh!—then you know I dies.’—And down he fell on the floor, which created a general roar of laughter; while Billy Waters struck up, “See the conquering Hero comes!” to the inexpressible delight of all around him,—their feet and hands all going at the same time.

Mother Mapps dropp'd her pipe, and d—d the weed, it made her sick, she said.

Limping Billy was also evidently in *queer-street*.

"Come," said Sparkle, "won't you have a drop more?"

"Thank ye, Sir," was the reply; and Sparkle, intent upon having his *gig* out, ordered a fresh supply, which soon revived the fallen hero of Bosworth-field, and Richard was himself again.

"Now," said he, "I'll sing you a song," and immediately commenced as follows:—

My name's Hookey Walker, I'm known very well,
In acting and eating I others excel;
The player-folks all take their patterns from me,
And a nice pattern too!—Don't you see? don't you see?

Oh! [*glancing at his fingers*] It will do—it will do.

At Chippenham born, I was left quite forlorn,
When my father was dead and my mother was gone;
So I came up to London, a nice little he,
And a nice pattern too!—Don't you see? don't you see?

Oh! it will do—it will do.

A courting I went to a girl in our court,
She laugh'd at my figure, and made me her sport;
I was cut to the soul,—so said I on my knee,
I'm a victim of love!—Don't you see? don't you see?

Oh! it won't do—it won't do.

Now all day I march to and fro in the street,
And a candle sometimes on my journey I eat;
So I'll set you a pattern, if you'll but agree,
And a nice pattern too! you shall see—you shall see.

Oh! it will do—it will do."

This Song, which he declared was all *made out of his own head*, was sung with grotesque action and

ridiculous grimace, intended no doubt in imitation of Mr. Wilkinson in his inimitable performance of this strange piece of whimsicality.. The dancing party was knock'd up and were *lobbing* their *lollys*,* half asleep and half awake, on the table, bowing as it were to the magnanimous influence of *Old Tom*.† The Dustman and the Irishman laugh'd heartily; and DASHALL, TALLYHO, and Sparkle, could not resist the impulse to risibility when they contemplated the group before them. The Bug-destroyer *munched*‡ a *coddle* and *sluiced*§ his greasy *chops*|| with *Jacky*¶ almost as fast as they could supply him with it, when Sparkle perceiving the boy was still at the door with the runaway ass,

“Come,” said he, “we'll start 'em off home in high style—here, you *Mr. Bugman*, can you ride?”

“Ride, aye to be sure I can, any of Mr. Astley's horses as well as the *Champion of England*,”** was the reply. .

* *Lobbing their lollys*—Laying their heads.

† *Old Tom*—It is customary in public-houses and gin-shops in London and its vicinity to exhibit a cask inscribed with large letters—OLD TOM, intended to indicate the best gin in the house.

‡ *Munched*—Eat.

§ *Sluiced*—Washed. See *Sluicery*.

|| *Chops*—The mouth.

¶ *Jacky*—A vulgar term for gin.

** Any person would almost suspect that Hookey had been reading the newspapers by this allusion; but that certainly

"Come, then," continued Sparkle, "another glass—half-a-crown to ride to the bottom of the lane and up Holborn-hill on that *donkey* at the door, and you shall be our Champion."

"A bargain—a bargain," said the assumed Hookey Walker, rubbing the tallow from his *gills*.*

could not be the case, for, spurning all education in early life, this representative of the immortal bard—this character of characters from Shakespeare, could neither read nor write, but made all he acted, as he said, from his own head: however, it may fairly be presumed, that in the course of his travels during the day he had heard something of the Champion intended to appear at the approaching Coronation, of whom the following account has recently been circulated through the daily press, and, with his usual consistency, conceived his own innate abilities equal to those which might be acquired by Mr. Dymocke, though his *claims* were not equally honourable or advantageous.

Mr. Dymocke, the nephew of the gentleman (who is a Clergyman) entitled by hereditary right to do the service of the Champion to his Majesty, is still in hopes he may be permitted to act under his Uncle's nomination, although he wants a few months of being of age. A petition is before the King on the subject; and Mr. Dymocke, by constant practice at Astley's Riding-school, is endeavouring to qualify himself for the due fulfilment of the office. On Thursday he went through his exercise in a heavy suit of armour with great celerity. The horse which will be rode by the Champion has been selected from Mr. Astley's troop. It is a fine animal, pieballed black and white, and is regularly exercised in the part he will have to perform.

Walk in—walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen, just going to begin—come, Mr. Merryman, all ready—Ladies and Gentlemen, please to observe, this *here* horse is not that *there* horse:

"So we laugh at John Bull a little."

* *Gills*—The mouth.

“ Here goes then,” said Sparkle; then slipping half-a-crown into the boy’s hand, desiring him to run as far as the Traveller-office, in Fleet-street, and get him a newspaper, promising to take care of his ass till his return. The lad nibbled the bait, and was off in a pig’s whisper.* Sparkle called to TOM and BOB, and putting them up to his scheme, Hookey was quickly mounted, while DASHALL and his Cousin, assisted by the Hibernian and Dust-ho, succeeded in getting Mother Mapps out, who was placed in the front of the *Champion*, astride, with her face towards him and Limping T’y, who though *beat to a stand still*,† was after some difficulty lifted up behind. Hookey was then supplied with his board, the pole of which he placed on his foot, in the manner of a spear or lance. Then giving the Irishman and the Dustman some silver, to act as Supporters or Esquires, one on each side, they proceeded along Shoe-lane, preceded by Billy Waters flourishing his wooden-leg and feathers, and fiddling as he went—the Irishman roaring out with Stentorian lungs,

“ Sure won’t you hear
What roaring cheer
Was spread at Paddy’s wedding O,

* *Pig’s Whisper*—A very common term for speed.

† *Beat to a dead stand still*—Means completely unable to assist himself.

And how so gay
 They spent the day,
 From the churching to the bedding O.
 First, book in hand came Father Quipes,
 With the Bride's dadda, the Bailey O,
 While all the way to church the pipes
 Struck up a jilt so gaily O.

“*Kim ap*—be after sitting fast in the front there, old Mapps, or you'll make a mud-lard of yourself.” The Dustman rang his bell; and thus accompanied with an immense assemblage of boys, girls, men, women, and children, collected from all the courts and alleys in the neighbourhood, joining in a chorus of shouts that rent the air, poor *Balaam* continued to bear his load; while our party, after watching them till nearly out of sight, passed down Harp-alley into Fleet-market, and turning to the right, very soon regained Fleet-Street, laughing heartily at the bull's cookery of mackarel buttered with brick-dust, and very well satisfied with their spree.

Engaged in conversation upon this adventure, they found nothing of interest or amusement to attract their notice till they arrived at the warehouse of the London Genuine Tea Company, except merely remarking the grand appearance of St. Paul's, from that situation.

“*Genuine tea*,” said Bob; “what can that mean—Is tea any thing but tea?”

“To be sure it is,” said Sparkle, “or has beer

any thing but tea,"* strongly marking the latter part of the sentence as he spoke it: "horse-beans have been converted to coffee, and sloe-leaves have been transformed into tea; hog's lard has

* *Tea and Coffee*—The adulteration of articles of human food is a practice of the most nefarious description, and cannot be too strongly deprecated, although it has been carried to an alarming extent. There is scarcely an article of ordinary consumption but has been unlawfully adulterated, and in many cases rendered injurious by the infamous and fraudulent practice of interested persons. Bread, which is considered to be the staff of life, and beer and ale the universal beverage of the people of this country, are known to be frequently mixed with drugs of the most pernicious quality. Gin, that favourite and heart-inspiring cordial of the lower orders of society, that it may have the *grip*, or the appearance of being particularly strong, is frequently adulterated with the decoction of long pepper, or a small quantity of aquafortis, a deadly poison. Sugar has been known to be mixed with sand; and tobacco, for the public-houses, undergoes a process for making it strong and intoxicating; but the recent discovery of the nefarious practice of adulterating tea and coffee, articles of the most universal and extensive consumption, deserves particular reprehension.

Tea has been adulterated by the introduction of dried sloe leaves; the practice is not very new, but its extensive adoption, and the deleterious properties ascribed to them by physicians, have been, at length, successfully exposed by the conviction of many of the venders, so, it is hoped, as to prevent a repetition of the crime. The sloe leaf, though a spurious commodity when sold as tea, might afford a harmless vegetable infusion, and be recommended to the poor and frugal, as a cheap succedaneum for the Chinese vegetable. The establishment of the Genuine Tea Company on Ludgate-hill originated in the recent discoveries, promising to see nothing but the Unadulterated Tea, and it is sincerely to be hoped has done some good.

been manufactured for butter; an ingenious gentleman wishes to persuade us *Periwinkles** are young *Lobsters*; and another has proposed to extract sugar, and some say brandy, out of peashells! London is the mart for inventions and discoveries of all kinds, and every one of its inhabitants appears to have studied something of the art of Legerdemain, to catch the eye and deceive the senses."

* Sparkle appears to have been rather sceptical on the subject of *Periwinkles* being young *Lobsters*, though the opinion is not very new. A gentleman, whose indefatigable research appears to be deserving of encouragement and support, has recently issued the following advertisement, inviting the curious and the learned to inspect the result of his discoveries, which seems, at least, to warrant something more than conjecture.

"J. Cleghorne having in his possession some specimens which prove, in his opinion, a circumstance before suggested, but treated by the scientific as a vulgar error, any known naturalist willing to view them, by noticing by letter, within a week, may have J. C. attend with his specimens. The subject is a curious change in the formation of *Lobsters* from various species of the *Winkle*, the *Winkle* being considered the larvæ."

The only advantage J. C. desires from the communication is, the credit of advancing his proofs, and the stimulating further enquiry.—A line addressed to J. Cleghorne, Architectural Engraver, No. 19, Capman-street, Black-road, Islington, will have immediate attention."

It is sincerely to be hoped that proper notice will be taken of this advertisement, for in times of general scarcity like the present, such a discovery might be turned to great national advantage, by the establishment of proper *depots* for the cultivation of *lobsters*, as we have *preserves* for game, &c.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Bob.

"Not more wonderful than true," continued Sparkle; "invention is always on the stretch in London. Here we have cast-iron Bridges*—a cast-iron Sugar-house—coachès running, and barges, packets; and sailing-boats navigated, by Steam.†—St. Paul's, as you perceive, without its

* Cast-iron has become an object of general utility. The Southwark or New London Bridge consists of three arches, the centre of which is a span of 240 feet, and the other two 210 feet each; the Vauxhall Bridge consists of nine arches, over a width of 809 feet; and it is a fact, that a Sugar-house is building with cast-iron floors, window-frames, and rafters, to prevent fire. Cast-iron holds fire and resists fire; but it is probable that all its properties and powers are not yet discovered, and that we may some day or other witness the ascension of a cast-iron balloon inflated with steam!

† *Steam*—Here is a subject that evaporates as we approach; it soars beyond finite comprehension, and appears to be inexhaustible—every thing is done by it—machinery of every kind is set in motion, by it—a newspaper of the most extensive circulation in the kingdom is printed by it, and the paper supplied sheet by sheet to receive the impression. Tobacco is manufactured, and sausage-meat cut, by steam—nay, a celebrated Vender of the latter article had asserted, that his machinery was in such a state of progressive improvement, that he had little doubt before long of making it supply the demands of his customers, and thereby save the expense of a Shopman; but, it is much to be regretted, his apparatus made sausage-meat of him before the accomplishment of his project.

Considering the increasing, and by some Philosophers, almost overwhelming population of the country at the present moment, it is certainly an alarming circumstance, that when employment is so much required, mechanical science should so completely supersede it to the injury of thousands, independent of the many who have lost their lives by the blowing up of steam-engines.

balt—smoke burning itself, and money men's consciences."

"Well done, Sparkle!" cried Tom; "your ideas seem to flow like *gas*, touch but the valve, and off you go; and you are equally diffusive, for you throw a light upon all subjects."

ROB was now suddenly attracted by a full view of himself and his friends at the further end of Everington's* shop, and without observing the other

It is a malady however which must be left to our political economists, who will doubtless at the same time determine which would prove the most effectual remedy—the recommendation of Mr. Malthus, to condemn the lower orders to celibacy--the Jack Tars to a good war—of the ministers to emigration.

* If an estimate of the wealth or poverty of the nation were to be formed from the appearance of the houses in the Metropolis, no one could be induced to believe that the latter had any existence among us. The splendour and taste of our streets is indescribable, and the vast improvements in the West are equally indicative of the former.

The enormous increase of rents for Shops, particularly in the leading thoroughfares of London, may in a great measure be attributed to the Linen-drapers. The usual method practised by some of these gentry, is to take a shop in the first-rate situation, pull down the old front, and erect a new one, regardless of expense, a good outside being considered the first and indispensable requisite. This is often effected, either upon credit with a builder, or, if they have a capital of a few hundreds, it is all exhausted in external decorations. Goods are obtained upon credit, and customers procured by puffing advertisements, and exciting astonishment at the splendid appearance of the front. Thus the concern is generally carried on till the credit obtained has expired, and the wonder and novelty of the concern has evaporated; when the stock is sold off at 30 per cent. under prime cost for the benefit of the creditors! This is so common an occurrence,

persons about him, saw himself surrounded with spectators, unconscious of being in their company.

that it is scarcely possible to walk through London any day in the year, without being attracted by numerous Linen-draper's shops, whose windows are decorated with bills, indicating that they are actually selling off under prime cost, as the premises must be cleared in a few days.

The most elegant Shop of this description in the Metropolis is supposed to be one not a hundred miles from Ludgate-hill, the front and fitting up of which alone is said to have cost several thousand pounds. The interior is nearly all of looking-glass, with gilt mouldings; even the ceiling is looking-glass, from which is appended splendid cut-glass chandeliers, which when lighted give to the whole the brilliancy of enchantment; however it is not very easy to form an idea of what is sold, for, with the exception of a shawl or two carelessly thrown into the window, there is nothing to be seen, (the stock being all concealed in drawers, cupboards, &c.) except the decorations and the Dandy Shopmen, who parade up and down in a state of ecstasy at the reflection of their own pretty persons from every part of the premises!

This concealment of the stock has occasioned some laughable occurrences. It is said that a gentleman from the country accidentally passing, took it for a looking-glass manufactory, and went in to inquire the price of a glass. The Shopmen gathered round him with evident surprise, assured him of his mistake, and directed him to go to Blades, a lower down the Hill. The Countryman was not disconcerted, but, after surveying them somewhat minutely, informed them it was glass he wanted, not cutlery; but as for blades, he thought there were enough there for one street, at least.

Another is said to have been so pleased with a row of grotesque Indian-China jars, which embellish one side of the entrance, and which he mistook for *pots de chambre*, that after returning home and consulting his wife, he sent an order per post for one of the most elegant pattern to be forwarded to him?

He look'd up—he look'd down—he gazed around him, and all was inconceivable light. Tom's allusion to the *gas* flashed upon him in a moment—“What—what is this?” said he—“where, in the name of wonder, am I?” A flash of lightning could not have operated more suddenly upon him.

“Why,” said Sparkle, “don't you see?”

“You are not here, for you are there,”

pointing to his reflection in the looking-glass.

“Egad,” said Bob, under evident surprise, and perhaps not without some apprehension they were playing tricks with him—“I wish you would explain—is this a Drawing-room, or is it the *Phantasmagoria* we have heard so much of in the country?”

“No, no, it is not the *Phantasmagoria*. but it forms a part of *metropolitan magic*, which you shall be better acquainted with before we part. That is no other than a Linen-draper's shop,

There is a similiar Shop to this, though on a smaller scale, to be seen in a great leading thoroughfare at the West end of the Town; the owner of which, from his swarthy complexion and extravagant mode of dress, has been denominated *The Black Prince*, a name by which he is well known in his own neighbourhood, and among the gentlemen of the *cloth*. This dandy gentleman, who affects the dress and air of a military officer, has the egregious vanity to boast that the numerous families of rank and fashion who frequent his shop, are principally attracted to view his elegant person, and seems to consider that upon this principally depends the success of his trade.

papered,' as an Irishman one day remarked, 'wid nothing at all at all but looking-glass, my dear'—one of the most superb things of the kind that perhaps ever was seen—But come, I perceive it is getting late, let us proceed directly to Dolly's, take our chop; then a *rattler*,* and hey for the SPELL."†

BOB appeared almost to be *spell-bound* at the moment, and, as they moved onward, could not help casting

"One *longing*, lingering look behind."

* *Rattler*—A coach.

† *See?*—The Play-house; so denominated from its variety of attractions, both before and behind the curtain.

CHAP. XII.

"What various swains our motley walls contain!
 Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick-lane,
 Bankers from Paper-buildings here resort,
 Bankrupts from Golden-square, and Riches-court;
 From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
 Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water-lane;
 The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,
 The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;
 Boys, who long linger at the gallery-door,
 With pence twice five, they want but twopence more,
 Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
 And sends them jumping up the gallery-stairs.
 Critics we boast, who ne'er their malice baulk,
 But talk their minds—we wish they'd mind their talk,
 Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live,
 Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
 Jews from *St Mary-Axe*, for jobs so wary,
 That for old clothes they'd even *axe St. Mary*;
 And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
 Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait.
 Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongues?
 Who's that calls "*Silence*" with such leathern lungs?
 He, who, in quest of quiet, "*Silence*" hoots,
 Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes."

IN a few minutes they entered Dolly's, from whence, after partaking of a cheerful repast and an exhilarating glass of wine, a coach conveyed them to Drury-lane.

"Now," said the Hon. TOM DASHALL, "I shall introduce you to a new scene in REAL LIFE, well worth your close observation. We have already

taken a promiscuous ramble from the West towards the East, and it has afforded some amusement; but our stock is abundant, and many objects of curiosity are still in view."

"Yes, yes," continued Sparkle, "every day produces novelty; for although London itself is always the same, the inhabitants assume various forms, as inclination or necessity may induce or compel. The Charioteer of to-day, dashing along with four in hand, may be an inhabitant of the King's-bench to-morrow, and—but here we are, and Marino Faliero is the order of the night. The character of its author is so well known, as to require no observation; but you will be introduced to a great variety of other characters, both in High and Low Life, of an interesting nature."

By this time they had alighted, and were entering the House. The rapid succession of carriages arriving with the company, the splendour of the equipages, the general elegance of the dresses, and the blazing of the lamps, alternately became objects of attraction to BOB, whose eyes were kept in constant motion—while "A Bill of the Play for Covent Garden or Drury Lane," still resounded in their ears.

On arriving at the Box-lobby, TOM, who was well known, was immediately shown into the centre box with great politeness by the Box-keeper,* the second scene of the Tragedy being

* The Box-keeper to a public Theatre has many duties to perform to the public, his employer, and himself; but, perhaps,

just over. The appearance of the House was a delicious treat to BOB, whose visual orbs wandered more among the delighted and delightful faces which surrounded him, than to the plot or the progress of the performances before him. It was a scene of splendour of which he had not the least conception ; and Sparkle perceiving the principal objects of attraction, could not resist the impulse to deliver, in a sort of half-whisper, the following lines :—

“ When Woman’s soft smile all our senses bewilders,
And gilds while it carves her dear form on the heart,
What need has new Drury of carvers and gilders !
With nature so bounteous, why call upon art ?

How well would our Actors attend to their duties,
Our House save in oil, and our Authors in wit,
In lieu of yon lamps, if a row of young Beauties
Glanc’d light from their eyes between us and the Pit,

The apples that grew on the fruit-tree of knowledge
By woman were pluck’d, and she still wears the prize,
To tempt us in Theatre, Senate, or College—
I mean the Love-apples that bloom in the eyes.

in order to be strictly correct, we ought to have reversed the order in which we have noticed them, since of the three, the latter appears to be the most important, (at least) in his consideration ; for he takes care before the commencement of the performance to place one of his automaton figures on the second row of every box, which commands a good view of the House, who are merely intended to sit with their hats off, and to signify that the two first seats are taken, till the conclusion of the second act ; and so in point of fact they are taken by himself, for the accommodation of such friends as he is quite aware are willing to accommodate him with a *quid pro quo*.

There too is the lash which, all statutes controlling,
 Still governs the slaves that are made by the Fair,
 For Man is the pupil who, while her eye's rolling,
 Is lifted to rapture, or sunk in despair."

TALLYHO eagerly listened to his friend's recitation of lines so consonant with his own enraptured feelings; while his Cousin DASHALL was holding a conversation in dumb-show with some person at a distance, who was presently recognized by Sparkle to be Mrs. G—den,* a well-known frequenter of the House

"Come," said he, "I see how it is with TOM—you may rely upon it he will not stop long where he is, there is 'other game in view—he has but little taste for Tragedy, fiction, the Realities of Life are the objects of his regard.

"'Tis a fine Tragedy," continued he, addressing himself to TOM.

"Yes—yes," replied the other, "I dare say it is, but, upon my soul, I know nothing about it—that is—I have seen it before, and I mean to read it."

"Bless my heart!" said a fat lady in a back seat, "what a noise them 'are gentlemen *docs* make—they talk so loud there 'ant no such thing as seeing what is said—I wonder they don't make these here boxes more *bigger*, for I declare I'm so

* Mrs. G—den, a dashing Cyprian of the first order, well known in the House, a fine, well-made woman, always ready for a *lark*, and generally well *togged*.

scrouged I'm all in a—Fanny, did you bring the *rumperella* for fear it should rain as we goes home?"

"Hush, Mother," said a plump-faced little girl, who sat along side of her—"don't talk so loud, or otherwise every body will hear you instead of the Performers, and that would be quite preposterous."

"Don't call me *posterous*, Miss; because you have been to school, and learnt some *edification*, you thinks you are to do as you please with me."

This interesting conversation was interrupted by loud vociferations of Bravo, Bravo, from all parts of the House, as the drop-scene fell upon the conclusion of the second act. The clapping of hands, the whistling and noise that ensued for a few minutes, appeared to astonish TALLYHO.

"I don't much like my seat," said DASHALL.

"No," said Sparkle, "I did not much expect you would remain long—you are a mighty ambitious sort of fellow, and I perceive you have a desire to be exalted."

"I confess the situation is too confined," replied Tom—"come, it is excessively warm here, let us take a turn and catch a little air."

The House was crowded in every part; for the announcement of a new Tragedy from the pen of Lord Byron, particularly under circumstances of its introduction to the Stage* against the expressed

* At an early hour on the evening this Tragedy was first produced at Drury Lane, Hand-bills were plentifully distributed through the Theatre, of which the following is a copy :

inclination of its Author, the will of its publisher, and the injunction * of the Lord Chancellor, were

“ The public are respectfully informed, that the representation of Lord Byron's Tragedy, *The Doge of Venice*, this evening, takes place in defiance of the injunction from the Lord Chancellor, which was not applied for until the remonstrance of the Publisher, at the earnest desire of the noble Author, had failed in protecting that Drama from its intrusion on the Stage, for which it was never intended.”

This announcement had the effect of exciting public expectation beyond its usual pitch upon such occasions. The circumstances were somewhat new in the history of the Drama : the question being, whether a published Play could be legally brought on the Stage without the consent, or rather we should say, in defiance of the Author. We are not aware whether this question has been absolutely decided, but this we do know, that the Piece was performed several nights, and underwent all the puffing of the adventurous Manager, as well as all the severity of the Critics. The newspapers of the day were filled with histories and observations upon it. No subject engrossed the conversation of the polite and play-going part of the community but Lord Byron, the *Doge of Venice*, and Mr. Elliston. They were all bepraised and beplastered—exalted and debased—acquitted and condemned ; but it was generally allowed on all hands, that the printed Tragedy contained many striking beauties, notwithstanding its alleged resemblance to *Venice Preserved*. We are, however, speaking of the acted Tragedy, and the magnanimous Manager, who with such promptitude produced it in an altered shape ; and having already alluded to the theatrical puffing so constantly resorted to upon all occasions, we shall drop the curtain upon the subject, after merely remarking, that the Times of the same day, has been known to contain the Manager's puff, declaring the piece to have been received with rapturous applause, in direct opposition to the Editor's critique, which as unequivocally pronounced its complete failure?

* *Injunction*—The word injunction implies a great deal, and has in its sound so much of the terrific, as in many instances

attractions of no ordinary nature ; and the Hon. Tom availed himself of the circumstance to

to paralyze extortion on the part of the supposed offending person or persons. It has been made the instrument of artful, designing, and malicious persons, aiding by pettifogging or pretended attorneys, to obtain money for themselves and clients by way of compromise ; and in numerous instances it is well known that fear has been construed into actual guilt. Injunctions are become so common, that even penny printsellers have lately issued threats, and promised actual proceedings, against the venders of articles said to be copies from their original drawings, and even carried it so far as to withhold (kind souls !) the execution of their promises, upon the payment of a 5*l.* from those who were easily to be duped, having no inclination to encounter *the glorious uncertainty of the law*, or no time to spare for litigation. We have recently been furnished with a curious case which occurred in Utopia, where it appears by our informant, that the laws hold great similarity with our own. A certain house of considerable respectability had imported a large quantity of Welsh cheese, which were packed in wooden boxes, and offered them for sale (a great rarity in Eutopia) as double Gloucester.

It is said that two of a trade seldom agree ; how far the adage may apply to Eutopia, will be seen in the sequel. A tradesman, residing in the next street, a short time after, received an importation from Gloucester, of the favourite double production of that place, packed in a similar way, and (as was very natural for a tradesman to do, at least we know it is so here,) the latter immediately began to vend his cheese as the *real* Double Gloucester. This was an offence beyond bearing. The High Court of Equity was moved, similar we suppose to our High Court of Chancery, to suppress the sale of the latter ; but as no proof of deception could be produced, it was not granted. This only increased the flame already excited in the breasts of the first importers ; every effort was made use of to find a good and sufficient excuse to petition the Court again, and at length they found out one of the craft to swear, that as the real Gloucester

leave the box, though the truth was, there were other attractions of a more enlivening cast, in his view.

“Come,” said he, “we shall have a better opportunity of seeing the House, and its decorations, by getting nearer to the curtain; besides, we shall have a bird’s eye view of the company in all quarters, from the seat of the Gods to the Pit.”

The influx of company, (it being the time of half-price), and the rush and confusion which took place in all parts at this moment, were indiscriba-

had been imported in boxes of a similar shape, make, and wood, it was quite evident that the possessor must have bought similar cheeses, and was imposing on the public to their great disadvantage, notwithstanding they could not find a similarity either of taste, smell, or appearance. In the mean time the real Gloucester cheese became a general favourite with the inhabitants of Utopia, and upon this, though slender ground, the innocent tradesman was served with a process, enjoining him not to do that, which, poor man, he never intended to do; and besides if he had, the people of that country were not such ignoramuses as to be so deceived; it was merely to restrain him from selling his own real double Gloucester as their Welsh cheese, purporting, as they did, to be double Gloucester, or of mixing them together (than which nothing could be further from his thought,) and charging him at the same time with having sold his cheeses under their name. But the most curious part of the business was, the real cheeseman brought the investigation before the Court, cheeses in boxes were produced, and evidence was brought forward, when, as the charges alleged could not be substantiated, the restraint was removed, and the three importers of Welsh cheese hung their heads, and retired in dudgeon.

ble. Jumping over boxes and obtaining seats by any means, regardless of politeness or even of decorum—Bucks and Bloods warm from the pleasures of the bottle—dashing Belles and flaming Beaux, squabbling and almost fighting—rendered the amusements before the curtain of a momentary interest, which appeared to obliterate the recollection of what they had previously witnessed. In the mean time, the *Gods* in the Gallery issued forth an abundant variety of discordant sounds, from their elevated situation. Growling of bears, grunting of hogs, braying of donkeys, gobbling of turkeys, hissing of geese, the catcall, and the loud shrill whistle, were heard in one mingling concatenation of excellent imitation and undistinguished variety : During which, Tom led the way to the upper Boxes, where upon arriving, he was evidently disappointed at not meeting the party who had been seen occupying a seat on the left side of the House, besides having sacrificed a front seat, to be now compelled to take one at the very back part of a side Box, an exchange by no means advantageous for a view of the performance. However, this was compensated in some degree by a more extensive prospect round the House ; and his eyes were seen moving in all directions, without seeming to know where to fix, while Sparkle and Bob were attracted by a fight in the Gallery, between a Soldier and a Gentleman's Servant in livery, for some supposed insult offered to the companion of the latter, and which promised serious

results from the repeated vociferations of those around them, of "Throw 'em over—throw 'em over;" while the gifts of the Gods were plentifully showered down upon the inhabitants of the lower regions in the shape of orange-peelings, apples, &c. The drawing up of the curtain however seemed to have some little effect upon the audience, and in a moment the Babel of tongues was changed into a pretty general cry of "Down—down in the front—hats off—silence, &c. which at length subsided in every quarter but the Gallery, where still some mutterings and murmurings were at intervals to be heard.

" — one fiddle will,
Produce a tiny flourish still."

Sparkle could neither see nor hear the performance—Tom was wholly engaged in observing the company, and Bob alternately straining his neck to get a view of the Stage, and then towards the noisy inhabitants of the upper regions:

"We dined at the Hummums," said a finicking little Gentleman just below him—"Bill, and I, and Harry—drank claret like fishes—Harry was half-sprung—fell out with a Parson about chopping logic; you know Harry's father was a butcher, and used to chopping, so it was all prime—the Parson wouldn't be convinced, though Harry knock'd down his argument with his knuckles on the table, almost hard enough to split it—it was a bang-up lark—Harry got in a passion, *doff'd* his toggery,

and was going to *show fight*—so then the Parson sneak'd off—Such a bit of *gig* !”

“Silence there, behind.”

“So then,” continued the Dandy, “we went to the Billiard-rooms, in Fleet Street, played three games, *diddled the Flats*, bilk'd the Marker, and bolted—I say, when did you see Dolly?”*

“Last night,” replied the other—“she'll be here presently—d—d fine girl—arn't she?”

“Very well,” said the first; “a nice plump face, but then she paints so d—n—bly, I hate your painted Dollys, give me natural flesh and blood—Polly II—ward for me.”

‘Gallows Tom† will speak to you in plain

* To the frequenters of Drury-lane Theatre, who occasionally lounge away a little of there time between the acts in sipping soda-water, negus, &c., the party here alluded to cannot but be well known—we mean particularly the *larking-boys* and the *lads of the village*. We are aware that fictitious names are assumed or given to the ladies of Saloon notoriety, originating in particular circumstances, and we have reason to believe that Dolly K—lly has been so denominated from the propensity she almost invariably manifests of painting, as remarked particularly by one of the parties in conversation.

† It appears that the adoption of fictitious names is not wholly confined to the female visitors of these regions of fashion and folly. *Gallows Tom* is a character well known, and is a sort of *general friend*, at all times full of fun, fire, and spirit. We have not been able to discover whether he hold any official situation under government, though it is generally believed he is safely *anchored* under the *crown*, a staunch friend to the British constitution—probably more so than to his own. And we should judge from what is to be inferred from the conver-

terms if you trespass there, my boy, you know he has out-general'd the Captain in that quarter, and came off victorious, so —”

“Come,” said Sparkle, “let us adjourn into the Saloon, for, Heaven knows, it is useless staying here.” And taking their arms, they immediately left the Box.

“The theatre,” continued he, “is a sort of enchanted island, where nothing appears as it really is, nor what it should be. In London, it is a sort of time-killer, or exchange of looks and smiles. It is frequented by persons of all degrees and qualities whatsoever. Here Lords come to laugh and be laughed at—Knights to learn the amorous smirk and a-la-mode grin, the newest fashion in the cut of his garments, the twist of his body, and the adjustment of his phiz.

“This House* was built upon a grand and extensive scale, designed and executed under the inspection of Mr. Benj. Wyatt, the architect, whose skill was powerfully and liberally aided by an intelligent and public spirited Committee, of which the late Mr. Whitbread was the Chairman. It is altogether a master-piece of art, and an ornament to

that he is the acknowledged friend of Miss H—d. Capt. T—pe is supposed to hold a Commission in the Navy, a gay and gallant frequenter of the Saloon, and, till a short time back, the *chère ami* of Miss H—d.

* The building of this Theatre was completed for 112,000*l*. Including lamps, furniture, &c. 125,000*l*.; and including scenery, wardrobe, properties, &c. 150,000*l*.

the Metropolis. You perceive the interior is truly delightful, and the exterior presents the idea of solidity and security : it affords sitting room for 2810 persons, that is, 1200 in the Boxes, 850 in the Pit, 480 in the Lower Gallery, and 280 in the Upper Gallery. The talents of the celebrated Mr. Kean (who has recently left us for the shores of the Atlantic) first blazed forth to astonish the world beneath this roof. Old Drury immortalized the name of Garrick, and has also established the fame of Mr. Kean ; and the House at the present moment has to boast of a combination of histrionic* talent, rich and excellent."

"Come along, come along," said Tom, interrupting him, "leave these explanations for another opportunity—here is the Saloon. Now for a peep at old particulars. There is no seeing nor hearing the Play—I have no inclination for histories, I am just alive for a bit of gig."

On entering the Saloon, Bob was additionally gratified at viewing the splendour of its decorations. The arched ceiling, the two massy Corinthian columns of *verd antique*, and the ten corresponding pilasters on each side, struck him as particularly

* The names of Elliston, Pope, Johnston, Powel, Downton, Munden, Holland, Wallack, Knight, T. Cooke, Oxberry, Smith, Bromley, &c. are to be found on the male list of Performers, and it is sincerely to be hoped that of Mr. Kean will not long be absent. The females are, Mrs. Davison, Mrs. Glover, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Sparks, Miss Wilson, Miss Byrne, Miss Cubitt, &c.

beautiful, and he was for some moments lost in contemplation, while his friends Sparkle and Tom were in immediate request to receive the congratulations of their acquaintance.

"Where the d——I have you been too?" was the first question addressed to DASHALL—"rusticating, I suppose, to the serious loss of all polished society."

"You are right in the first part of your reply," said Tom; "but, as I conceive, not exactly so in the inference you draw from it."

"Modesty, by Jove! well done DASHALL, this travelling appears to improve your manners wonderfully; and I dare say if you had staid away another month, your old friends would not have known you."

This created a laugh among the party, which roused Bob from his reverie, who, turning round rather hastily, trod with considerable force upon the gouty toe of an *old debauchee* in spectacles, who, in the height of ecstasy, was at that moment entering into a treaty of amity with a pretty rosy-faced little girl, and chucking her under the chin, as a sort of preliminary, to be succeeded by a ratification; for in all probability gratification was out of the question. However this might be, the pain occasioned by the sudden movement of TALLYHO, who had not yet learned to trip it lightly along the *mutton walk*,* induced the sufferer to roar out

* *Mutton Walk*.—A flash term recently adopted to denominate the Saloon.

most lustily, a circumstance which immediately attracted the attention of every one in the room, and in a moment they were surrounded by a group of lads and lasses.

“Upon my soul, Sir,” stammered out BOB, “I beg y^{our} pardon, I—I—did not mean—”

“Oh! oh! oh!” continued the gouty Amoroso.

Mother K—p* came running like lightning with a glass of water; the frail sisterhood were laughing, nodding, whispering, and winking at each other; while St—ns,† who pick’d up the spectacles the unfortunate victim of the gout had dropp’d, swore that fellow in the green coat and white hat ought to be sent to some dancing-school, to learn to step without kicking people’s shins.

Another declared he was a *Johnny-raw*,‡ just caught, and what could be expected.

TOM, who, however, kept himself alive to the passing occurrences, stepping up to BOB, was immediately recognized by all around him, and passing a significant wink, declared it was an accident, and begged to assist the *Old Buck* to a seat, which being accomplished, he declared he had not had his shoe on for a week, but as he found himself

* A well-known fruit-woman, who is in constant attendance, well acquainted with the girls and their protectors, and ready upon all occasions to give or convey information for the benefit of both parties.

† St—ns—A very pretty round-faced young lady-bird, of rather small figure, inclining to be lusty.

‡ *Johnny Raw*—A country bumpkin.

able to walk he could not resist the temptation of taking a look around him.

Over a bottle of wine the unpleasant impressions made by this unfortunate occurrence appeared to be removed. In the mean time, TOM received a hundred congratulations and salutations; while Sparkle, after a glass or two, was missing.

DASHALL informed the friends around him, that his Cousin was a pupil of his, and begged to introduce him as a future visitor to this gay scene. This had an instantaneous effect upon the *trading fair ones*, who began immediately to throw out their *lures*. One declared he had a sweet pretty brooch; another, that she knew he was a *trump* by the cut of his *jib*; a third, that he look'd like a gentleman, for she liked the make of his *mug*; a fourth, that his hat was a very pretty shaped one, although it was of a radical colour; and while TOM and the *labybird** were soothing the pains of the *grey-headed* wanton, BOB was as busily employed in standing about the contents of the bottle. A second and a third succeeded, and it was not a little astonishing to him that every bottle improved his appearance; for, though not one of his admirers remained long with him, yet the absence of one only brought another, equally attracted by his look and manner: every one declared he was really a gentleman in every respect, and in the course of their short parley, did not fail to slip a card into

* *Laby-bird*-- A dashing Cyprian.

his hand. By this time he began to grow chatty, and was enabled to rally in turn the observations they made. He swore he lov'd them all round, and once or twice hummed over,

“ Dear creatures, we can't do without them,
 They're all that is sweet and seducing to man,
 Looking, sighing about, and about them,
 We dot on them—*do* for them, all that we can.”

The play being over, brought a considerable influx of company into the Saloon. The regular *covies* paired off with their *coresses*, and the moving panorama of elegance and fashion presented a scene that was truly delightful to Bob,

The *Ladybird*, who had been so attentive to the gouty customer, now wished him a good night, for, said she, “ There is my *friend*,* and so I am off.” This seemed only to increase the agony of his already agonized toe, notwithstanding which he presently *toddled off*, and was seen no more for the evening.

“ What's become of Sparkle,” enquired Tom, “ *Stole away*,” was the reply.

“ *Tipp'd us the double*, has he,” said DASHALL. “ Well, what think you of Drury-lane?”

“ 'Tis a very delightful tragedy indeed, but performed in the most comical manner I ever witnessed in my life.”

“ Pshaw!” said Bob, “ very few indeed, except

* The term *friend*, is in constant use among *accessible* ladies, and signifies their protector or keeper.

the critics and the *plebs*, come here to look at the play; they come to see and be seen."

"Egad then," said Bob, "a great many have been gratified to-night, and perhaps I have been highly honoured, for every person that has passed me has complimented me with a stare."

"Which of course you did not fail to return?"

"Certainly not; and upon my soul you have a choice show of fruit here."

"Yes," continued Tom, "London is a sort of hot-house, where fruit is forced into ripeness by the fostering and liberal sun of Folly, sooner than it would be, if left to its natural growth. Here however, you observe nothing but joyful and animated features, while perhaps the vulture of misery is gnawing at the heart. I could give you histories of several of these unfortunates,* (who are

* A life of prostitution is a life fraught with too many miseries to be collected in any moderate compass. The mode in which they are treated, by parties who live upon the produce of their infamy, the rude and boisterous, nay, often brutal manner in which they are used by those with whom they occasionally associate, and the horrible reflections of their own minds, are too frequently and too fatally attempted to be obliterated by recourse to the Bacchanalian fount. Reason becomes obscured, and all decency and propriety abandoned. Passion rules predominantly until it extinguishes itself, and leaves the wretched victim of early delusion, vitiated both in body and mind, to drag on a miserable existence, without character, without friends, and almost without hope. There is unfortunately, however, no occasion for the exercise of imagination on this subject. The annals of our police occurrences, furnish too many examples of

exercising all their arts to entrap customers) apparently full of life and vivacity, who perhaps dare

actual circumstances, deeply to be deplored; and we have selected one of a most atrocious kind which recently took place, and is recorded as follows:—

PROSTITUTION.

“An unfortunate girl, apparently about eighteen years of age, and of the most interesting and handsome person, but whose attire indicated extreme poverty and distress, applied to the sitting magistrate, Richard Birnie, Esq. under the following circumstances:—It appeared from the statement, that she had for the last three weeks been living at a house of ill fame in Exeter-Street, Strand, kept by a man named James Locke: this wretch had exacted the enormous sum of three guineas per week for her board and lodging, and in consequence of her not being able to pay the sum due for the last week, he threatened to strip her of her cloaths, and turn her naked into the street. This threat he deferred executing until yesterday morning, (having in the mean time kept her locked up in a dark room, without any covering whatever,) when in lieu of her cloaths, he gave her the tattered and loathsome garments she then appeared in, which were barely sufficient to preserve common decency, and then brutally turned her into the street. Being thus plunged into the most abject wretchedness, without money or friends, to whom she could apply in her present situation, her bodily strength exhausted by the dissipated life she had led, and rendered more so by a long abstinence from food; her spirits broken and overcome by the bitter and humiliating reflection, that her own guilty conduct debarred her from flying to the fostering arms of affectionate parents, whom she had loaded with disgrace and misery; and the now inevitable exposure of her infamy, it was some time ere her wandering senses were sufficiently composed to determine what course she should pursue in the present emergency, when she thought she could not do better than have recourse to the justice of her country

not approach their homes without the produce of their successful blandishments. But this is not a place for moralizing—a truce to Old Care and the

against the villain Lock, who had so basely treated her; and after extreme pain and difficulty, she succeeded in dragging her enfeebled limbs to the Office. During the detail of the foregoing particulars, she seemed overwhelmed with shame and remorse, and at times sobbed so violently as to render her voice inarticulate. Her piteous case excited the attention and sympathy of all present; and it was much to the general satisfaction that Mr. Birnie ordered Humphries, one of the conductors of the Patrol, to fetch Lock to the Office. On being brought there, the necessary proceedings were gone into for the purpose of indicting the house as a common brothel.

It was afterwards discovered that this unhappy girl was of the most respectable parents, and for the last six years had been residing with her Aunt. About three months ago, some difference having arisen between them, she absconded, taking with her only a few shillings, and the clothes she then wore. The first night of her remaining from home she went to Drury-lane Theatre, and was there pick'd up by a genteel woman dressed in black, who having learned her situation, enticed her to a house in Hart-street, Covent-garden, where the ruin of the poor girl was finally effected. It was not until she had immersed herself in vice and folly that she reflected on her situation, and it was then too late to retract; and after suffering unheard of miseries, was, in the short space of three months, reduced to her present state of wretchedness.

“The worthy Magistrate ordered that proper care should be taken of the girl, which was readily undertaken on the part of the parish.

“The Prisoner set up a defence, in which he said, a friend of the girl's owed him 14*l.* and that he detained her clothes for it—but was stopped by Mr. Birnie.

“He at first treated the matter very lightly; but on perceiving the determination on the part of the parish to proceed, he offered to give up the things. This however he was not allowed to do.”

Blue Devils—Come on, my boy, let us take a turn
in the Lobby—

“ Banish sorrow, grief’s a folly ;
Saturn, bend thy wrinkled brow ;
Get thee hence, dull Melancholy,
Mirth and wine invite us now.
Love displays his mine of treasure,
Comus brings us mirth and song ;
Follow, follow, follow pleasure,
Let us join the jovial throng.”

Upon this they adjourned to the Lobby, where a repetition of similar circumstances took place, with only this difference, that TALLYHO having already been seen in the Saloon, and now introduced, leaning upon the arm of his Cousin, the enticing goddesses of pleasure hung around them at every step, every one anxious to be foremost in their assiduities to catch the new-comer’s smile ; and the odds were almost a *cornucopia* to a *cabbage-net* that BOB would be *hook’d*.

TOM was still evidently disappointed, and after pacing the Lobby once or twice, and whispering BOB to make his observations the subject of future inquiry, they returned to the Saloon, where Sparkle met them almost out of breath, declaring he had been hunting them in all parts of the House for the last half hour.

TOM laugh’d heartily at this, and complimented Sparkle on the ingenuity with which he managed his affairs. “ But I see how it is,” said he, “ and I naturally suppose you are engaged.”

“ ‘ Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind,’ and I

perceive clearly that you are only disappointed that you are not engaged—where are all your *golden** dreams now ?”

“ Pshaw ! there is no such thing as speaking to you,” said Tom, rather peevishly, “ without feeling a lash like a cart-whip.”

“ Merely in return,” continued Sparkle, “ for the genteel, not to say *gentle* manner, in which you handle the horse-whip.”

“ There is something very *mukish* in all this,” said Bob, interrupting the conversation, “ I don’t understand it.”

“ Nor I neither,” said Tom, leaving the arm of his Cousin, and stepping forward.

This hasty dismissal of the subject under debate had been occasioned by the appearance of a Lady, whose arm Tom immediately took upon leaving that of his cousin, a circumstance which seemed to restore harmony to all parties. TALLYHO, and Sparkle soon joined them, and after a few turns for the purpose of seeing, and being seen, it was proposed to adjourn to the Oyster-shop directly opposite the front of the Theatre ; and with that view they in a short time departed, but not without an addition of two other ladies, selected from the numerous frequenters of the Saloon, most of whom appeared to be well known both to Tom and Sparkle.

* This was a touch of the satirical which it appears did not exactly suit the taste of DASHALL, as it applied to the *Ladybird* who had attracted his attention on entering the house.

The appearance of the outside was very pleasing—the brilliancy of the lights—the neat and cleanly style in which its contents were displayed seemed inviting to appetite, and in a very short time a cheerful repast was served up ; while the room was progressively filling with company, and Mother P—was kept in constant activity. Bob was highly gratified with the company, and the manner in which they were entertained.

A vast crowd of dashing young Beaux and elegantly dressed Belles, calling about them for oysters, lobsters, salmon, shrimps, bread and butter, soda-water, ginger-beer, &c. kept up a sort of running accompaniment to the general conversation in which they were engaged ; when the mirth and hilarity of the room was for a moment delayed upon the appearance of a dashing Blade, who seemed as he entered to say to himself,

“Plebeians, avaunt ! I have altered my plan,
Metamorphosed completely, behold a *Fine Man* !
That is, throughout town I am grown quite the rage,
The meteor of fashion, the Buck of the age.”

He was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and seemed desirous of imparting the idea of his great importance to all around him : he had a light-coloured great-coat with immense mother o’ pearl buttons and double capes, Buff or Petersham breeches, and coat of *sky-blue*,* his hat cocked

* A partiality to these coloured habits is undoubtedly intended to impress upon the minds of plebeian beholders an exalted idea of their own consequence, or to prove, perhaps, that their conceptions are as superior to common ones as the sky is to the earth.

on one side, and stout ground-ash^{en} stick in his hand. It was plain to be seen that the juice of the grape had been *operative* upon the *upper story*, as he reeled to the further end of the room, and, calling the attendant, desired her to bring him a bottle of soda-water, for he was *lushy*;* by G—d ;

* The variety of denominations that have at different times been given to drunkenness forms an admirable specimen of ingenuity well worthy of remark. The derivation of *Lushy*, we believe, is from a very common expression, that a drunken man votes for Lushington ; but perhaps it would be rather difficult to discover the origin of many terms made use of to express a jolly good fellow, and no flincher under the effects of good fellowship. It is said—that he is 'drunk, intoxicated, fuddled, muddled, flustered, rocky, reely, tipsy, merry, half-boosy, top-heavy, chuck-full, cup-sprung, pot-valiant, maudlin, a little how came you so, groggy, jolly, rather hightitity, in drink, in his cups, high, in nubibus, under the table, slew'd, cut, merry; queer, quisby, sew'd up, overtaken, elevated, cast away, concerned, half-cock'd, exhilarated, on a merry pin, a little in the suds, in a quandary, wing'd, as wise as Solomon.

It is also said, that he has business on both sides of the way, got his little hat on, bung'd his eye, been in the sun, got a spur in his head, (this is frequently used by brother Jockeys to each other) got a crumb in his beard, had a little, had enough, got more than he can carry, been among the Philistines, lost his legs. been in a storm, got his night-cap on, got his skin full, had a cup too much, had his cold tea, a red eye, got his dose, a pinch of snuff in his wig, overdone it, taken draps, taking a lunar, sugar in his eye, had his wig oil'd, that he is diddled, dish'd and done up.

He clips the King's English, sees double, reels, heels a little, heels and sets, shews his hob-nails, looks as if he couldn't help it, takes an observation, chases geese, loves a drap, and cannot sport a right line, can't walk a chalk.

He is as drunk as a piper drunk as an owl, drunk as David's

then throwing himself into a box, which he alone occupied, he stretched himself at length on the seat, and seemed as if he would go to sleep.

“That (said Sparkle) is a distinguished Member of the Tilbury Club, and is denominated a *Ruffian*, a kind of character that gains ground, as to numbers, over the Exquisite, but he is very different in polish.

“In the higher circles, a Ruffian is one of the many mushroom-productions which the sun of prosperity brings to *life*. Stout in general is his appearance, but Dame Nature has done little for him, and Fortune has spoilt even that little. To resemble his groom and his coachman is his highest ambition. He is a perfect horseman, a perfect whip, but takes care never to be a *perfect gentleman*. His principal accomplishments are sporting, swaggering, *milling*, drawing, and greeking.* He takes the ribands in his hands, mounts his box, with *Missus* by his side—“All right, ya hip, my hearties”—drives his empty *mail* with four prime tits—cuts outs a *Johnny-raw*—shakes his head, and lolls out his tongue at him; and if he don’t break his own neck, gets safe home after his morning’s drive.

“He is always accompanied by a brace at least of dogs in his morning visits; and it is not easy to
 sow, drunk as a lord, fuddled as an ape, merry as a grig, happy as a king.

* *Greeking*—An epithet generally applied to gambling and gamblers, among the polished *hells* of society, principally to be found in and near St. James’s: but of this more hereafter.

determine on these occasions which is the most troublesome animal of the two, the biped, or the quadruped."

This description caused a laugh among the *Ladybirds*, who thought it vastly amusing, while it was also listened to with great attention by TALLYHO.

The Hon. TOM DASHALL, in the mean time was in close conversation with his *mott** in the corner of the Box, and was getting, as Sparkle observed, "rather *nutty*† in that quarter of the globe."

The laugh which concluded Sparkle's account of the *Tilbury-club* man roused him from his sleep, and also attracted the attention of TOM and his *inamorata*.

"*D—n my eyes*," said the fancy cove, as he rubbed open his *peepers*,‡ "am I awake or asleep? —what a *h—ll* of a light there is!"

This was followed immediately by the rattling of an engine with two torches, accompanied by an immense concourse of people following it at full speed past the window.

* *Mott*—A *blower*, or woman of the town. • We know not from whom or whence the word originated, but we recollect some lines of an old song in which the term is made use of, viz.

"When first I saw this *flaming Mott*,
'Twas at the sign of the *Pewter Pot* ;
We call'd for some *Purl*, and we had it hot,
With *Gin* and *Bitters* top."

† *Nutty*—Amorous.

‡ An elegant and expressive term for the eyes.

"It is well lit, by Jove," said the sleeper awake, "where ever it is ;" and with that he *tipp'd* the *slavery** a *tanner*,† and *mizzled*.

The noise and confusion outside of the House completely put a stop to all harmony and comfort within.

"It must be near us," said Tom.

"It is Covent Garden Theatre, in my opinion, said, Sparkle.

Bob said nothing, but kept looking about him in a sort of wild surprise.

"However," said Tom, "wherever it is, we must go and have a peep."

"You are a very gallant fellow, truly," said one of the *bewitchers*—"I thought—"

"And so did I," said Tom—"but 'rest the babe—the time it shall come—never mind, we won't be disappointed ; but here, (said he) as I belong to the *Tip and Toddle Club*, I don't mean to disgrace my calling, by forgetting my duty." And slipping a something into her hand, her *note* was immediately changed into,

"Well, I always thought you was a *trump*, and I likes a man that behaves like a gentleman."

Something of the same kind was going on between the other two, which proved completely satisfactory.

"So then, Mr. Author, it seems you have raised

* *Slavrys*—Servants of either sex.

† *Tanner*—A flash term for a sixpence

a fire to stew the oysters, and leave your Readers to feast upon the blaze."

"Hold for a moment, and be not so testy, and for your satisfaction I can solemnly promise, that if the oysters are stewed, you shall have good and sufficient notice of the moment they are to be on table—But, bless my heart, how the fire rages!—I can neither spare time nor wind to parley a moment longer—Tom and Bob have already started off with the velocity of a race-horse, and if I lose them, I should cut but a poor figure with my Readers afterward.

"Pray, Sir, can you tell me where the fire is?"

"Really, Sir, I don't know, but I am told it is somewhere by Whitechapel."

"Could you inform me Madam, whereabouts the fire is?"

"Westminster Road, Sir, as I am informed.

"Westminster, and Whitechapel—some little difference of opinion I find as usual—however, I have just caught sight of Tom, and he's sure to be on the right scent; so adieu, Mr. Reader, for the present, and have no doubt but I shall soon be able to throw further *light* on the subject.

CHAP. XIII.

"Some folks in the streets, by the Lord, made me stare,
 So comical, droll, is the dress that they wear,
 For the Gentleman's waists are atop of their backs,
 And their large cassock trowsers they fit just like sacks.
 When the Ladies—their dresses are equally queer,
 They wear such large bonnets, no face can appear:
 It puts me in mind, now don't think I'm a joker,
 Of a coal-scuttle stuck on the head of a poker.
 In their bonnets they wear of green leaves such a power,
 It puts me in mind of a great cauliflower;
 And their legs, I am sure, must be ready to freeze,
 For they wear all their petticoats up to their knees
 They carry large bags full of trinkets and lockets,
 'Cause the fashion is now not to wear any pockets;
 While to keep off the flies, and to hide from beholders,
 A large cabbage-net is thrown over their shoulders."

IN a moment all was consternation, confusion, and alarm. The brilliant light that illuminated the surrounding buildings presented a scene of dazzling splendour, mingled with sensations of horror not easily to be described. The rattling of engines, the flashing of torches, and the shouting of thousands, by whom they were followed and surrounded, all combined to give lively interest to the circumstance.

It was quickly ascertained that the dreadful conflagration had taken place at an extensive Timber-yard, within a very short distance of the Theatres, situated as it were nearly in the centre, between.

Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Men, women, and children, were seen running in all directions; and report, with his ten thousand tongues, here found an opportunity for the exercise of them all; assertion and denial followed each other in rapid succession, while the flames continued to increase. Our party being thus abruptly disturbed in their anticipated enjoyments, bade adieu to their *Doxies*,* and rushed forward to the spot, where they witnessed the devouring ravages of the yet unquenched element, consuming with resistless force all that came in its way.

“ Button up, said Tom, “ and let us keep together, for upon these occasions,

“ The *Scamps*,* the *Pads*,† the *Divers*,§ are all upon the lay.”||

The *Flash Molishers*,¶ in the vicinity of Drury Lane, were out in parties, and it was reasonable to suppose, that were there was so much heat. considerable thirst must also prevail; consequently the *Sluiceries* were all in high request, every one of those in the neighbourhood being able to boast of *overflowing Houses*, without any imputation upon their veracity. We say nothing of *elegant*

* *Doxies*—A flash term frequently made use of to denominate ladies of easy virtue.

† *Scamps*—Highwaymen.

‡ *Pads*—Foot-pads.

§ *Divers*—Pickpockets.

|| *The Lay*—Upon the look-out for opportunities for the exercise of their profession.

¶ *Flash Molishers*—a term given to low Prostitutes.

genteel, or *enlightened* audiences, so frequently introduced in the Bills from other houses in the neighbourhood; even the door-ways were block'd up with the collectors and imparters of information. Prognostications as to how and where it began, how it would end, and the property that would be consumed, were to be met at every corner—*Snuffy Tabbies*, and *Boosy Kids*, some giving way to jocularities, and others indulging in lamentations.

“Hot, hot, hot, all hot,” said a Black man, as he pushed in and out among the crowd; with “Hoot awa’, the de’il tak your soul, mon, don’t you think we are all hot *eneugh*?—gin ye bring more hot here I’ll crack your croon—I’ve been roasting alive for the last half hoor, an’ want to be ganging, but I can’t get out.”

“Hot, hot, hot, all hot, Ladies and Gentlemen,” said the dingy dealer in delicacies, and almost as soon disappeared among the crowd, where he found better opportunities for vending his rarities.

“Lumps of pudding,” said TOM, jerking TALLYHO by the arm, “what do you think of a slice? here’s accommodation for you—all hot, ready dress’d, and well done.”

“Egad!” said BOB, “I think we shall be well done ourselves presently.”

“Keep your hands out of my pockets, you lousy beggar,” said a tall man standing near them, “or b— me if I don’t *mill* you.”

“You *mill* me, vhy you don’t know how to go

about it, Mr. Bully Brag, and I doesn't care half a farden for you—you go for to say as how I—”

“ Take that, then,” said the other, and gave him a flogger ; but he was prevented from falling by those around him

The salute was returned in good earnest, and a random sort of fight ensued. The accompaniments of this exhibition were the shrieks of the women, and the shouts of the partisans of each of the Bruisers—the cries of “ Go it, little one—stick to it—tip it him—sarve him out—ring, ring—give ’em room—foul, foul—fair, fair,” &c.” At this moment the Firemen, who had been actively engaged in endeavours to subdue the devouring flames, obtained a supply of water: the engines were set to work, and the Foreman directed the pipe so as to throw the water completely into the mob which had collected round them. This had the desired effect of putting an end to the squabble, and dispersing a large portion of the multitude, at least to some distance, so as to leave good and sufficient room for their operations.

“ The Devil take it,” cried Sparkle, “ I am drench’d.”

“ Ditto repeated,” said Tom.

“ Curse the fellow,” cried Bob, “ I am sopp’d.”

“ Never mind,” continued Tom,

“ By fellowship in woe,
Scarce half our pain we know.”

“ Since we are all in it, there is no laughing allowed.”

In a short time, the water flowed through the

street in torrents; the pumping of the engines, and the calls of the Firemen, were all the noises that could be heard, except now and then the arrival of additional assistance.

BOB watched minutely the skill and activity of those robust and hardy men, who were seen in all directions upon the tops of houses, &c. near the calamitous scene, giving information to those below; and he was astonished to see the rapidity with which they effected their object.

“Having ascertained as far as they could the extent of the damage, and that no lives were lost, TOM proposed a move, and Sparkle gladly seconded the motion—“for,” said he, “I am so wet, though I cannot complain of being cold, that I think I resemble the fat man who seemed something like ‘two single gentlemen roll’d into one,’ and ‘who after half a year’s baking declared he had been so cursed hot, he was sure he’d caught cold;’ so come along.”

“Past twelve o’clock,” said a Charley, about three parts sprung, and who appeared to have more light in his head than he could shew from his lantern.

“Stop thief, stop thief,” was vociferated behind them; and the *night music*, the rattles, were in immediate use in several quarters—a rush of the crowd almost knock’d BOB off his pins, and he would certainly have fell to the ground, but his *nob** came, with so much force against the bread-

*basket** of the groggy guardian of the night, that he was turn'd *keel upwards*,† and rolled with his lantern, staff, and rattle, into the overflowing kennel; a circumstance which perhaps had really no bad effect, for in all probability it brought the sober senses of the *Charley* a little more into action than the juice of the *juniper* had previously allowed. He was dragged from his birth, and his coat, which was of the blanket kind, brought with it a plentiful supply of the moistening fluid, being literally *sous'd* from head to foot.

BOB fished for the *darkey*‡—the *musical instrument*§—and the *post of honour*, alias the *supporter of peace*;|| but he was not yet complete, for he had dropped his *canister-cap*,¶ which was at length found by a *flash molisher*, and drawn from the pool, full of water, who appeared to know him, and swore he was one of the best fellows on any of the beats round about; and that they had got hold of a *Fire-prigger*,** and *bundled*†† him off to

* *Bread-basket*—The stomach.

† *Keel upwards*—Originally a sea phrase, and most in use among sailors, &c.

‡ *Darkey*—Generally made use of to signify a dark lantern.

§ *Musical instrument*—a rattle.

|| *Post of honour*, or *supporter of his peace*—Stick, or cudgel.

¶ *Canister-cap*—a hat. †† *Bundled*--Took, or conveyed.

** *Fire-prigger*—No beast of prey can be more noxious to society or destitute of feeling than those who plunder the unfortunate sufferers under that dreadful and destructive calamity, fire. The tiger who leaps on the unguarded passenger will fly from the fire, and the traveller shall be protected by it; while these

St. Giles's Watch-house, because he was *boutin* with a *bag of togs*.

The feeble, old *scout* shook his dripping wardrobe, d—d the water and the *boosy kid* that *wattp'd* him into it, but without appearing to know which was him; till Bob stepped up, and passing some silver into his *mawley*, told him he hoped he was not hurt. And our party then moved on in the direction for Russel-street, Covent-garden, when Sparkle again mentioned his wet condition, and particularly recommended a glass of *Cogniac* by way of preventive from taking cold. "A good motion well made (said Tom;) and here we are just by the Harp, where we can be fitted to a shaving; so come along."

Having taken this, as Sparkle observed, very necessary precaution, they pursued their way towards Piccadilly, taking their route under the Piazzas of Covent-garden, and thence up James-street into Long-acre, where they were amused by a circumstance of no very uncommon kind in London, but perfectly new to TALLYHO. Two *Charleys* had in close custody a sturdy young man (who was surrounded by several others,) and was

wretches, who attend on fires, and rob the unfortunate sufferers under pretence of coming to give assistance, and assuming the style and manner of neighbours, take advantage of distress and confusion. Such wretches have a more eminent claim to the detestation of society, than almost any other of those who prey upon it.

taking him to the neighbouring watch-house

"What is the matter?" said Tom.

"Oh, 'tis only a little bit of a *dead body-snatcher*," said one of the *guardians*. "He has been up to the *resurrection rig*.* Here, continued

* *Resurrection rig*—This subject, though a *grave* one, has been treated by many with a degree of comicality calculated to excite considerable risibility. A late well known humorist has related the following anecdote:

Some young men, who had been out upon the *spree*, returning home pretty well *primed* after drinking plentifully, found themselves so *dru* as they passed a public house where they were well known, they could not resist the desire they had of calling on their old friend and taking a glass of brandy with him by way of *finish*, as they termed it; and finding the door open, though it was late, were tempted to walk in. But their old friend was out of temper. "What is the matter?"—"Matter enough," replied *Boniface*; "here have I got an old fool of a fellow occupying my parlour dead drunk and what the devil to do with him I don't know. He can neither walk nor speak."

"Oh," said one of the party, who knew that a resurrection Doctor resided in the next street, "I'll remove that nuisance, if that's all you have to complain of; only lend me a sack, and I'll sell him."

A sack was produced, and the Bacchanalian, who almost appeared void of animation, was without much difficulty thrust into it. "Give me a lift," said the frolicsome blade, and away he went with the load. On arriving at the doctor's door, he pulled the night bell, when the Assistant made his appearance, not unaccustomed to this sort of nocturnal visitant.

"I have brought you a subject—all right."

"Come in. What is it, a man or a woman?"

"A man."

"Down with him—that corner. *D—n it, I was fast asleep.

he," "I've got the *bone-basket*," holding up a bag, "and it was taken off his shoulder as he went

Call for the sack in the morning, will you, for I want to get to bed."

"With all my heart."

Then going to a drawer, and bringing the customary fee, "Here, (said he) be quick and be off." This was exactly what the other wanted; and having secured the *rubbish*,^a the door was shut upon him. This, however, was no sooner done, than the *Boozy Kid* in the sack, feeling a sudden internal turn of the contents of his stomach, which brought with it a heaving, fell, from the upright situation in which he had been placed, on the floor. This so alarmed the young Doctor, that he ran with all speed after the vender, and just coming up to him at the corner of the street,

"Why, (said he) you have left me a living man!"

"Never mind, (replied the other;) kill him when you want him." And making good use of his heels he quickly disappeared.

A Comedian of some celebrity, but who is now too old for theatrical service, relates a circumstance which occurred to him upon his first arrival in town:—

Having entered into an engagement to appear upon the boards of one of the London Theatres, he sought the metropolis some short time before the opening of the House; and conceiving it necessary to his profession to study *life*—real life as it is,—he was accustomed to mingle promiscuously in almost all society. With this view, he frequently entered the tap rooms of the lowest public houses, to enjoy his pipe and his pint, keeping the main object always in view,—

"To catch the manners living as they rise."

Calling one evening at one of these houses, not far from Drury Lane, he found some strapping fellows engaged in conversation, interlarded with much flash and low slang; but decently dressed, he mingled in a sort of general dialogue with them on the state

^a A cant phrase for money.

along Mercer-street, so he can't say nothing at all in his own defence; he must go to *quod*."

of the weather, politics, &c. After sitting some time in their company, and particularly noticing their persons and apparent character—

"Come, Bill, it is time to be off, it is getting rather darkish."

"Ah, very well (replied the other,) let us have another quart, and then I am your man for a bit of a lark." By this time they had learned that the Comedian was but newly arrived in town; and he on the other hand was desirous of seeing what they meant to be up to. After another quart they were about to move, when, said one to the other, "As we are only going to have a stroll and a bit of fun, perhaps *that there* young man would like to join us."

"Ah, what say you, Sir? have you any objection? but perhaps you have business on hand and are engaged—"

"No, I have nothing particular to do," was the reply.

"Very well, then if you like to go with us, we shall be glad of your company."

"Well (said he,) I don't care if I do spend an hour with you." And with that they sallied forth.

After rambling about for some time in the vicinity of Tottenham Court Road, shewing him some of the Squares, &c. describing the names of streets, squares, and buildings, they approached St. Giles's, and leading him under a gateway, "Stop, (said one) we must call upon Jack, you know, for old acquaintance sake," and gave a loud knock at the door; which being opened without a word, they all walked in, and the door was instantly lock'd. He was now introduced to a man of squalid appearance, with whom they all shook hands: the mode of introduction was not however of so satisfactory a description as had been expected, being very laconic, and conveyed in the following language:—

"We have got him."

"Yes, yes, it is all right—come, Jack, serve us out some grog, and then to business."

The poor Comedian in the mean time was left in the utmost anxiety and surprise to form an opinion of his situation; for as

BOB could not very well understand what was the meaning of 'this lingo'; he was perfectly at a loss

he had heard something about trepanning, pressing, &c. he could not help entertaining serious suspicion that he should either be compelled to serve as a soldier or a sailor; and as he had no intention "to *gain a name in arms*," they were neither of them suitable to his inclinations. . .

"Come," (said one) walk up stairs and sit down—Jack, bring the *lush*"—and up stairs they went.

Upon entering a gloomy room, somewhat large, with only a small candle, he had not much opportunity of discovering what sort of a place it was, though it looked wretched enough. The grog was brought—"Here's all round the *grave-stone*, (said one)—come, drink away, my hearty—don't be alarm'd, we are rum fellows, and we'll put you up to a rig or two--we are got a *rum covey* in the corner there, and you must lend us a hand to get rid of him:" then, holding up the light, what was the surprise of the poor Comedian to espy a dead body of a man—"You can help us to get him away, and by G— you shall, too, it's of no use to flinch now.

A circumstance of this kind was new to him, so that his perplexity was only increased by the discovery; but he plainly perceived by the last declaration, that having engaged in the business, it would be of no use to leave it half done: he therefore remained silent upon the subject, drank his grog, when Jack came up stairs to say the cart was ready.

"Lend a hand, (said one of them) let us get our load down stairs—come, my Master, turn too with a good heart, all's right."

With this the body was conveyed down stairs.

At the back of the house was a small yard separated from a neighbouring street by a wall—a signal was given by some one on the other side which was understood by those within—it was approaching nine o'clock, and a dark night—"Come, (said one of them,) mount you to the top of the wall, and *ding* the *covey* over to the *carcass-carter*." This being complied with, the dead

to comprehend the terms of *dead-body snatching* and the *resurrection rig*. The crowd increased as

body was handed up to him, which was no sooner done than the Carman outside, perceiving the Watchman approach—"K von't do," said he, and giving a whistle, drove his cart with an assumed air of carelessness away; while the poor Comedian, who had a new *character*^o to support, in which he did not conceive himself *well up*,^a was holding the dead man on his lap with the legs projecting over the wall; it was a situation of the utmost delicacy and there was no time to *recast the part*, he was therefore, obliged to blunder through it as well as he could; the perspiration of the living man fell plentifully on the features of the dead as the *Charley* approached in a position to pass directly under him. Those inside had sought the shelter of the house, telling him to remain quiet till the old Scout was gone by. Now although he was not fully acquainted with the consequences of discovery, he was willing and anxious to avoid them: he therefore took the advice, and scarcely moved or breathed—"Past nine o'clock," said the Watchman, as he passed under the legs of the dead body without looking up, though he was within an inch of having his *castor* brushed off by them. Being thus relieved, he was happy to see the cart return; he handed over the unpleasant burthen, and as quick as possible afterwards descended from his elevated situation into the street, determining at all hazards to see the result of this to him extraordinary adventure; with this view he followed the cart at a short distance, keeping his eye upon it as he went along; and in one of the streets leading to Long Acre, he perceived a man endeavouring to look into the back part of the cart, but was diverted from his object by one of the men who had introduced him to the house, while another of the confederates snatched the body from the cart, and ran with all speed down another street in an opposite direction. This movement had attracted the notice of the Watchman, who, being prompt in his movements, had sprung his rattle. Upon

^a A theatrical phrase, meaning well studied.

they went along; and as they did not exactly relish their company, Sparkle led them across the way, and then proceeded to explain.

“Why,” said SPARKLE, “the custom of dead-body snatching has become very common in London, and in many cases appears to be winked at by the Magistrates; for although it is considered a felony in law, it is also acknowledged in some degree to be necessary for the Surgeons, in order to have an opportunity of obtaining practical information. It is however, at the same time, a source of no slight distress to the parents and friends of the parties who are dragg’d from the peaceful secu-

this, and feeling himself too heavily laden to secure his retreat, the fellow with the dead man perceiving the gate of an area open, dropped his burden down the steps, slam’d the gate after him, and continued to fly, but was stopped at the end of the street; in the mean time the Charley in pursuit had knock’d at the door of the house where the stolen goods (as he supposed) were deposited. It was kept by a ~~bold~~ old maiden lady, who, upon discovering the dead body of a man upon her premises, had fainted in the Watchman’s arms. The detection of the *running Resurrectionist* was followed by a *walk* to the watch-house, where his companions endeavoured to make it appear that they had all been dining at Wandsworth together, that he was not the person against whom the hue and cry had been raised. But *old Snoosey*^a said it wouldn’t do, and he was therefore detained to appear before the Magistrate in the morning. The Comedian, who had minutely watched their proceedings, took care to be at Bow-street in good time; where he found upon the affidavits of two of his comrades, who swore they had dined together at Wandsworth, *their pal* was liberated.

^a The Constable of the night.

rity of the tomb. The *Resurrection-men* are generally well rewarded for their labours by the Surgeons who employ them to procure subjects; they are for the most part fellows who never stick at trifles, but make a decent livelihood by moving off, if they can, not only the bodies, but coffins, shrouds, &c. and are always upon the look-out wherever there is a funeral—nay, there have been instances in which the bodies have been dug from their graves within a few hours after being deposited there.”

“It is a shameful practice,” said BOB, “and ought not to be tolerated, however; nor can I conceive how, with the apparent vigilance of the Police, it can be carried on.”

“Nothing more easy,” said SPARKLE, “where the plan is well laid. These fellows, when they hear a passing-bell toll, skulk about the parish from ale-house to ale-house, till they can learn a proper account of what the deceased died of, what condition the body is in, &c. with which account they go to a *Resurrection Doctor*, who agrees for a price, which is mostly five guineas, for the body of a man, and then bargain with an Undertaker for the shroud, coffin, &c. which, perhaps with a little alteration, may serve to run through the whole family.”

“And is it possible,” said BOB, “that there are persons who will enter into such bargains?”

“No doubt of it; nay, there was an instance of a man really selling his own body to a Surgeon, to be

appropriated to his own purposes when dead, for a certain weekly sum secured to him while living; but in robbing the church-yards there are always many engaged in the rig—for notice is generally given that the body will be removed in the night, to which the Sexton is made privy, and receives the information with as much ease as he did to have it brought—his price being a guinea for the use of the *grubbing irons*, adjusting the grave, &c. This system is generally carried on in little country church-yards within a few miles of London. A hackney-coach or a cart is ready to receive the stolen property, and there cannot be a doubt but many of these depredations are attended with success, the parties escaping with their prey undetected—nay, I know of an instance that occurred a short time back, of a young man who was buried at Wesley's Chapel, on which occasion one of the mourners, a little more wary than the rest, could not help observing two or three rough fellows in the ground during the ceremony, which aroused his suspicion that they intended after interment to have the body of his departed friend; this idea became so strongly rooted in his mind, that he imparted his suspicions to the remainder of those who had followed him: himself and another therefore determined if possible to satisfy themselves upon the point, by returning in the dusk of the evening to reconnoitre. They accordingly proceeded to the spot, but the gates being shut, one of them climbed to the top of the wall, where he discovered the

very parties, he had before noticed, in the act of wrenching open the coffin. Here they are, said he, hard at it, as I expected. But before he and his friend could get over the wall, the villains effected their escape, leaving behind them a capacious sack and all the implements of their infernal trade. They secured the body, had it conveyed home again, and in a few days re-buried it in a place of greater security *

BOB was surprised at this description of the *Resurrection-rig*, but was quickly drawn from his contemplation of the depravity of human nature, and what he could not help thinking the dirty employments of life, by a shouting apparently from several voices as they passed the end of St. Martin's Lane : it came from about eight persons, who appeared to be journeymen mechanics, with pipes in their mouths, some of them rather *rorytorious*,† who, as they approached, broke altogether into the following

SONG. †

" I'm a frolicsome young fellow, I live at my ease;
I work when I like, and I play when I please ;
I'm frolicsome, good-natured—I'm happy and free,
And I care not a jot what the world thinks of me.

* A circumstance very similar to the one here narrated by SPARKLE actually occurred, and can be well authenticated.

† *Rorytorious*—Noisy.

‡ This song is not introduced for the elegance of its composition, but as the Author has actually heard it in the streets at the *fight of night* or the *peep of day*, sung in full chorus, as plain

With my hottle and glass some hours I pass,
 Sometimes with my friend, and sometimes with my lass;
 I'm frolicsome, good-natur'd—I'm happy and free,
 And I don't care one jot what the world thinks of me.

By the cares of 'the nation I'll ne'er be perplex'd,
 I'm always good natur'd, e'en though I am vexed;
 I'm frolicsome, good-humour'd—I'm happy and free,
 And I don't care one d—n what the world thinks of me.

This Song, which was repeated three or four times, was continued till their arrival at New-

as the fumes of the pipes and the niccups would allow the *choristers* at those hours to articulate; and as it is probably the effusion of some Shopmate in unison with the sentiments of many, it forms part of Real Life deserving of being recorded in this Work.

Particular trades have particular songs suitable to the employment in which they are engaged, which while at work the whole of the parties will join in. In Spitalfields, Bethnal-green, &c. principally inhabited by weavers, it is no uncommon thing to hear twenty or thirty girls singing, with their shuttles going—*The Death of Barbary Allen*—*There was an old Astrologer*—*Mary's Dream*, or *Death and the Lady*; and we remember a Watch-maker who never objected to hear his boys sing; but although he was himself a loyal subject, he declared he could not bear *God Save the King*; and upon being ask'd his reason—Why, said he, it is too slow; for as the time goes, so the fingers move—Give us *Drops of Brandy*, or *Go to the Devil and Shake Yourself*—then I shall have some work done.

It is said that “Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast;” and it cannot but be allowed that the *Yo heave ho*, of our Sailors, or the sound of a fiddle, contribute much to the speed of weighing anchor.

It is an indisputable fact that there are few causes which more decidedly form, or at least there are few evidences which more clearly indicate, the true character of a nation, than its Songs and Ballads. It has been observed by the learned Selden, that

port-market, where the Songsters divided: our party pursued their way through Coventry-street, and arrived without further adventure or interruption safely at home. SPARKLE, bade them adieu, and proceeded to Bond-street; and TOM. and BOB sought the repose of the pillow.

you may see which way the wind sets by throwing a straw up into the air, when you cannot make the same discovery by tossing up a stone or other weighty substance. Thus it is, with Songs and Ballads, respecting the state of public feeling, when productions of a more elaborate nature fail in their elucidations: so much so that it is related of a great Statesman, who was fully convinced of the truth of the observation, that he said, "Give me the making of the national Ballads, and I care not who frames your Laws." Every day's experience tends to prove the power which the *sphere-born* Sisters of harmony, voice, and verse, have over the human mind. "I would rather," says Mr. Sheridan, "have written Glover's song of 'Hosier's Ghost' than the annals of Tacitus."

CHAP. XIV.

O what a town, what a wonderful Metropolis!

Sure such a town as this was never seen;

Mayor, common-councilmen, citizens and populace,

Wand'ring from Poplar to Turnham Green.

Chapels, churches, synagogues, distilleries, and county barks--

Poets, Jews and gentlemen, apothecaries, mountebanks--

There's Bethlem Hospital, and there the Picture Gallery;

And there's Sadler's Wells, and there the Court of Chancery.

O such a town, such a wonderful Metropolis,

Sure such a town as this was never seen!

O such a town, and such a heap of carriages,

Sure such a motley group was never seen;

Such a swarm of young and old, of burials and marriages,

All the world seems occupied in ceaseless din.

There's the Bench, and there's the Bank, now only take a peep at her

And there's Rag Fair, and there the East-London Theatre--

There's St. James's all so fine, St. Giles's all in tattery,

Where fun and frolic dance the rig from Saturday to Saturday.

O what a town, what a wonderful Metropolis,

Sure such a town as this was never seen!

A SHORT time after this day's ramble, the Hon. TOM DASHALL and his friend TALLYHO paid a visit to the celebrated Tattersall's.

"This," said Tom, is a great scene of action at times, and you will upon some occasions find as much business done here as there is on 'Change; the dealings however are not so fair, though the profits are larger; and if you observe the characters and the visages of the visitors, it will be found

it is most frequently attended by *Turf-Jews* and *Greeks*.* Any man indeed who dabbles in horse-dealing, must, like a gamester, be either a *rook* or a *pigeon*; † for horse-dealing is a species of *gambling*, in which as many depredations are committed upon the property of the unwary as in any other, and every one engaged in it thinks it a meritorious act to dupe his *chapman*. Even noblemen and gentlemen, who in other transactions of life are honest, will make no scruple of cheating you in horse-dealing: nor is this to be wondered at when we consider that the Lord and the Baronet take lessons from their *grooms*, *jockeys*, or *coachmen*, and the nearer approach they can make to the appearance and manners of their tutors, the fitter the pupils for turf-men, or gentlemen dealers; for the school in which they learn is of such a description that derilection of principle is by no means surprising—*fleeing* each other is an every-day practice—every one looks upon his fellow as a *bite*, and young men of fashion learn how to buy and sell, from *old whips*, *jockeys*, or *rum ostlers*, whose practice have put them up to every thing, and by such ruffian preceptors are frequently taught to make three quarters or seventy-five per cent. profit, which is called *turning an honest penny*. This,

* *Turf-Jews and Greeks*—Gamblers at races, trotting-matches, &c.

† *Rooks* and *Pigeons* are frequenters of gaming-houses: the former signifying the successful adventurer, and the latter the unfortunate dupe

though frequently practised at country fairs, &c by horse-jobbers, &c. is here executed with all the dexterity and art imaginable : for instance, you have a distressed friend whom you know must sell ; you commiserate his situation, and very kindly find all manner of faults with his horse, and buy it for half its value—you also know a *Green-horn* and an extravagant fellow, to whom you sell it for twice its value, and that is the *neat thing*. Again, if you have a horse you wish to dispose of, the same school will afford you instruction how to make the most of him, that is to say, to conceal his vices and defects, and by proper attention to put him into condition, to alter his whole appearance by *hogging*, *cropping*, and *docking*—by patching up his broken knees—blowing gun-powder in his dim eyes—*bisping*, blistering, &c. so as to turn him out in good *twig*, scarcely to be known by those who have frequently seen and noticed him : besides which, at the time of sale one of these gentry will aid and assist your views by pointing out his recommendations in some such observations as the following :

‘ There’s a horse truly good and well made.

‘ There’s the appearance of a fine woman ! broad breast, round hips, and long neck.

‘ There’s the countenance, intrepidity, and fire of a lion.

‘ There’s the eye, joint, and nostril of an ox.

‘ There’s the nose, gentleness, and patience of a lamb.

‘ There’s the strength, constancy, and foot of a mule.

‘ There’s the hair, head, and leg of a deer.

‘ There’s the throat, neck, and hearing of a wolf

‘ There’s the ear, brush, and trot of a fox.

‘ There’s the memory, sight, and turning of a serpent.

‘ There’s the running, suppleness, and innocence of the hare.

“ And if a horse sold for sound wind, limb, and eyesight, with all the gentleness of a lamb, that a child might ride him with safety, should afterwards break the purchaser’s neck, the seller has nothing to do with it, provided he has received the *bit*,* but laughs at the *do*.† Nay, they will sometimes sell a horse, warranted to go as steady as ever a horse went in harness, to a friend, assuring him at the same time that he has not a fault of any kind, that he is good as ever shoved a head through a horse-collar ; and if he should afterwards rear up in the gig, and overturn the driver into a ditch, shatter the concern to pieces, spill Ma’am, and kill both her and the child of promise, the conscientious Horse-dealer has nothing to do with all this : How could he help it ? he sold the horse for a *good* horse, and a *good* horse he was. This is all in the way

* *Bit*—A cant term for money.

† *Do*—Any successful endeavour to over-reach another is by these gentlemen called a *do*, meaning—so and so has been *done*.

of fair dealing. Again, if a horse is sold as sound, and he prove broken-winded, lame, or otherwise not worth one fortieth part of the purchase-money, still it is only a piece of jockeyship—a fair manœuvre, affording opportunities of merriment.'

"A very laudable sort of company," said Bob.

"It is rather a mixed one," replied Tom—"it is indeed a complete mixture of all conditions, ranks, and orders of society. But let us take a peep at some of them. Do you observe that stout fellow yonder, with a stick in his hand? he has been a *Daisy-kicker*, and, by his arts and contrivances having saved a little money, is now a regular dealer, and may generally be seen here on selling days."

"*Daisy-kicker*," said Bob, "I don't comprehend the term."

"Then I will explain," was the reply. "*Daisy-kickers*, are Ostlers belonging to large inns, who are known to each other by that title, and you may frequently hear them ask—When did you sell your *Daisy-kicker* or *Groggham*?—for these terms are made use of among themselves as cant for a horse. Do you also observe, he is now in close conversation with a person who he expects will become a purchaser."

"And who is he?"

"He is no other than a common informer, though in high life; keeps his carriage, horses, and servants—lives in the first style—he is shortly to be made a Consul of, and perhaps an Ambassador

afterwards. The first is to all intents and purposes a Lord of Trade, and his Excellency nothing more than a titled spy, in the same way as a Bailiff is a follower of the law, and a man out of livery a Knight's companion or a Nobleman's gentleman."

Their attention was at this moment attracted by the appearance of two persons dressed in the extreme of fashion, who, upon meeting just by them, caught eagerly hold of each other's hand, and they overheard the following—'Why, Bill, how *am* you, my hearty?—where have you been trotting your galloper?—what is your arter?—how's Harry and Ben?—haven't seen you this *blue moon*.'*

'All *tidy*,' was the reply; 'Ben is getting better, and is going to sport a new curricie, which is now building for him in Long Acre, as soon as he is recovered.'

'Why what the devil's the matter with him, eh?'

'Nothing of any consequence, only he got mill'd a night or two ago about his *blowen*—he had one of his ribs broke, sprained his right wrist, and sports a *painted peeper*† upon the occasion, that's all.'

'Why you know he's no *bad cock* at the *Fancy*, and won't put up with any *gammon*.'

'No, but he was *lushy*, and so he got *queer'd*—But I say, have you sold your bay?'

'No, d—n me, I can't get my price.'

* *Blue moon*—This is usually intended to imply a long time.

† *Painted peeper*—A black eye.

‘Why, what is it you *axes*?’*

‘Only a hundred and thirty—got by Agamemnon. Lord, it’s no price at all—cheap as dirt—But I say, Bill, how do you come on with your grey, and the pie-bald poney?’

‘All right, and regular, my boy; matched the poney for a light curricule, and I *swapp’d*† the grey for an entire horse—such a *rum one*—when will you come and take a peep at him?—a fine bone, fine shape and action, figure beyond compare—I made a rare *good chop* of it.’

‘I’m glad to hear it; I’ll make a survey, and take a ride with you the first leisure day; but I’m full of business, no time to spare—I say, are you a dealer?’

‘No, no, it won’t do, I lost too much at the *Derby*—besides, I must go and drive my Girl out—*Ayait, that’s the time of day*,‡ my boys—so good by—But if you should be able to pick up a brace

* *Axes*—Among the *swell lads*, and those who affect the characters of *knowing conveys*, there is a common practice of endeavouring to coin new words and new modes of expression, evidently intended to be thought wit; and this affectation frequently has the effect of creating a laugh.

† *Swapp’d*—Exchanged.

‡ *That’s the time of day*—That’s your sort—that’s the barber—keep moving—what am you arter—what ain you up to—there never was such times—that’s the Dandy—Go along Bob, &c. are expressions that are frequently made use of by the people of the Metropolis; and indeed fashion seems almost to have as much to do with our language as with our dress or manners.

of clever pointers, a prime spaniel, or a greyhound to match Smut, I'm your man—buy for me, and all's right—price, you know, is out of the question, I must have them if they are to be got, so look out—bid and buy; but mind, nothing but prime will do for me—*that's the time of day*, you know, d—n me—so good by.—I'm off.' And away he went.

“Some great sporting character, I suppose,” said Bob—“plenty of money.”

“No such thing,” said Tom, drawing him on one side,—“you will hardly believe that Bill is nothing more than a Shopman to a Linen-draper, recently discharged for mal-practices; and the other has been a Waiter at a Tavern, but is now out of place; and they are both upon the sharp look-out to *gammon the flats*. The former obtains his present livelihood by gambling—spends the most of his time in playing cards with *greenhorns*, always to be picked up at low flash houses, at fairs, races, milling-matches, &c. and is also in the holy keeping of the cast-off mistress of a nobleman whose family he was formerly in as a *valet-de-chambre*. The other pretends to teach sparring in the City, and occasionally has a benefit in the Minories, Duke's Place, and the Fives Court.

“They talk it well, however,” said Bob.

“Words are but wind, many a proud word comes off a weak stomach,” was the reply; “and you may almost expect not to hear a word of truth in this place, which may be termed The Sporting Repository—it is the grand mart for horses and for

other fashionable animals—for expensive asses, and all sorts of sporting-dogs, town-puppies, and second-hand vehicles. Here bets are made for races and fights—matches are made up here—bargains are struck, and engagements entered into, with as much form, regularity, and importance, as the progress of parliamentary proceedings.—points of doubt upon all occasions of jockeyship are decided here; and no man of fashion can be received into what is termed polished society, without a knowledge of this place and some of the visitors. The proceedings however are generally so managed, that the ostlers, the jockeys, the grooms, and the dealers, come best off, from a superiority of knowledge and presumed judgment—they have a method of patching up deep matches to *diddle the dupes*, and to introduce *throws over, doubles, double doubles*, to ease the *heavy pockets* of their burdens. The system of puffing is also as much in use here as among the Lottery-office Keepers, the Quack Doctors, or the Auctioneers; and the *Knowing ones*, by an understanding amongst each other, sell their cattle almost for what they please, if it so happen they are not immediately in want of the *ready*,* which, by the way, is an article too frequently in request—and here honest poverty is often obliged to sell at any rate, while the rich *black-leg* takes care only to sell to a good advantage, making a point at the same time not only to

* *The Ready—Money.*

make the most of his cattle, but also of his friend or acquaintance."

"Liberal and patriotic-minded men!" said BOB; "it is a noble Society, and well worthy of cultivation."

"It is fashionable Society, at least," continued TOM, "and deserving of observation, for it is fraught with instruction."...

"I think so, indeed," was the reply; "but I really begin to suspect that I shall scarcely have confidence to venture out alone, for there does not appear to be any part of your wonderful Metropolis but what is infested with some kind of *shark* or other."

"It is but too true, and it is therefore the more necessary to make yourself acquainted with them: it is rather a long lesson, but really deserving of being learnt. You perceive what sort of company you are now in, as far as may be judged from their appearances; but they are not to be trusted, for I doubt not but you would form erroneous conclusions from such premises. The company that assembles here is generally composed of a great variety of characters—the *Idler*, the *Scindler*, the *Dandy*, the *Exquisite*, the *full-pursed young Peer*, the needy *Sharper*, the *gaudy Pauper*, and the aspiring *School-boy*, anxious to be thought a dealer and a judge of the article before him—looking at a horse with an air of importance and assumed intelligence, bidding with a trembling voice and palpitating heart, lest it should be knock'd down

to him. Do you see that dashing fellow nearly opposite to us, in the green frock-coat, top-boots, and spurs?—do you mark how he flourishes his whip, and how familiar he seems to be with the knowing old *covey* in brown?”

“Yes; I suppose he is a dealer.”

“You are right, he is a dealer, but it is in man’s flesh, not horse-flesh: he is a *Bum trap** in

* *Bum-trap*.—A term pretty generally in use to denominate a Bailiff or his follower—they are also called Body-snatchers. The ways and means made use of by these gentry to make their captions are innumerable: they visit all places, assume all characters, and try all stratagems, to secure their friends, in order that they may have an opportunity of obliging them, which they have a happy facility in doing, provided the party can *bleed free*.^a Amongst others, the following are curious facts:

A Gentleman, who laboured under some peculiar difficulties, found it desirable for the sake of his health to retire into the country, where he secluded himself pretty closely from the vigilant anxieties of his friends, who were in search of him and had made several fruitless attempts to obtain an interview. The Traps having ascertained the place of his retreat, from which it appeared that nothing but stratagem could draw him, a knowing *old snatch* determined to effect his purpose, and succeeded in the following manner:

One day as the Gentleman came to his window, he discovered a man, seemingly in great agitation, passing and re-passing; at length, however, he stopped suddenly, and with a great deal of attention fixed his eyes upon a tree which stood nearly opposite to the window. In a few minutes he returned to it, pulled out a book, in which he read for a few minutes, and then drew forth a rope from his pocket, with which he suspended himself from the tree. The Gentleman, eager to save the life of a fellow-creature, ran out and cut him down. This was scarcely accomplished, before he

^a *Bleed free*—Pay well.

search of some friend or other, with a writ in his pocket. These fellows have some protean qualities about them, and, as occasion requires, assume all shapes for the purpose of taking care of their customers; they are however a sort of necessary evil. The old one in brown is a well-known dealer, a deep old file, and knows every one around him—he is up to the sharps, down upon the flats, and not to be done. But in looking round you may perceive men booted and spurred, who perhaps never crossed a horse, and some with whips in their hands who deserve it on their backs—they hum lively airs, whistle and strut about with their quizzing-glasses in their hands, playing a tattoo upon their boots, and shewing themselves off with as many airs as if they were real actors engaged in the farce, that is to say, the buyers and

found the man whom he had rescued (as he thought) from death, slapp'd him on the shoulder, informed him that he was his prisoner, and in return robbed him of his liberty!

Another of these gentry assumed the character of a poor cripple, and stationed himself as a beggar, sweeping the crossing near the habitation of his *shy cock*, who, conceiving himself safe after three days voluntary imprisonment, was seized by the supposed beggar, who threw away his broom to secure his man.

Yet, notwithstanding the many artifices to which this profession is obliged to conform itself, it must be acknowledged there are many of them who have hearts that would do honour to more exalted situations; especially when we reflect, that in general, whatever illiberality or invective may be cast upon them, they rarely if at all oppress those who are in their custody, and that they frequently endeavour to compromise for the Debtor, or at least recommend the Creditor to accept of those terms which can be complied with.

sellers; when in truth they are nothing but loungers in search of employment, who may perhaps have to count the trees in the Park for a dinner without satisfying the cravings of nature, dining as it is termed with *Duke Humphrey*—others, perhaps, who have arrived in safety, are almost afraid to venture into the streets again, lest they should encounter those foes to liberty, John Doe and Richard Roe.”

‘If I do, may I be ——’ The remainder of the sentence was lost by the speaker removing in conversation with another, when Tom turn’d round.

“O,” said Tom, “I thought I knew who it was—that is one of the greatest reprobates in conversation that I ever met with.”

“And who is he?”

“Why, I’ll give you a brief sketch of him,” continued DASHALL: “It is said, and I fancy pretty well known, that he has retired upon a small property, how acquired or accumulated I cannot say; but he has married a bar-maid of very beautiful features and elegant form: having been brought up to the bar, she is not unaccustomed to confinement, but he has made her an absolute prisoner, for he shuts her up as closely as if she were in a monastery—he never dines at home, and she is left in complete solitude. He thinks his game all safe, but she has sometimes escaped the vigilance of her gaoler, and has been seen at places distant from home.”

* It is related of this gentleman, whose severity and vigilance were so harshly spoken of, that one day at table, a dashing

"Mr. C—— on the opposite side is a Money-procurer or lender, a very accommodating sort of

young Military Officer, who, while he was circulating the bottle, was boasting among his dissipated friends of his dexterity in conducting the wars of Venus, that he had a short time back met one of the most lovely creatures he ever saw, in the King's Road; but he had learned that her husband so strictly confined and watched her, that there was no possibility of his being admitted to her at any hour.

"Behave handsome, and I'll put you into possession of a gun that shall bring the game down in spite of locks, bolts, and bars, or even the vigilance of the eyes of Argus himself."

"How? d—— me if I don't stand a ten pound note."

"How! why easy enough; I've a plan that cannot but succeed—down with the cash, and I'll put you up to the scheme."

No sooner said than done, and he pocketed the ten pound note.

"Now," said the hoary old sinner, little suspecting that he was to be the dupe of his own artifice: "You get the husband invited out to dinner, have him well *ply'd* with wine by your friends: You assume the dress of a Postman—give a thundering rap at her door, which always denotes either the arrival of some important visitor or official communication; and when you can see her, flatter, lie, and swear that her company is necessary to your existence—that life is a burden without her—tell her, you know her husband is engaged, and can't come—that he is dining out with some jolly lads, and can't possibly be home for some hours—fall at her feet, and say that, having obtained the interview, you will not leave her. Your friends in the mean time must be engaged in making him as drunk as a piper. That's the way to do it, and if you execute it as well as it is plan'd, the day's your own."

"Bravo, bravo!" echoed from every one present.

It was a high thing—the breach thus made, the horn-work was sure to be carried, and there could be no doubt of a safe engagement in the covert-way.

person, who negotiates meetings and engagements between young borrowers, who care not

The gay *Militaire* met his inamorata shortly afterwards in Chelsea-fields, and after obtaining from her sundry particulars of inquiry, as to the name of her husband, &c. he acquainted her with his plan. The preliminaries were agreed upon, and it was determined that the maid-servant, who was stationed as a spy upon her at all times, should be dispatched to some house in the neighbourhood to procure change, while the man of letters was to be let in and concealed; and upon her return it was to be stated that the Postman was in a hurry, could not wait, and was to call again. This done, he was to make his escape by a rope-ladder from the window as soon as the *old one* should be heard upon the stairs, which it of course was presumed would be at a late hour, when he was drunk.

The train having been thus laid, *Old Vigilance*, dined out, and expected to meet the Colonel; but being disappointed, and suspicious at all times, for

“Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind.”

The utmost endeavours of the party to make him drunk proved ineffectual; he was restless and uncomfortable, and he could not help fancying by the visible efforts to *do him up*, that some mischief was brewing, or some *hoax* was about to be played off. He had his master-key in his pocket, and retired early.

His Lady, whose plan had succeeded admirably at home, was fearful of having the door bolted till after twelve, lest the servant's suspicions should be aroused. In the mean time, the son of Mars considered all safe, and entertained no expectation of the old Gentleman's return till a very late hour. When lo and behold, to the great surprise and annoyance of the lovers, he gently opened the street door, and fearful of awaking his faithful charmer out of her first slumber, he ascended the stairs unshod. His phosphoric matches shortly threw a light upon the subject, and he entered the apartment; when, what was the

A PLEASANT RENCONTRE.

what they pay for money, and old lenders who care not who suffers, so they can obtain enormous interest for their loans. He is a venerable looking man, and is known to most of the young Bloods who visit here. His father was a German Cook in a certain kitchen. He set up for a Gentleman at his father's death, and was taken particular notice of by Lord G—, and indeed by all the turf. He lived a gay and fashionable life, soon run out of his fortune, and is now pensioned by a female whom he formerly supported. He is an excellent judge of a horse and horse-racing, upon which subjects his advice is frequently given. He is a very useful person among the generality of gentry who frequent this place of public resort. At the same time it ought to be observed, that among the various characters which infest and

surprise and astonishment of the whole party at the discovery of their situation.

The old Gentleman swore, stormed, and bullied, declaring he would have satisfaction! that he would commence a civil suit! The Military Hero told him it would be too civil by half, and was in fact more than he expected;—reminded him of the ten pounds he had received as agency for promoting his amours;—informed him he had performed the character recommended by him most admirably. The old man was almost choked with rage: but perceiving he had spread a snare for himself, was compelled to hear and forbear, while the lover bolted, wishing him a good night, and singing, “Locks, bolts, and bars, I defy you,” as an admirable lesson in return for the blustering manner in which he had received information of the success of his own scheme.

injure society, perhaps, there are few more practised in guilt, fraud, and deceit, than the Money-lenders.

“ They advertise to procure large sums of money to assist those under pecuniary embarrassment. They generally reside in obscure situations, and are to be found by anonymous signatures, such as A. B. I. R. D. V. &c. They chiefly prey upon young men of property, who have lost their money at play, horse-racing, betting, &c. or other expensive amusements, and are obliged to raise more upon any terms until their rents or incomes become payable: or such as have fortunes in prospect, as being heirs apparent to estates, but who require assistance in the mean time.

“ These men avail themselves of the credit, or the ultimate responsibility of the giddy and thoughtless young spendthrift in his eager pursuit of criminal pleasures, and under the influence of those allurements, which the various places of fashionable resort hold out; and seldom fail to obtain from them securities and obligations for large sums; upon the credit of which they are enabled, perhaps at usurious interest, to borrow money or discount bills, and thus supply their unfortunate customers upon the most extravagant terms.

“ There are others, who having some capital, advance money upon bonds, title-deeds, and other specialities, or upon the bond of the parties having property in reversion. By these and other devices,

large sums of money are most unwarrantably and illegally wrested from the dissipated and the thoughtless; and misery and distress are perhaps entailed upon them as long as they live, or they are driven by the prospect of utter ruin to acts of desperation or the commission of crimes.

“ It generally happens upon application to the advertising party, that he, like Moses in *The School for Scandal*, is not really in possession of any money himself, but then he knows where and how to procure it from a very *unconscionable* dog, who may, perhaps, not be satisfied with the security offered; yet, if you have bills at any reasonable date, he could get them discounted. If you should suffer yourself to be trick'd out of any bills, he will contrive, in some way or other, to negotiate them—not, as he professes, *for you*, but for himself and his colleagues; and, very likely, after you have been at the additional expense of commencing a suit at law against them, they have disappeared, and are in the King's Bench or the Fleet, waiting there to defraud you of every hope and expectation, by obtaining their liberty through the *Whitewashing* Act.

“ These gentry are for the most part Attorneys or Pettifoggers, or closely connected with such; and notwithstanding all legal provisions to preclude them from exacting large sums, either for their agency or introduction, or for the bonds which they draw, yet they contrive to bring them.

selves home, and escape detection, by some such means as the following;

“They pretend that it is necessary to have a deed drawn up to explain the uses of the annuity-bond, which the grantor of the money, who is some usurious villain, immediately acknowledges and accedes to; for,

“The bond that signs the mortgage pays the shot;

so that an Act which is fraught with the best purposes for the protection of the honest; but unfortunate, is in this manner subjected to the grossest *chicanery* of pettifoggers and pretenders, and the vilest evasions of quirking low villains of the law.

“There is also another species of money-lender, not inaptly termed the *Female Banker*. These accommodate Barrow-women and others, who sell fruit, vegetables, &c. in the public streets, with five shillings a day (the usual diurnal stock in such cases;); for the use of which for twelve hours they obtain the moderate premium of sixpence when the money is returned in the evening, receiving at this rate about seven pounds ten shillings per year for every five pounds they can so employ. It is however very difficult to convince the borrowers of the correctness of this calculation, and of the serious loss to which they subject themselves by a continuation of the system, since it is evident that this improvident and dissolute class of people have no other idea than that of making the day and

the way alike long. Their profits (often considerably augmented by dealing in base money as well as the articles which they sell) seldom last over the day; for they never fail to have a luxurious dinner and a hot supper, with a plentiful supply of gin and porter: looking in general no farther than to keep the whole original stock with the sixpence interest, which is paid over to the female Banker in the evening, and a new loan obtained on the following morning to go to market, and to be disposed of in the same way.

“In contemplating this curious system of banking, or money-lending (trifling as it may appear,) it is almost impossible not to be forcibly struck with the immense profits that are derived from it. It is only necessary for one of these sharpers to possess a capital of *seventy shillings*, or three pounds ten shillings, with fourteen steady and regular customers, in order to realize an income of ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS per year! So true it is, that one half of the world do not know how the other half live; for there are thousands who cannot have the least conception of the existence of such facts.

“Here comes a *Buck of the first cut*, one who pretends to know every thing and every body, but thinks of nobody but himself, and of that self in reality knows nothing. Captain P—— is acknowledged by all his acquaintance to be one of the best fellows in the world, and to beat every one at *slang*, but U—y and A—se. He is the terror of

the *Charleys*, and of the poor unfortunate roofless nightly wanderers in the streets. You perceive his long white hair, and by no means engaging features. Yet he has vanity enough to think himself handsome, and that he is taken notice of on that account; when the attractions he presents are really such as excite wonder and surprise, mingled with disgust; yet he contemplates his figure in the looking-glass with self-satisfaction, and asks the frail ones, with a tremulous voice, if, so help them — he is not a good-looking fellow? and they, knowing their customer, of course do not fail to reply in the affirmative.

“ He is a well known *leg*, and is no doubt present on this occasion to *bet* upon the ensuing *Epsom* races; by the bye his losses have been very considerable in that way. He has also at all times been a dupe to the *ser*. It is said that Susan B——, a dashing Cyprian, cased his purse of a £500 bill, and whilst he was dancing in pursuit of her, she was dancing to the tune of a *Fife*; a clear proof she had an ear for music as well as an eye to business. But I believe it was played in a different *Key* to what he expected; whether it was a minor *Key* or not I cannot exactly say.

“ At a ball or assembly he conceives himself quite at home, satisfied that he is the admiration of the whole of the company present; and were he to give an account of himself, it would most likely be in substance nearly as follows:—

" When I enter the room, what a whisp'ring is heard ;
 My rivals astonish'd, scarce utter a word ;
 " How charming ! (cry all ;) how enchanting a fellow !
 How neat are those *small-clothes*, how *millingly yellow*."
 Not for worlds would I honour these *plebs* with a smile,
 Tho' *bursting* with pride and delight all the while ;
 So I turn to my *cronies* (a much honour'd few.)
 Crying, " S—z—n how goes it?—Ah Duchess, how do ?
 'Pon my life, yonder's B—uf, and Br—ke, and A—g—le,
 S—ff—d, W—tm—t—d L—n, and old codger C—rle—re.
 Now tho', from this style of address, it appears,
 That these folks I have known for at least fifty years,
 The fact is, my friends, that I scarcely know one,
 A mere "*facon de parler*," the way of the *lon*.
 What tho' they dislike it, I answer my ends,
 Country gentlemen stare, and suppose them my friends.

But my beautiful taste (as indeed you will guess)
 Is manifest most in my toilet and dress ;
 My neckcloth of course forms my principal care,
 For by that we criterions of elegance swear,
 And costs me each morning some hours of flurry,
 To make it *appear* to be tied in a *hurry*.
 My boot-tops, those unerring marks of a blade,
 With *Champagne* are polish'd, and *peach marmalade* ;
 And a violet coat, closely copied from B—ng,
 With a *cluster* of seals, and a large diamond ring ;
 And *fosièmes* of buckskin, bewitchingly large,
 Give the finishing stroke to the "*parfait ouvrage*."

During this animated description of the gay personage alluded to, Bob had listened with the most undeviating attention, keeping his eye all the time on this extravagant piece of elegance and fashion, but could not help bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter at its conclusion. In the mean time the crowd of visitors had continued to increase ; all appeared to be bustle and confusion ; small parties were seen in groups communication

together in different places, and every face appeared to be animated by hopes or fears. DASHALL was exchanging familiar *nods* and winks with those whom he knew; but as their object was not to buy, they paid but little attention to the sales of the day, rather contenting themselves with a view of the *human cattle* by which they were surrounded, when they were pleasingly surprised to observe their friend SPARKLE enter, booted and spurred.

"Just the thing! (said SPARKLE,) I had some suspicion of finding you here. Are you buyers? Does your Cousin want a *horse*, an *ass*, or a *filly*?"

TOM smiled; "Always upon the ramble, eh, Sparkle. Why ask such questions? You know we are well horsed; but I suppose if the truth was known, you are *prad* sellers; if so, shew your article, and name your price."

"Apropos," said SPARKLE; "Here is a friend of mine, to whom I must introduce you, so say no more about articles and prices—I have an article in view above all price—excuse me." And with this he made his way among the tribe of *Jockeys*, *Sharpers*, and *Blacklegs*, and in a minute returned, bringing with him a well-dressed young man, whose manners and appearance indicated the Gentleman, and whose company was considered by TOM and his Cousin as a valuable acquisition.

"Mr. Richard Mortimer," said SPARKLE, as he introduced his friend—"the Hon. Mr. DASHALL, and Mr. ROBERT TALLYHO."

After the mutual interchanges of politeness which naturally succeeded this introduction—"Come," said SPARKLE, "we are horsed, and our nags waiting—we are for a ride, which way do you bend your course?"

"A lucky meeting," replied TOM; "for we are upon the same scent; I expect my curricule at Hyde-Park Corner in ten minutes, and have no particular line of destination."

"Good," said SPARKLE; "then we may hope to have your company; and how disposed for the evening."

"Even as chance may direct."

"Good, again—all right—then as you are neither buyers nor sellers, let us employ the remaining ten minutes in looking around us—there is nothing to attract here—Epsom Races are all the talk, and all of business that is doing—come along, let us walk through the Park—let the horses meet us at Kensington Gate, and then for a twist among the briars and brambles."

This was readily agreed to: orders were given to the servants, and the party proceeded towards the Park.

